THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

MAY 14, 1949

15¢

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DOCTORS IN AN UPROAR

The Inside Story Of The A. M. A.

Beginning A New Novel
THE GOLDEN DART
By SELWYN JEPSON

BROADWAY TO BALLET
See page 26

May 14, 1949

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FAMOUS
SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
THE HERITAGE WHISKY
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
The delicate bouquet and distinctive flavor of this blend are achieved by the exclusive use of fully ripened and selected matured grains
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY THE
Continental Distilling Corporation
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
86.8 Proof
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Archery, at Philadelphia, about 1833

GOOD TASTE THROUGH THE YEARS...

Through the years . . . our large stocks of whiskies have enabled us to offer the true pre-war quality that has made Philadelphia a first choice everywhere.

Philadelphia

BLENDED WHISKY

The Heritage Whisky

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION • PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

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"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Model Mother Marge Kerrins shows how it can work for you, too

The prettiest (and proudest) smile in Chicago's famous Pump Room belongs to fashion model Marge Kerrins—as she gives her two wide-eyed youngsters a gala Saturday treat featuring a "Flaming Sword" luncheon.

Model Mother that she is, she knows an attractive smile depends so much on firm, healthy gums. So she makes sure *her* family follows the Ipana way to healthier gums and brighter teeth. "Because," she explains, "*dentists say it works!*" Here's how this professionally approved Ipana dental care can work for you, too . . .

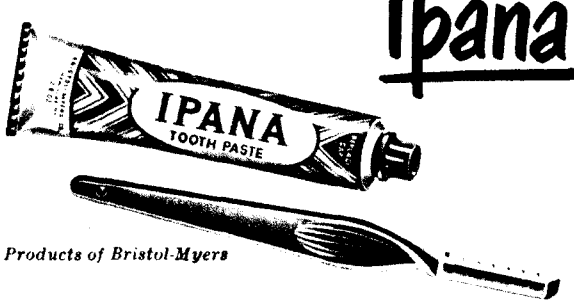
The Ipana way really is child's play, agree Tom and Pat Kerrins! Easy as 1, 2 for *anyone* to do:

1. *Between regular visits to your dentist,* brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana Tooth Paste at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (Ipana's unique formula actually helps stimulate your gums. You can *feel* the invigorating tingle!)

Just do this regularly for healthier gums, brighter teeth—an *Ipana* smile. Ipana's extra-refreshing flavor leaves your mouth fresher, your breath cleaner, too. Ask *your* dentist about Ipana and massage. Remember, a good dentifrice, like a good dentist, is *never* a luxury!

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS SAY:

Ipana dental care promotes Healthier gums, brighter teeth*



Products of Bristol-Myers

* *In thouso*
from

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

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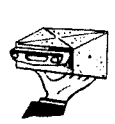
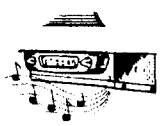
Motorola
AUTO RADIO
for only $39.95
MODEL "309"

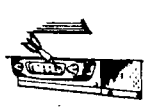
Modern production magic from the makers of the world's finest auto radio brings you the new Motorola "309" . . . at an almost unbelievably low price! Engineered and produced to the Motorola standard of quality, Model "309" is loaded with "expensive set" features throughout. Thrill to sparkling new tone—enjoy smooth, vigorous power. See . . . hear . . . tune in the "309" at your Motorola dealer's now!

compact—low priced but with expensive set features!

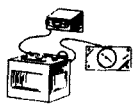

A SINGLE COMPACT UNIT
self-contained control head.

AUTOMATIC VOLUME CONTROL
gives constant volume under viaducts . . . near buildings.


TUNED RF STAGE
separates stations . . . gets distance without local interference.


PIN-SHARP SELECTIVITY
gets the station you want at its clearest, strongest peak.

ALNICO V DYNAMIC SPEAKER
delivers rich, powerful tone.


LOW BATTERY DRAIN . . .
uses very little battery power.

Along with the new "309," your dealer is featuring the new general Motorola line for '49 — with models to fit and match most cars. *See them all—today.*

MOTOROLA, INC., 4545 Augusta Blvd., Chicago 51, Ill.

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

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The Week's Mail

ARE YOU HAPPY, READERS?

DEAR SIR: A lusty Rah, Rah, Rah! for Delbert Willis' "Are You Happy, Son?" (Mar. 26th). Although it was probably toned down somewhat to allow publication, I am sure that it expresses the sentiments of thousands of similar cases.
CALVIN G. BLACKWELL, New Orleans, La.

. . . "Are You Happy, Son?" left me boiling. They should take some of those armchair generals and make them fight the next war. Then ask them, "Are you happy, Son?" I'm glad that I, also a vet, don't have to go through what Willis does. I only wish I were in a position to help but I have a wife and four boys to take care of.
RAY KRAUTHEIM, E. Orange, N. J.

. . . It would take too much space explaining the road I traveled getting an approval to pursue a multiengine pilot's course, so that I might increase my earnings.

The V.A. officials sit like tin gods and decide on a man's future. *No* man should have so much power as to try to direct another man's life ambitions.

Trust I have not been too bitter, there are some things that will make the blood of any man boil. A. E. M., Eugene, Ore.

. . . "Are You Happy, Son?" Hell and damnation, NO! And I say it as a plain citizen for Delbert Willis. Such ——— bureaucratic hiss-hashing is rotten to its very core. It stinks!

I'm a Southerner, a Democrat without a Dixiecratic trend, but if any other party has the guts to get in there and untangle such a mess of governmental spider webs, then get on the ballot, brother! I'm yours,
ED SPINKS, Hot Springs, Ark.

. . . Hurray for Delbert Willis! I've been wanting to write what he wrote for two

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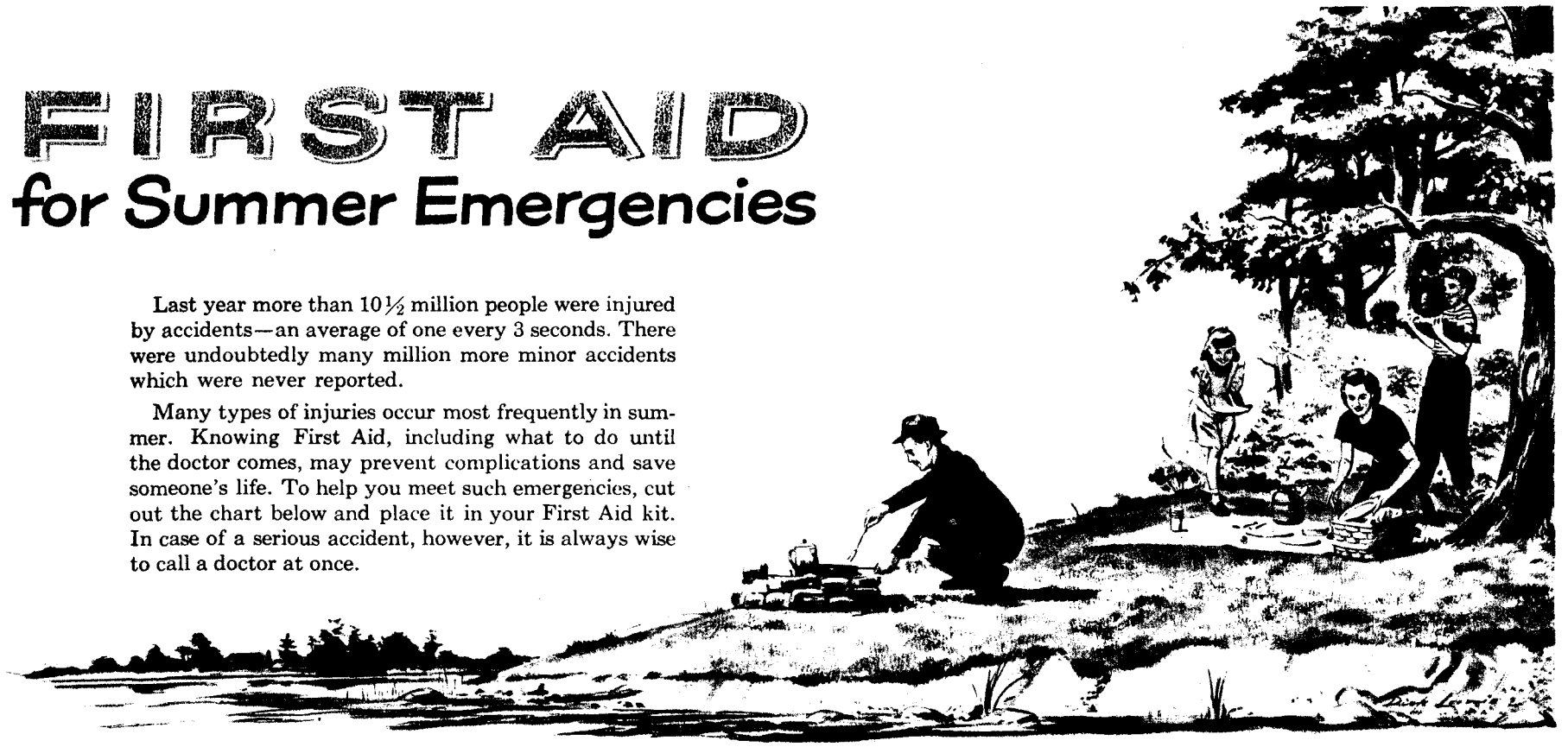
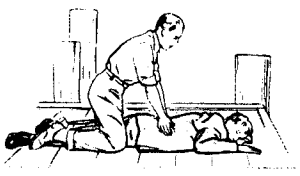
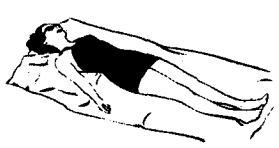
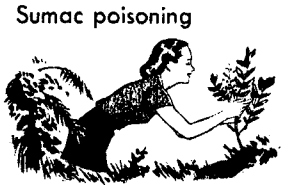
FIRST AID for Summer Emergencies



Last year more than 10½ million people were injured by accidents—an average of one every 3 seconds. There were undoubtedly many million more minor accidents which were never reported.

Many types of injuries occur most frequently in summer. Knowing First Aid, including what to do until the doctor comes, may prevent complications and save someone's life. To help you meet such emergencies, cut out the chart below and place it in your First Aid kit. In case of a serious accident, however, it is always wise to call a doctor at once.

INJURY	FIRST AID TREATMENT	INJURY	FIRST AID TREATMENT
Cuts, scratches, or any small wounds	Clean the wound with mild soap and water and apply antiseptic. When dry, cover with sterile dressing.	Drowning or when breathing stops 	Start artificial respiration *immediately*. Keep victim warm. Send for a doctor.
Minor burns	To relieve pain, apply burn ointment or petroleum jelly, and cover with sterile dressing.	Sprained joints	Keep injured joint raised and apply cold cloths or ice packs for several hours.
Sunburn 	Treat like any minor burn. If sunburn is severe, call a doctor.	Strained muscles	Rest the affected muscle. Apply mild heat if needed to relieve pain. If pain persists, call a doctor.
Sunstroke	Lay patient on his back in cool, shady place, apply ice bag or cold cloths to head. Do not give stimulants.	Ivy, Oak, and Sumac poisoning 	Wash with soap and water immediately after exposure. If redness and blisters appear, apply calamine lotion or use compresses soaked in cold baking soda or epsom salts.

If you would like to learn some of the more important First Aid techniques, ask your local Red Cross about their First Aid classes. In addition, Metropolitan has prepared a booklet which describes methods of handling many injuries. To get a copy, simply fill in and mail the coupon at the right.

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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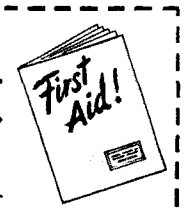
Please send me the free booklet, 69-C "First Aid."



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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

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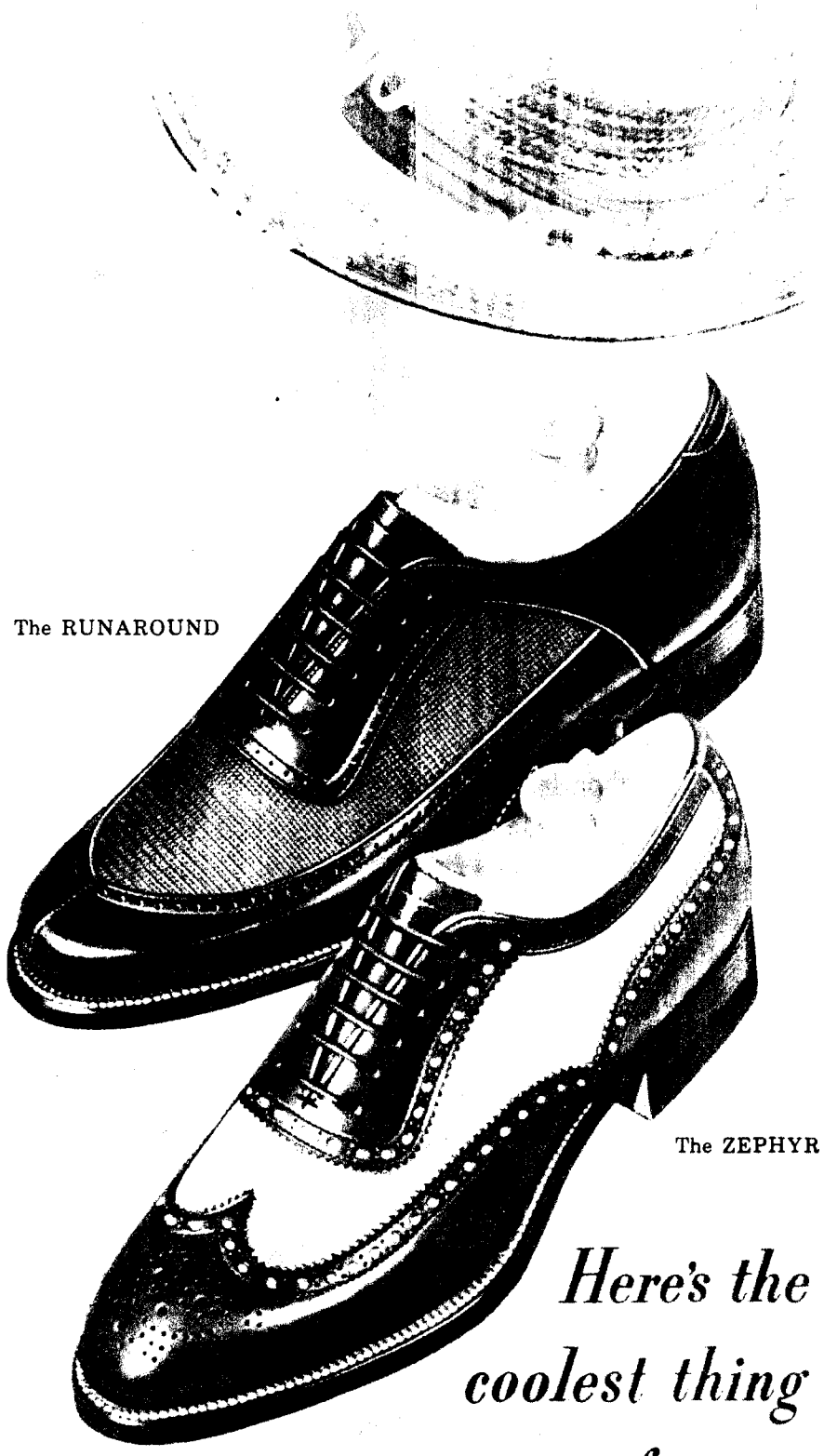


The RUNAROUND

The ZEPHYR

Here's the coolest thing on two feet . . .

Nylon Mesh

It's a completely new idea in shoe-making: Handsomely styled tan calf, with your choice of green, brown, blue or wheat-colored nylon mesh. Light as a breeze, smart as a whip . . . they're headed for All-American popularity this summer.

Honestly made . . . Honestly priced

WALL-STREETER SHOE COMPANY, North Adams, Mass.

Write for name of nearest dealer

WALL-STREETER

FOOT PALS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

SHOES FOR MEN

years. I begged, cussed and recussed the V.A. for ten months to get compensation for total disability.

Want my advice, fellows? To hell with arguing with the V.A.! Write to the most influential senator you can think of—those guys know how to make the V.A. jump. I did it and it worked!

GUY L. ELKINS, Tucson, Ariz.

. . . Isn't it a shame that they don't take the infallible men, that can tell instantly if you owe five cents income tax (and collect it), and put them in the department that handles the V.A. business? I wonder if it would make a difference.

MRS. HAROLD L. SCHURMAN, Baltimore, Md.

. . . Personally I thought Delbert Willis' article was terrible. I am a disabled veteran, through loss of my right leg and left eye, plus multiple wounds on my left leg. I am also attending school. Sure, I had troubles, and so did every G.I. that started school. It takes quite a while to get started, but once that is accomplished things move very well.

Personally I think Mr. Delbert Willis is a crybaby, one of those fellows wanting pity.

Almost every business has some red tape, why shouldn't the V.A.? They are handling twice as many personal cases as a large business and then some.

ROBERT H. SARAVALLI, Galesburg, Ill.

THE ONES WHO OWNED ONE

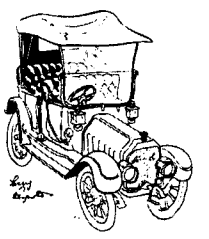
DEAR SIRS: It was with much interest that we read The Glory Road (Mar. 26th and Apr. 2d).

The first Packard was built in Warren by the late James W. and Warren D. Packard and we remember with acute nostalgia the days when those esteemed gentlemen glided over our dusty streets in just such an auto as you have pictured in the Old Pacific on her victorious trip to Coast. But my husband reminds me the first Packard had two cylinders not twelve as described in the picture. Ask the man who owned one.

PAULINE W. HELMAN, Warren, O.

. . . The drawing of that ancient car in The Week's Mail (Apr. 2d) reminded me of a photo I snapped about 1905.

It was a brand, spanking new, brilliant red, and the proud owner, standing beside the car was Paul W. Rindfleisch (now deceased), then of Plainfield, Wisconsin. This old stem-winder, with gas lights, right-hand drive, etc., about matches the drawing.



Little did I think, when I snapped this picture, that I would spend 30 years of my life as a "grease rat" (garage man).

H. O. WHITE,
Amberg, Wis.

PROTECT OUR WILD LIFE

EDITOR THE WEEK'S MAIL: Anent My Car Was Stolen (Mar. 19th), what is the matter with the training of patrolmen that they don't know better than to chase terrified teen-agers in a stolen car going from 60 to 80 miles an hour? Surely the mature mind should have prevailed here over reckless youth. Had the boys, John, Jim and Bill, been left alone, unfrightened by siren and authority, it is most likely that they would have come to the end of their joy ride without injury to themselves or damage to the car. Instead of that, we have the inevitable, horrible accident, death of one boy, lifelong injury to the others, and the total wreck of an expensive new car!

A. T. TERRY, Hollywood, Cal.

BUNNY, BUNNY, BUNNY!

DEAR SIR: Have noticed in The Week's Mail numerous mentions of a "Bunny McLeod" and have printed some of her humorous methods of description.

I would be pleased if you would explain who she is and how her sayings gained such national prominence.

FULLAM RABIDOU, Boston, Mass.

Bunny McLeod is the charming wife of Norman Z. McLeod, crack Hollywood director, and she has gained national fame through, we hope, this column. Recently she's been busy "keeping her nose to the soapstone." She also observed that "the easiest way to a man's mind is through his stomach!"

BOIN-N-N-G!

SIRS: Your support of the Taft-Hartley stinks to high heaven! (Editorial, The Public Will Not Be Damned, Mar. 19th.) The Taft-Hartley law is nothing but an attempt to legalize unfair labor practices and soak the consumers as well as the workers. Drop dead, you Republican stooges.

BILL VISSARIS, New York, N. Y.

SISSY STURGEON

DEAR COLLIER'S: Fishing for the Fighting Sturgeon (Mar. 12th) isn't bad. I have lived on the shore of Lake Winnebago all my life. Eaten plenty of sturgeon cuts, but this is the first I have heard of their terrific fighting proclivities. Heard in the early days they caught them and piled them on the shore like cordwood. Sounded more like a native Paul Bunyan story or a tavern tale.

JEANNETTE MALTHA, Los Angeles, Cal.

MERCY FLIGHTS

DEAR EDITOR: Quentin Reynolds' The Great White Death (Mar. 19th) explains a great service to the public performed by the military. However, prior to the time that they became involved in these "mercy" flights a great deal was accomplished by small airplanes. (Personal aviation in this country now involves 97,000 aircraft.) Many unwritten acts of heroism by them are apparent. Mr. Reynolds has inadvertently omitted the great service to the public by this phase of aviation. F. TRUMBAUER,
Dept. of Commerce, Kansas City, Mo.

THIS WEEK'S OSCAR

DEAR SIR: I thought He Walked by Night was one of the best pictures I ever saw, and Mr. Phillips did a fine job of writing his article (The Week's Preview, Mar. 5th).

Mr. Richard Basehart is one of my favorites and has been since I saw Repeat Performance a while ago.

A. M. D., Somerville, Mass.

MARK ONE OFF FOR TWAIN

DEAR EDITOR: Re item in Mar. 12th issue. It was not Mark Twain but Charles Dudley Warner, American author and editor, who wrote: "Everybody complains about the weather, but nobody does anything about it!",

THERESA DE MARCAY,
New Orleans, La.

RUSS CALKINS

GENTLEMEN: All honor to "Russ" Calkins, a typical American! (Mar. 26th cover), who expresses his America simply and completely when he states he was privileged to *earn* his farm; and "Mother and the four children and me, and the chance we've had to make our own peace and comfort" is America! No greater saga could be written.

MISS E. MAUDE DUNCAN, East Peoria, Ill.

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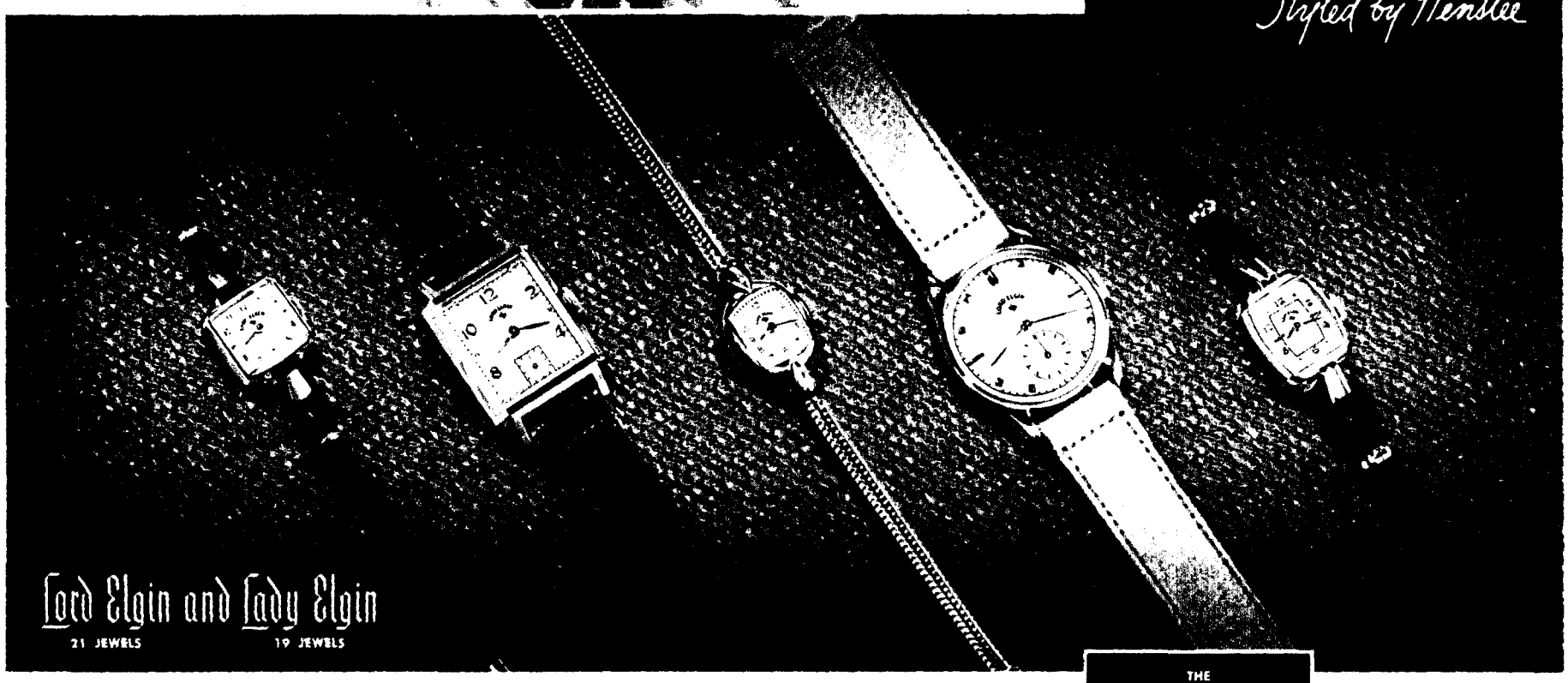
For graduate *Eleanor Morgan*, Mount Holyoke '49 ...an Elgin

Charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alva B. Morgan of Darien, Conn., Eleanor is the second member of her family to graduate from Mount Holyoke.

"SO BEAUTIFULLY STYLED," *says her* **MOTHER.** *"Actually, the most beautiful of the many Elgin Watches owned in our family from generation to generation is the new model we've chosen for Eleanor."*

"THAT DURAPOWER MAINSPRING MEANS BETTER PERFORMANCE," *says her* **FATHER.** *"She won't be bothered with mainspring repairs in* that *watch."*

Styled by Henslee



For *your* graduate . . . the extra thrill of owning a beautiful star-timed *Elgin* Watch! Beneath its smart style is the most important watchmaking development in over 200 years—Elgin's DuraPower Mainspring that eliminates 99% of all repairs due to steel mainspring failures; gives a *permanency* of timekeeping performance never before possible in any watch.

See at your jeweler's now these outstanding examples of America's creative and productive genius . . . Elgins with the DuraPower symbol ⚜ on the dial. There are exciting new models for everyone. The one you love will be *happier* through all the years ahead with an Elgin Watch.

THE *DuraPower Mainspring** ELIMINATES 99% OF ALL REPAIRS DUE TO STEEL MAINSPRING FAILURES!

Lord and Lady Elgins are priced from $67.50 to $5,000. Elgin De Luxe from $47.50 to $67.50. Other Elgins as low as $29.75. All prices include the Federal Excise Tax.

The genius of America to wear on your wrist

Only an ELGIN *has the DuraPower Mainspring*

*Patent pending. Made of "Elgiloy" metal

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You're in good company when you've got P.A.*

● When a man has Pipe Appeal, he has an *extra* masculine charm that attracts the ladies. And when his pipe is filled with Prince Albert—America's largest-selling smoking tobacco—his face reflects his smoking joy and comfort!

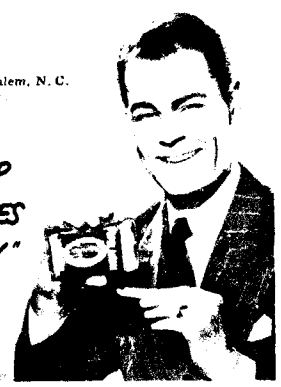
P.A.* means Pipe Appeal
*P.A. means Prince Albert

The NEW HUMIDOR TOP—locks OUT the air—locks IN the freshness and flavor.

● See for yourself why Prince Albert has long been known as the National Joy Smoke! You'll find that P.A. is easy on the tongue . . . *specially treated to insure against tongue bite!* That choice tobacco is rich-tasting . . . and crimp cut, to smoke cool and even right down to the bottom of the bowl!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

"P.A.'S FAMOUS CRIMP CUT MAKES CIGARETTES ROLL UP FAST AND EASY"



THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

Besides the condition of its hull and machinery, the seaworthiness of a ship, under maritime law, covers other factors including the quality and fitness of the officers and crew. Therefore, the courts have awarded damages to seamen for injuries received through the fault of "unseaworthy" crews. In one case, the plaintiff was beaten by a tough mate. In another, the man was hurt through the inability of crew members to act quickly in an emergency. They were Chinese and could not follow an order until it had been explained to them by the ship's interpreter.

Until the 19th century in this country, women attending funerals were usually presented with a mourning brooch which was inscribed with the name, age and date of death of the deceased and contained a lock of the hair of the deceased. When hundreds of these brooches were required for a large funeral, no one seemed to mind the fact that the quantity of hair necessary to fill them had to be purchased from strangers.

No family has ever followed and virtually monopolized such a dangerous profession as the Zacchinis of Tampa, Florida, whose members have been shot from cannons in circuses for the past 27 years. Those who have served as bullets, at one time or another, comprise six brothers, one son and two daughters of the eldest, and a distant relative. Although eight of these Zacchinis have been injured, they have fared far better than their some 50 imitators, 31 of whom have been killed, the majority by missing the net.

Upon the completion of Russia's first railroad between Moscow and St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) in 1851, the emperor, Nicholas I, looked upon the achievement as though it were a miracle. So, for a number of years, he made his people, when entering the stations or riding on trains, show their reverence, the men by removing their hats and the women by covering their heads.

Riots in American prisons in 1929 caused $950,000 worth of damage, more than in any other year. Four riots occurred, one at Canon City, Colorado, on October 3d, and three in New York State—at Dannemora on July 22d and at Auburn on July 28th and December 11th. The worst was the one at Auburn in July when the 1,756 inmates set fire to six buildings and seized the prison arsenal with its scores of pistols, rifles, and machine and riot guns. Under the cover of the smoke and the gunfire of their buddies, the other convicts repeatedly rushed the walls with scaling ladders and attacked the gates with battering rams. After the battle had raged for five hours, the prisoners were driven indoors with tear gas bombs. This single riot caused a property damage of $450,000.

An issue of postage stamps produced by Spain in 1930 is the only one that ever caused international repercussions and, consequently, was withdrawn. Letters carrying this stamp were refused transmission in several countries on the grounds of immorality because it bore a reproduction of Goya's famous painting La Maja Desnuda, reputed to be one of the finest nudes in existence.

Because Dandie Dinmont, a farmer in Scott's novel, Guy Mannering, published in 1815, owned several terriers of a new and still nameless type, the animals soon became known as Dandie Dinmonts. Thus, this is the only breed of dog that was named after a character in fiction.

Several years ago in Paris, a score of France's leading gourmets were invited to a special "contest" dinner at which they were to demonstrate their knowledge of foods and wines by naming each one served. All gladly attended, although they knew that the dishes would be prepared to confuse them. The winner correctly named when and where five of the six wines were made, but could recognize only three of the seven foods. Only two other connoisseurs identified the reindeer; and all flunked on the rabbit dish. The chefs had completely disguised its taste by plying the rabbits with brandy for a week and also by seasoning the meat while cooking with a dash of civet and tarragon vinegar.

"Demoralize" is the only word that was coined and introduced into the English language in the United States by Noah Webster, the greatest of all American lexicographers and the founder of Webster's Dictionary.

In Hungary there is an unusual form of dueling that does not involve a physical combat. After their seconds have placed a black and a white ball in a box, the "duelists" are blindfolded and each withdraws one of the balls. The man who gets the black ball is honor bound to settle his affairs and commit suicide.

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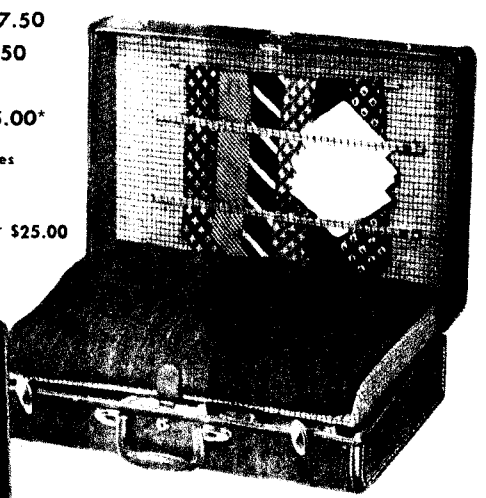

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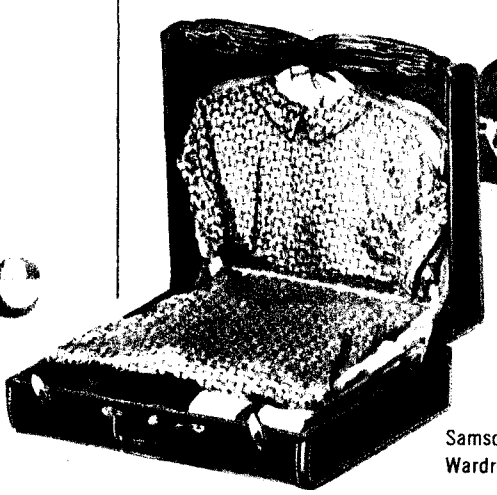

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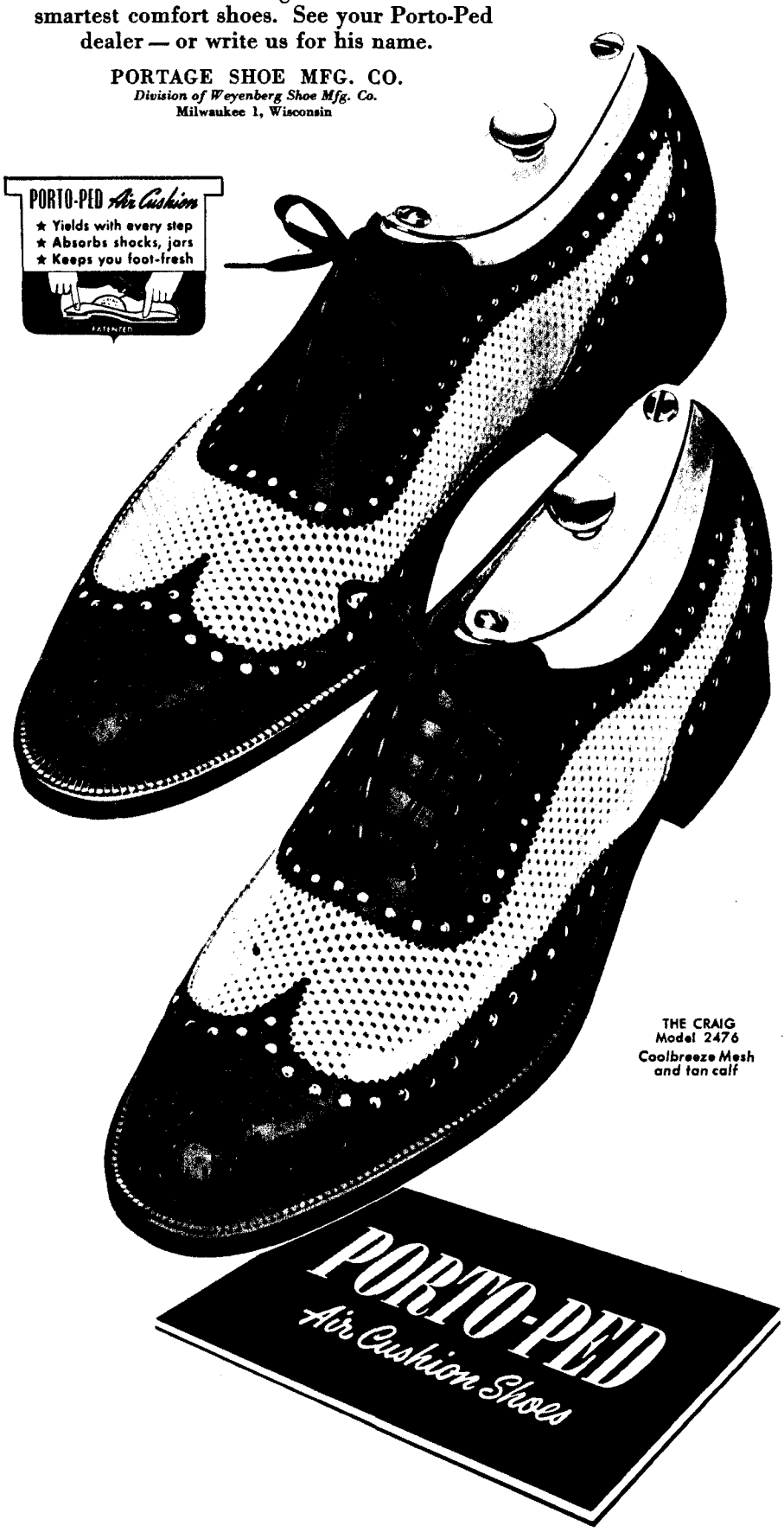

The Week's Work

This week's cover: *Miss Bambi Linn, of Brooklyn, U.S.A., is seen limbering up her toes preparatory to leaping on stage to dance her role in the Princess Aurora. Ballerinas usually descend from the ballet to Broadway; Bambi did it the hard way—she came up from Broadway to the ballet (see Broadway to Ballet, p. 26).*

GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER is afraid there's some hitch about her being a writer. She works at being one eight hours a day, has had over a hundred stories published, but people always ask: "Have you done any writing lately?"

However, she feels that she is a fairly typical writer. "Most of them have never been in any strange, exotic places or had bizarre experiences—neither have I. Most of them are married, have a house in the country, two children and a dog—so have I. The dog is two cocker spaniels; the children are a sophomore at Vassar and a son who edits the high school paper and, I fondly hope, will someday be an editor at Collier's and will buy all my output. There is also a husband who attornies by day, criticizes, encourages, and press-agents for me evenings."

As for No Match for Her (p. 16), Mrs. Schweitzer liked writing it mainly because it's based on a universal truth. To wit: "If a marriage has been reasonably happy, the most glamorous Other Woman is no match for the plainest, dullest wife who has the patience to wait."

YOU may know Hugh Pentecost (Lonely Boy, p. 31) as Judson Philips, for he writes under both names. The latter is his real name; Pentecost is his middle name.

Mr. Pentecost further reveals that his dad was an opera singer, and his mother an actress who gave up her career when he was born in Northfield, Massachusetts, in 1903. Educated largely abroad between opera stands, Mr. Pentecost has served his time on several papers, including a small-town weekly. Right now he lives at Sharon, Connecticut, where he golfs and gardens, keeps regular writing office hours.

MARY JANE WALDO celebrates her fifteenth sale with The Week of the Purple Turtle (p. 32). She's thirty-three, married, and a former student of a junior college in Scottsbluff, Nebraska.

During the war she worked for Boeing in Seattle but can't remember much about it except that she had a foreman, a desperate young man who threatened to join the Air Force as soon as the women outnumbered the men at the plant. "In time he joined the Air Force and we gave him a traveling case," she recalls. "What a recruiter I helped be!"

Since she has three children, Mrs. Waldo feels fairly qualified to write stories about them. We not only like that title, The Week of the Purple Turtle, but defy you to say it ten times *fast*. It came to her while watching her youngest, aged two and a half, do a drawing on her Christmas blackboard.

"That's about it," she sums up. "I'd like to say I spent six weeks in a gondola in Venice gathering secret data on the doges but nothing ever happened to me."

ON THE other hand, George Woodbury, who relates I Drive a Stanley Steamer (p. 25) has done the things the ladies disclaim. Before becoming a sawyer and miller in New Hampshire, he saw the West Indies and South America as an A.B.; made a zigzagging 3,000-mile motorcycle trip through the British Isles, got caught in a blizzard in the Côte-d'Or, and chose the Riff uprisings as a time to wander through North Africa.

Educated in the stuff at Princeton, Cambridge, Vienna and Harvard, archaeology has taken him from Palestine to Paradox Valley, Colorado. He feels his experiences have helped him make a success of his mill.

Finding it hard to tell where work stops and fun begins, he interchanges work and fun as hobbies. He has one of the finest private collections of books on piracy.

When the water was low and his work slacked off last summer, he picked up the ancient Stanley Steamer of which he writes, in almost mint condition. Following his practice with secondhand mill machinery, he took it apart to see how it worked and put it together again. In it he merrily puffed around the countryside and into these pages. . . . TED SHANE

Gertrude Schweitzer (second from right) and the three biggest adventures of her life—Mr. Schweitzer, Carol and John

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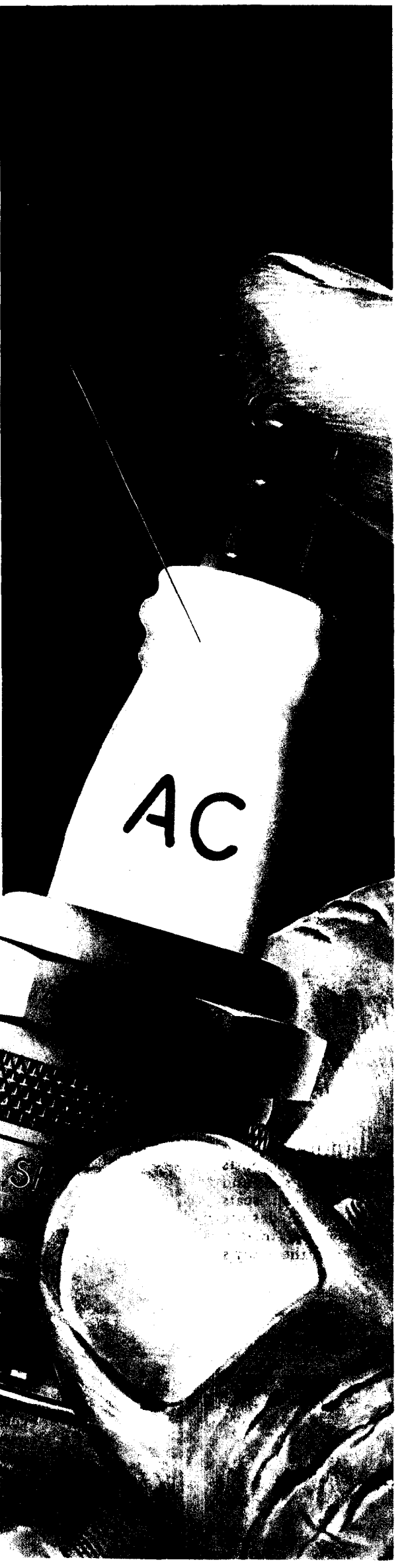

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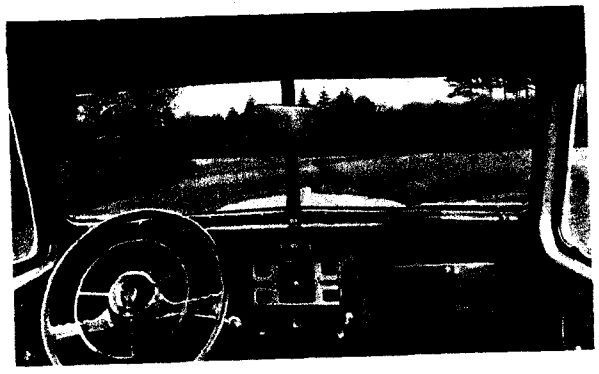

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VOL. 123, NO. 20 MAY 14, 1949

The Golden Dart

By SELWYN JEPSON

A baby crying on a lonely beach, a woman's shoe sticking grotesquely out of the sand. And somewhere, at the shifting center of the sinister web, a charming, power-mad industrial dictator—for whom I must play a command performance

PART I OF AN EIGHT-PART SERIAL

FROM his masthead at the top of the pine tree, the Boy cried, "Sail-o!" His voice was high and clear. On deck, on the sunlit lawn below in his wheel chair, my father Commodore Rupert Gill looked up from The Times and shouted, "No good crying, 'Sail' if you don't say where it lies!"

"Sail on the port bow, sir!"

In the kitchen on the other side of the house, where I was making cheese straws, Mary remarked that for a man who wouldn't see sixty-five again the Commodore had a remarkable carrying voice, indeed he was a remarkable man altogether and she sometimes wondered what things would be like if he had come back from South America with both legs instead of only one. Saying I thought we ought not to be so morbid on such a fine summer day, I brushed the flour from the skirt of my frock and carried out his elevens to him. He drank half the noggin of rum, started hungrily on a chicken sandwich.

I went back to my cheese straws thinking that life at the Marsh House was pleasant in these days, and orderly, and that the Boy was much to be thanked for it. Aunt Florence Webster had had one of her good ideas when she suggested we should have him for the holidays because Dora was so hard up, being widowed by the second war and so on. He was only eleven but he somehow kept Father occupied and therefore out of trouble, which in truth was what I really meant and always mean when I notice that life is pleasant at Marsh House.

I had just taken the first batch of cheese straws from the oven and was shaking them off the baking sheet onto a sieve to cool when the telephone rang.

I went to answer it in the hall, resenting its intrusion. Isolated as we are here, we have to have a telephone, but experience has taught me that it is the first channel by which the outer world pushes its way into our lives, generally with a view to changing them, particularly Father's, encouraging him to forget that he is now supposed to be a Suffolk sheep farmer and no longer the stormy petrel of Iraguayan politics.

Like other Anglo-Saxons who at times have decided to do their best in a lone-wolf way for younger nations in their formative periods, Father had spent much energy but no conscience in doing the right thing in Iraguay; that he could have limited his efforts to the command of her destroyer squad-

"The boat's going away," said the Boy as I reached him. "It's jolly mysterious." I thought so too

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ron, which was what he was there for, never crossed his mind. He was like that, and still is. So when the telephone rings I am always a little nervous of what it may say.

But this time it was for me. It was Sophie, Countess of Inderswick. Her pleasant voice was urgent and businesslike: "Eve, darling—about tonight. You haven't forgotten you're coming over to dinner?"

I said I could forget lots of things in twenty-four hours, but not an invitation to Inderswick.

"There—I knew you hadn't! It's the earl, darling. He's fussier than usual today. He absolutely insisted I should ring you again to make sure."

WHEN Sophie calls her husband by his title instead of "Boozie" or "the Old Silly," I know it is one of those moments when she is conscious of herself as a countess and wishes to impress people, meaning she wants her own way in something. To be like that with me seems a bit unreasonable, for it was I who did most of the work when she decided to give up stenography for the aristocracy as a more suitable career for a girl of her talents. Indeed, when it had reached a stage where someone had to speak plainly to the earl about what a fool he would be to pass up Sophie, I had been chosen. Not caring to be thought a fool by me or anyone else, he had at last married her with a fine gusto.

So when she talked like this I knew she was in the middle of a series of telephone calls in connection with her dinner party tonight and that she was taking more trouble about it than usual. Idly I wondered why, and why the earl was so anxious I should come to it. Sophie perhaps sensed my

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curiosity and felt I was entitled as a friend of the family to an explanation, but like all her explanations it did not explain anything. She said in a lowered voice:

"You see, James Belsin is coming, and it's terribly important to us, just now, that he should be pleased. Besides, I know you want to meet him again."

"Do I?" I said. "But one has to meet someone at least once before one can do that."

"Darling, don't be silly. You met him at the Felixstowe regatta last week. I introduced you, and even Boozie noticed he liked you."

"I'm sorry," I told her. "It didn't register."

"You're awful!" she cried. "You'll be telling me next you've never heard of him."

"But I have. He runs a factory at Leiston."

"Look," she said, "I asked you for half past seven. Come at seven or maybe half past six, because I can see you're so ignorant it's quite impossible and can't be allowed at my dinner table. And I did say I didn't think it would be a party the Commodore would enjoy?"

Meaning of course, she didn't think the party would enjoy the Commodore. Thus for a second time I thanked her for the invitation and promised that I wouldn't bring Father.

I returned to the kitchen and dealt with the next batch of cheese straws, my mind occupied with a faint curiosity about Sophie's sudden interest in social subtleties, and tried, but not hard, to recall the man Belsin I was supposed to have met at Felixstowe. I knew his name of course, because Leiston is about fifteen miles away, and what goes on there is within the radius of local knowledge. I seemed to remember hearing that Ted English had gone to Leiston last winter to "get hisself a job at Belsin's" and was seen no more in the Dog and Lion, and now and again James Belsin's name cropped up in the local papers, but otherwise, I knew less than nothing about him.

I then began trying to decide what to wear at Sophie's, my choice being so limited that the problem was almost insoluble.

THUS I missed the beginning of the conversation between Father and the Boy about the motorboat in our creek—the beginning, in fact, of all the trouble.

The Boy's voice floated down from the tree. "I'm sorry, sir, but it *is* a cabin cruiser."

Father was silent, wondering, as I also was wondering, whose motor cruiser it might be, for boats of any kind do not often come up the creek.

Father finally said, "Well? What boat is she? If you can't give her a name, describe her!"

The Boy, naturally, was helpless. The tree was at least half a mile from the backwater, and a cabin cruiser at that distance, with a considerable morning haze from the marshes, would be no more than a dark object on the white water.

"Eve!" bellowed Father.

I told Mary to watch the last of the cheese straws and went out to the lawn. He informed me unnecessarily that there was some kind of motorboat in our corner of the backwater and he didn't like it. I noticed his face and thought that he was hiding something from me.

"I'm sure they mean to land on our beach!" shouted the Boy.

"How many men in her?" Father demanded.

Eve Gill, the narrator of this story, is the extraordinary young lady who, singlehanded, solved the murder of Joseph Inwood in a serial which Collier's published two years ago, and which is now being filmed by Alfred Hitchcock. It was called MAN RUNNING *and opened with an unexpected encounter between Eve and Jonathan Penrose one dark night when he was fleeing from the scene of a murder. Acting on impulse, Eve took Jonathan out to her father's country house and listened to his tale of having been called on by Charlotte Inwood, the married woman with whom he was infatuated, to cover up the clues she had left while murdering her husband. It all seemed a little fishy to Eve. She took it upon herself to discover the real motives of the crime —and the full extent to which Jonathan had been used as an innocent dupe by the cold-blooded Charlotte and her evil lover, who turned out to be the actual murderer. But even after Charlotte and her lover were arrested, Jonathan could never quite believe that his dearly beloved had used him so badly, had actually tried to send him—loyal and silent—to the gallows for another man's crime. Jonathan has never forgiven Eve for shattering his noble illusions.*

"Can't see. Two, I think. She's quite near in to the beach now—broadside on to us, that is—" The Boy was leaning perilously out from the tree in his effort to see better. "One man's wading ashore—he's carrying something. Something—a bundle —two bundles, one under each arm."

The Commodore pulled out one of his long black

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38)

I pushed Father in his chair to the spot where the unfortunate woman's clothes lay, the Boy towing the little girl behind him

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No Match for Her

By GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

"I know, Dan. You can't walk out on her and the children. I wouldn't want that—I wouldn't want to make someone else pay such a price for my happiness"

Helena always got what she wanted—in business or in love. And one day she decided she wanted Mary Carmody's husband

DAN knew at once when she came into the room. Whether it was because there was actually some telepathic current between them, or whether it was because the atmosphere of any room changed the moment she entered it, he could not tell.

However, he felt her presence before she spoke. He sipped his lukewarm cocktail so that he would not have to go on talking to his companion, and waited, with the pounding excitement that she always stirred in him, for the sound of her voice.

Someone said, "Oh, it's Helena. We didn't think you were coming."

"I know. I'm sorry," she answered. "One of those interminable meetings."

Very likely she had called the meeting herself, Dan thought, and dismissed it when she was ready. One of the charming things about Helena was that she never behaved like a high-powered executive outside of the office. Unlike most successful women she seemed singularly unimpressed with her own importance, except as a woman.

He turned casually, his temples throbbing with anticipation. Never, before he fell in love with her, had he suspected himself of having any ability as an actor, but by now, he thought wryly, he could qualify for the Theatre Guild.

She was good herself. She did not appear to see him at first, though he knew her eyes must have leaped to him as soon as she entered the room. Then, finally, she gave him her little friendly smile, and held out her hand.

"Hello, Dan Carmody," she said. "How are you?"

Under the guise of a handshake, he dared to give her fingers a brief intimate pressure. When she returned it, his pulse began to pound as though he were holding her in his arms.

She moved off to speak to someone else and he reached for the cocktail again and then thought better of it. He did not trust the steadiness of his hand.

His companion, a paunchy out-of-towner, said, "Now there's as attractive a woman as I've seen in years. Who is she?"

"Sorry. I thought you knew her or I'd have introduced you. She's Helena Olcott."

"So that's the great Olcott!" The paunchy man whistled. "I've seen pictures of her, of course, but I always thought they must be all touched up. Matter of fact, they don't begin to do her justice. That coloring—" He shook his head. "Imagine a woman like that owning and managing one of the biggest department stores in the country! Do you suppose she really does? Maybe she's just a figurehead and there's actually some man—"

"She does it herself, all right," Dan said. "I'm one of her competitors and I know. She's as shrewd and keen in business as any man you're ever likely to meet."

And lovelier, more enchanting, more desirable, he thought, than any other woman.

The cocktail party, which had been even duller than most cocktail parties, had come to life for Dan. As if by agreement, they stayed apart for a time, but he was intensely aware of her. As he talked and moved among the other guests, he could hear her voice, her laugh. It seemed to him that he could even discern her perfume from among the mingled perfumes of all the women in the room.

Someone pounded him on the back. "Hello, Dan. This is a brawl, isn't it? Where's the wife?"

"She didn't come," Dan said. "She hates these things."

He had always hated them, too, but there was a certain amount of social boredom you had to go through when you were what people considered important. He knew how to manage it gracefully, with apparent enjoyment, but Mary had never learned that kind of ease. In the beginning, when she had thought it her duty to come with him, he had usually found her in another room with either a book or with some one person whom she had found interesting and managed to carry off.

"I don't like people in job lots," she said. "They frighten me."

She had been grateful when he told her she needn't come any more—that no one really noticed, in such gatherings, whether or not a man was present with his wife, or cared, one way or another.

At the time, he had had nothing in mind but her comfort. He had not, certainly, wanted to be alone, to be away from her. He had then met Helena just once, at a convention. Somebody had pulled him across the hotel lobby, saying, "You two ought to meet—the merchant prince and the merchant princess—" But they had scarcely bowed to each other when Helena had been called away by one of her staff. He had thought her attractive, but only in the detached way that a contented and faithful husband considers other women attractive.

Her voice spoke suddenly at his shoulder, the cool, lucid voice that could turn warm and husky with tenderness: "I like your new advertising campaign, Dan. I'm thinking seriously of trying to lure your advertising manager away from you, come the first of the year."

He put down his cocktail, and looked straight into her long, heavily lashed blue eyes.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)

ILLUSTRATED BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

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Collier's Congressional Awards

By JAMES C. DERIEUX

ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG, Republican Senator from Michigan, serving his 21st year in the United States Senate, and Sam Rayburn, Representative from Texas, Democratic veteran of 36 years in the House, are the 1948 winners of Collier's Congressional Awards for distinguished service to the nation.

At a special ceremony at the White House on May 7th, President Truman will present each of these two distinguished legislators with a beautiful engraved silver plaque. And to show its good faith, Collier's will also make two gifts of $10,000 each to be given to whatever public purposes the winners designate. The beneficiaries will be announced at the ceremony.

Collier's believes that these annual awards—one to a Senator and one to a Representative—help to point up the fundamental role that Congress plays in our system of government. When this award program was initiated in 1945, an alarming number of men in wide areas of the world had turned from representative government, and even in this country there was noisy impatience with the necessarily slow process of the legislative body. Collier's felt

that by putting the spotlight on legislators who had done outstanding jobs, the public's faith in our democratic institutions would be stimulated and maintained.

The committees making these selections have been composed of noted citizens who, in reaching their decisions, always have acted independently of Collier's. The committees have served under the chairmanships of Owen D. Young, Chester Davis and Eric Johnston, the latter serving as chairman for 1947 and for 1948, the year for which the latest awards are made.

In previous years, under the rules of the committee, a winner was not eligible to compete again. But this year's committee threw the competition wide open to all members of the Senate and House, and Senator Vandenberg won the Collier's Award for a second time. In 1945 he was chosen because of his key role in establishing a national, as distinguished from a partisan, foreign policy for the United States.

Recall the uneasy position of world peace last spring and the role Senator Vandenberg took in shoring it up and you will see why the committee chose him again:

The World Bank had not brought economic stability to the world. The British loan had not proved, as promised, all that was needed to win the peace. The United Nations was stymied behind many Russian vetoes. America was rapidly losing her faith in the United Nations.

Working closely with the Department of State, Senator Vandenberg, as chairman of the Senate's committee on Foreign Relations, drew up what has become known as the Vandenberg resolution, which passed the Senate June 11, 1948, by a vote

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 83)

Representative Sam Rayburn (left) and ***Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg*** were picked for the awards after the most careful consideration

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY EILEEN DARBY

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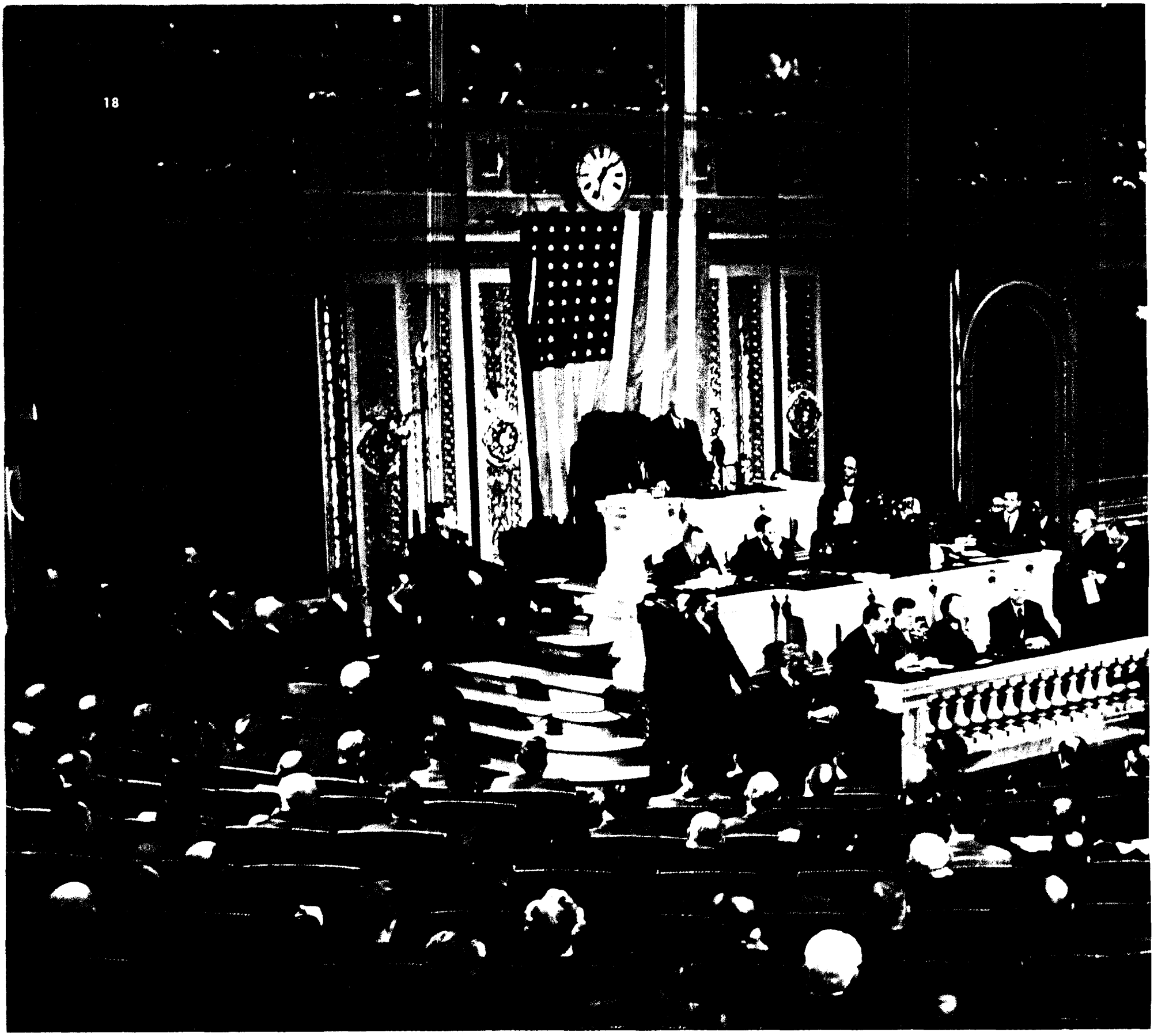

ACME

Why Congress Acts That Way

By [illegible]

Do you know how Congress works—what goes on behind the scenes in Washington? If you do, you're a very rare American. If you don't, here's a chance to learn about the curious goings on when our Senators and Representatives are preparing to give us a new law

ON SEPTEMBER 23, 1948, four Massachusetts Representatives and two Senators received a letter from an irate Boston housewife. The letter read:

"Last night our dessert was ice cream with quick-frozen strawberries. As I completed the last serving, a grayish object in the sauce caught my eye and I discovered to my horror and intense disgust a small wad of *chewed* gum. Since we do not chew gum, you can see how shocked and revolted we were. I have been ill ever since. I am ill as I write. I could not believe this possible in 1948. What protection have *I*, or *you?* Enclosed is a stamped addressed envelope for your reply."

The interesting thing about all this is that within a week, the housewife had received six courteous replies from the Representatives and Senators, all informing her that they were looking into the matter at the Food and Drug Administration, and that they were profoundly disturbed at the shock she had undergone.

The chances are about 1,000 to 1 that you—if

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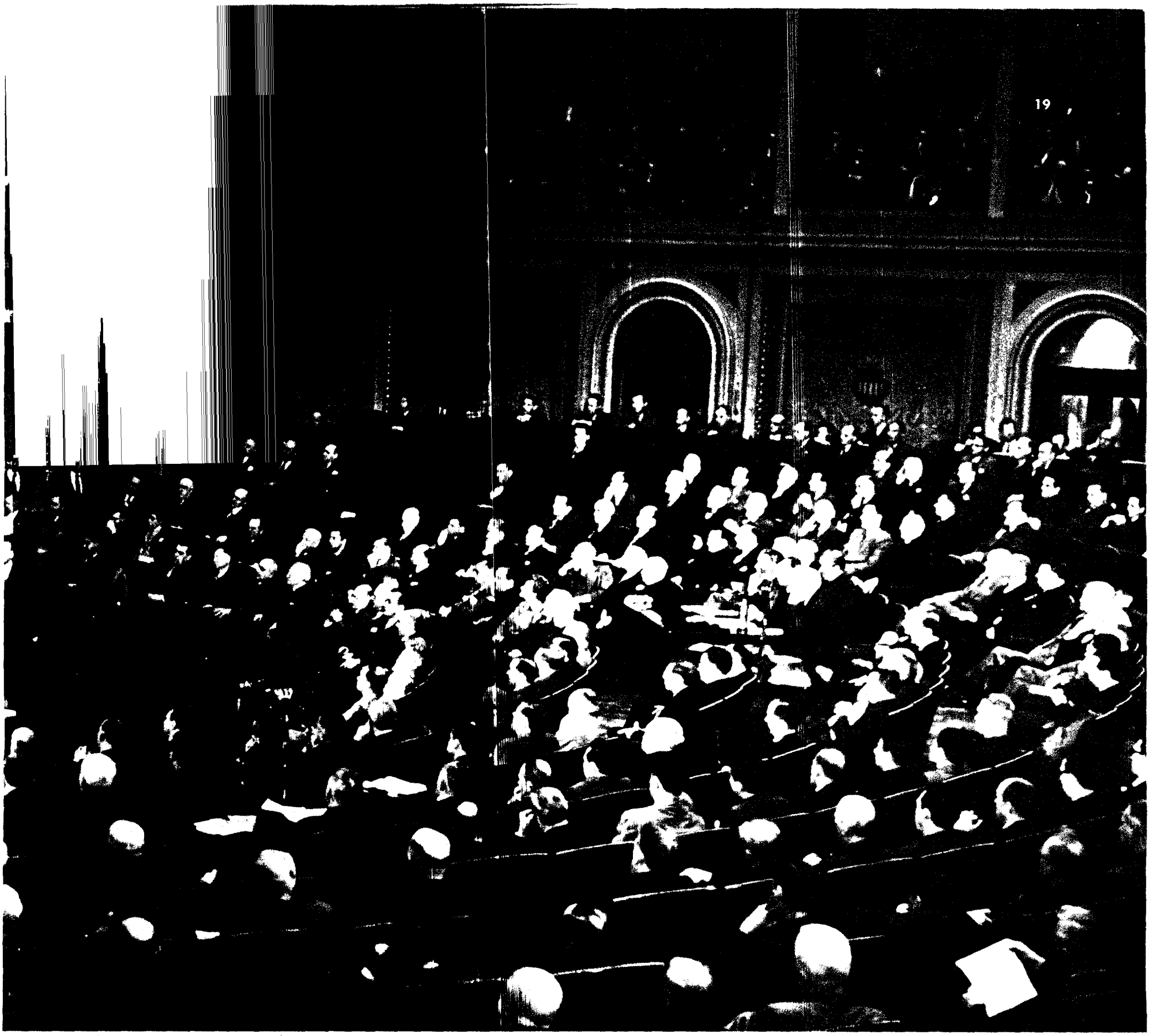

Congress, says the author, is patriotic, lazy, efficient, kindly and scheming—"just like a person." Here's the House we now have, at its opening session, January 3, 1949

you are the average citizen—have no idea of the day-to-day activities of your elected legislators in the nation's capital.

Few people know, for example, that (according to the LaFollette-Monroney Congressional Reorganization Report) more than 80 per cent of a congressman's time is taken up with nonlegislative "messenger-boy" duties for constituents. Fewer realize that often the floor of the House is practically devoid of lawmakers, while a dozen or so Representatives sit around and take turns droning speeches merely to be printed in the Congressional Record and distributed for campaigning purposes.

Moreover, out of the 10,000 or so measures introduced in every Congress, no more than about 1,200 ever are passed. The rest include specimens like the following: Representative Hartley's (New Jersey) resolution that "the House designate Nicholas Casale as the smallest fighting soldier in the A.E.F."; Representative Rogers (Massachusetts) H.R. 1730 "to require motor vehicles to be provided with suitable illuminated license plates"; Representative Bakewell's House Joint Resolution 410 "to proclaim an annual National Wear A Flower Week"; Representative Price's (Illinois) House Resolution 349 "expressing appreciation to Mrs. Carr B. McClenny for her presentation of the banner known as Miracle Quilt of Democracy"; and Representative Herrick's (Oklahoma) H.R. 8453 "prohibiting the holding of any pageant, carnival, celebration, exposition, theatrical or vaudeville shows where any person shall impersonate a king or a queen, or do any act to keep before the minds of the people the idea of royalty in a laudatory manner."

Congress is patriotic, lazy, efficient, kindly and scheming—just like a person. The above bills, for instance, never will pass; but printed copies of them, sent to interested groups in the congressman's district, will convince said groups that the congressman is looking out for their interests.

On the other hand, when Congress really gets down to work, it passes legislation that affects every American's daily life. For example, in addition to the universally known Taft-Hartley and Rent Control laws, the 80th Congress found time to enact the following:

H.R. 1030, which saw to it that you continued digging into your pocket to pay wartime taxes on perfumes, furs, luggage, movie tickets, etc.

H.R. 1621, which lent War Department equipment to the Boy Scouts and made it possible for a considerable group of these small fry to attend the World Jamboree of Boy Scouts in France.

S. 560, which prohibits the operation of gambling ships.

H.R. 3792, which provided quick cash to help stop the ravages of the 1947 Middle-Western floods.

H.R. 4790, which reduced your income tax (in most cases) and left a few surplus shekels jingling in your jeans.

H.R. 4816, which gave money to your state to build more hospitals to treat you when you are ill.

H.R. 5328, which allowed the free importation

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 59)

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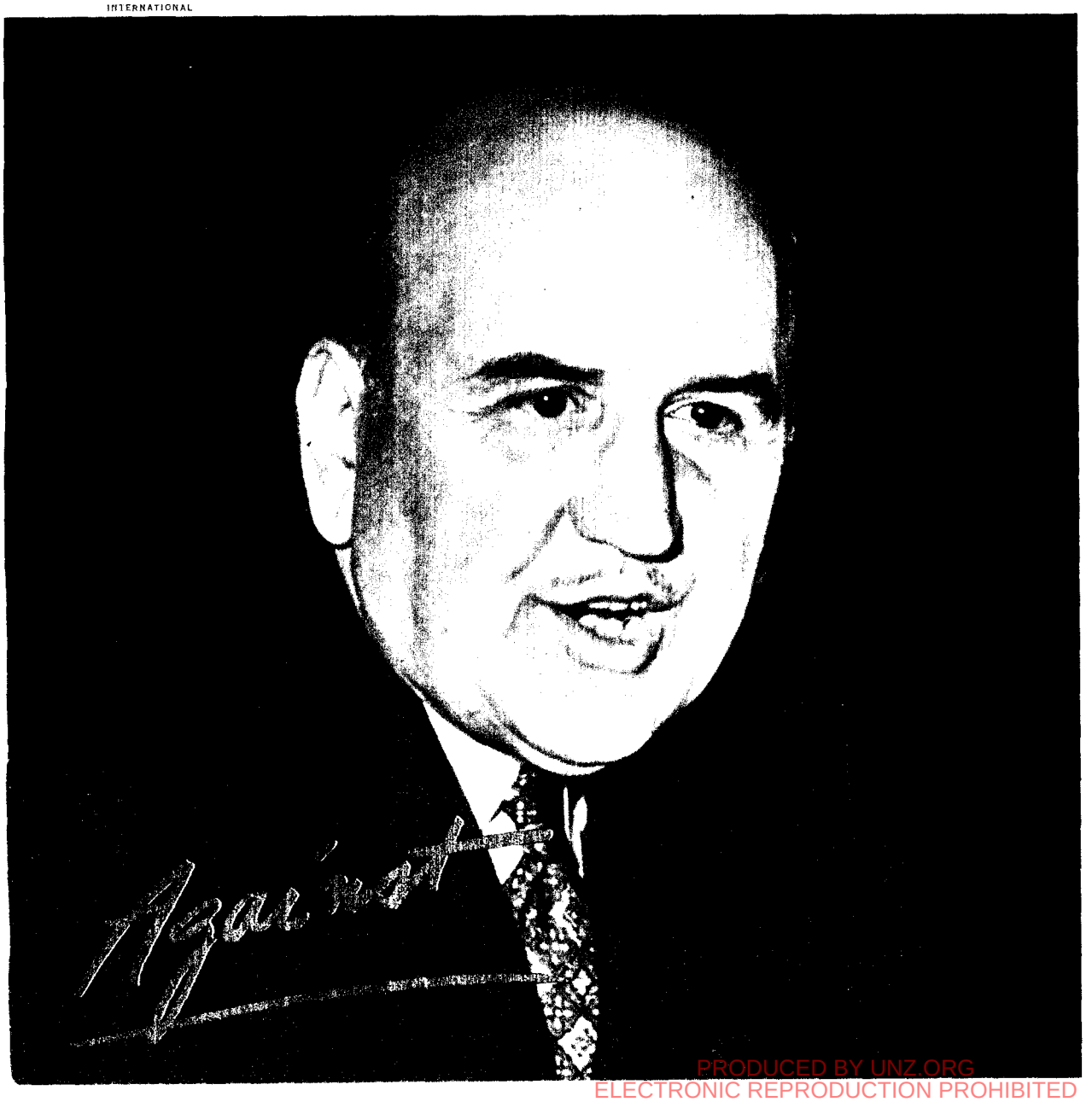
ACME

THE ISSUE: Oscar R. Ewing, Federal Security Administrator (above), hurls his Sunday punch for the controversial health bill by telling of grievous health needs of the underprivileged. But striking back (below) is Dr. Roscoe L. Sensenich, president of the American Medical Association, which declares the bill involves socialized medicine, which would put doctors and their patients under political control

INTERNATIONAL



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Doctors In

By HOWARD WHITMAN

The President's health plan has stirred a violent fight that may shake the medical world to the bedrock. The A.M.A., which opposes national health insurance, is attacking the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill, and your family physician might be on the firing line

PART 1 OF A TWO-PART ARTICLE

IN ITS 102 years the American Medical Association has been fighting mad many times. But it has never been quite so knit-browed, beetle-eyed sore as it is right now. It is ready to blacken the eye of any do-gooder, New Dealer or other benighted citizen who thinks national health insurance will make sense.

Recently the A.M.A. assessed each of its 140,000 member doctors $25 for a war chest to fight President Truman's health program, particularly the Wagner-Murray-Dingell (National Health Insurance) bill. Anything approaching socialized medicine has been the A.M.A.'s bugbear for years, and now—with 1949 and the 81st Congress—our medical politicos tell us the crisis has come. It is touch and go whether the United States will pull through with its free medical enterprise intact.

"Call it what you will, this is a fight to the death and the ultimate stake is despotism or democracy," thunders lean, loose-jawed Clem Whitaker, director of the war chest campaign.

At a rally of state medical societies which belong to the A.M.A., Whitaker hurled his Sunday punch: "This isn't going to be any pantywaist campaign! . . . The critics of the medical profession have had their field day—and they'll continue to have it until American medicine strikes back and strikes hard . . . We're going to attack—and attack—and attack."

Your own doctor may well be on the firing line. The A.M.A. wants every doctor in the land to campaign among his patients. It wants campaign literature placed in doctors' waiting rooms and even stuffed into envelopes with their bills.

States a document headed A.M.A.'s PLAN OF BATTLE:

"No one can talk to a patient on that subject (national health insurance) with the eloquence of his family doctor—and we simply must have that doctor at work, if this battle is to be won . . . People talk to doctors about their financial troubles as well as their physical ills . . . they'll listen to the doctor."

Another A.M.A. battle document states:

"We need to locate *the personal physician of ev-*

An Uproar *The Inside Story of the A.M.A.*

ery congressman and every U.S. senator and have him send a personal letter to his patient, the congressman, telling him the danger of socialized medicine, and asking for his help in defeating any compulsory health insurance program which may be submitted."

In its hard-hitting advance, the big, formidable A.M.A. has had trouble on its flanks. A group of 148 top-ranking physicians—including three Nobel prize winners—boxed the A.M.A.'s ears for being "standpat" and "inadequate" in its approach to America's health. Only when the A.M.A. gave them a promise that it would do something "progressive," instead of merely slamming the Truman program, did the 148 protesters call off their dogs.

All over the country, doctors who call themselves "liberal" winced at the $25 assessment and its avowed propaganda purposes. In New York, the Kings County Medical Society repudiated the assessment altogether. The New York County Medical Society, largest county society in the A.M.A., in three of the most blustery meetings in its history, at first affirmed the assessment, later repudiated it, and finally reaffirmed it. The confusion of hisses, boos and cries of "Sit down, Doctor!" made such a battle as staid old Hosack Hall has rarely seen.

Through it all, government people, of course, bleated about the A.M.A. being a reactionary trade association chiefly interested in doctors making a lot of money.

Where do you and I stand?

Somewhere in the middle of the fray. It's our health they're battling about.

Various Views of Headquarters

What *is* the American Medical Association? Most of us visualize it as a big, brooding mother hen sitting on the nest of American medicine. But its inner workings have been hidden in the henhouse—a severe-looking eight-story building at 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago.

A Chicago sight-seeing guide used to say, in passing the building, "This, ladies and gentlemen, is the American Medical Association founded by Dr. Morris Fishbein." He was quite wrong. The A.M.A. was founded on May 5, 1847, by Dr. Nathan Smith Davis and 250 other doctors in goatees and handle-bar mustaches at the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia. The guide might have been closer to the truth had he said "—the American Medical Association *run by* Dr. Morris Fishbein." But the A.M.A. has its House of Delegates and Board of Trustees. So perhaps the guide should have pigeonholed Dr. Fishbein—as his friends and enemies variously do—as the A.M.A.'s "spark plug," "political boss," "genius" or "big cheese."

Titularly, he is the editor. This is a key spot, since the A.M.A.'s major publication, The Journal of the American Medical Association, is the organization's meal ticket. It nets approximately $1,400,000 a year, which is enough to support money-losing scientific endeavors, and last year left a tidy jack pot of $200,000. Journal jack pots over the years have built up the A.M.A. to an $8,000,000 organization, including building, equipment, securities and reserves.

Of America's 200,000 licensed physicians, approximately 165,000 are practicing and 140,000 belong to the A.M.A. They hold their memberships through 2,011 county medical societies which, in turn, are grouped into 53 state and territorial associations. Dues are paid to the county and state societies but none to the A.M.A. However, an arrangement whereby doctors may become "fellows" of the A.M.A., with the main prerequisite being a subscription to the Journal, has resulted in 75,000 fellowships with as many Journal subscriptions at $12 a year.

Dr. Fishbein's dukes are ever up for critics who say the A.M.A. is run by fat-cat specialists or by a "medical hierarchy."

"The A.M.A. is a democracy, regardless of what people say or what they think," he says.

The A.M.A. is governed by a 175-man House of Delegates representing the state and territorial associations, and by a nine-man Board of Trustees. Its board chairman is Dr. Elmer Lee Henderson, of Louisville, Kentucky; its president is Dr. Roscoe Lloyd Sensenich, of South Bend, Indiana, and its president-elect is Dr. Ernest Edward Irons, of Chicago.

Responsible to the House of Delegates and the Board of Trustees are nine councils, five bureaus and nine miscellaneous departments which carry on the A.M.A.'s diverse activities. There are few scientific bodies in the world which can match its diligence in keeping medical standards clean and lofty, in exposing fakery and wrongdoing, and in pushing forward the frontiers of discovery.

Negro doctors in the South smart bitterly because, with few exceptions, they are barred from the A.M.A. They are not barred directly, for the association has no membership requirements other than those of the individual county medical societies which comprise it. But, since nearly all county societies in the South bar Negro doctors, they are thus automatically ruled out of the A.M.A.

When critics argue that a learned, scientific society ought not to have a color line, A.M.A. spokesmen reply, "We don't tell the county societies what to do. They're autonomous. If the Southern societies bar Negroes, that's their business." Since the District of Columbia Medical Society bars Negroes, the medical faculty at Howard University—including the eminent Dr. Charles Drew, Professor of Surgery—are barred from A.M.A. membership.

Dr. George D. Cannon, Negro doctor in New York, who does belong to the A.M.A., piloted a resolution to end discrimination against Southern Negro physicians through the New York County and State Medical Societies last year. But when it reached the A.M.A.'s annual session in Chicago it was snowed under by a Georgia resolution to keep membership policies exactly as they were.

Objectionable Word Is Deleted

This spring the Missouri State Medical Association removed the word "white" from its membership requirements, a move lauded by Dr. Cannon as "a wonderful first step in the right direction."

The $25 assessment, voted at the interim session of the House of Delegates in St. Louis last December, has opened an old and painful wound. Doctors of the "opposition"—and there are an estimated 15,000 to 20,000 who don't agree with the A.M.A. policies—have seized the occasion to yelp lustily about "tyranny," "suppression of medical freedom," "thought control" and other dictatorial trappings of which the A.M.A. often is accused.

Many doctors admit that it is dangerous business to oppose openly the A.M.A. It can put one's professional future on a shaky limb, they say. A spokesman for the 148 physicians who balked at the A.M.A. campaign stated, "We older men had to make the move, because the younger doctors couldn't stick their necks out. They don't dare criticize for fear of losing their hospital appointments."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)

TED CRONER

Kingpins of the A.M.A. confer on strategy to lick Truman's health plan. Left to right: Dr. Elmer L. Henderson, board chairman; Dr. E. E. Irons, president-elect; Dr. J. R. Miller, executive committee member; Dr. Louis H. Bauer, executive committee chairman; Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal

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EASY AS SHE GOES

By PAT E. O'NEILL

ILLUSTRATED BY JIM LOCKHART

Captain Wilson was nothing if not a gentleman. But he was also a dangerous enemy, and an even more dangerous captive

DURING all his years Captain Sam Wilson had been in the same fix as a woman who cannot cry. He was like a man surrounded by aliens who do not know he cannot use their language, like a mute whose unknown deafness makes him heroic in a din of clangor.

He had the face of a miracle maker, but it was a fake! For instance—

His bark—the Emily out of Savannah—was coming off the south Florida coast on the last leg of her return voyage from India. He was on the quarter-deck musing, in shipmaster solitude, on the probable tightness of the Federal blockade of Savannah. What it might have become since he sailed in November, six months previously, he had only the darkest guess. He had spoken only a few ships, and none knew anything accurate of the Georgia port.

A few copies of The London Times had been left by an Indiaman at the Falklands, but the papers were three months old. The risk of capture was in the offing.

The bark was on a northeasterly course coming through the straits of Florida, riding handily under clear skies on a scuddy sea. She carried a cargo of 2,000 bales of gunny cloth, tight and dry, from Calcutta; a ton of spice from the Arroes; six tierces of coconut oil from Pago Pago; and coffee from Rio. She had touched at Jamaica for rum and had come on through the Yucatán Channel. The captain had promised the crew a sight of the Florida sand hills by noon.

At eleven thirty, the lookout called a sail. It was to the easterly and, with his glass, Captain Wilson made out a sailing steamer. His two mates were with him, and they watched his face because, without a glass, they could not make her out. Out of his placid countenance they gathered that the stranger was friendly, that she was going away, that she was not a Yankee raider. On each count they were wrong, for curiously, Captain Wilson's face outrageously belied facts.

This derived from some advice given Sam when he was ten years old. Without parents, he had reached desperately for security and shipped out

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of cholera-ridden Savannah as a cabin boy on the brig Martha. To his wondering eyes the beautiful, wet, West Indian world opened, and a continuing spell of quiet water built in his mind a fantastic idea of the innocence of the sea. Disillusionment was at hand with his first squall, and it might have been painful had not the fatherly eye of his captain fallen on him when he was teetering between bewilderment and fright.

"Easy as she goes, Sam! Roll with the sea, boy! No use getting excited; you only disable yourself. Let the sea roll under you!"

Then the sky changed from a white gray to a black gray. The wind leaped fast and faster over the pitching water, and screamed and screeched at the rigging for snagging its hurry. Next, water and wind came together and hit at the brig mercilessly. Sam, at first, huddled in the lee of the carpenter's bench; finally, without scruple, he climbed into the shelter of the chicken coop.

The brig heaved up and fell in a flat, glassy trough that shivered her timbers. The boy heard the shrill baying of the gale, the clouting of the yards, the rain falling like cold shot. Between the slats of the chicken coop, through it all, he saw his captain in oilskins on the quarter-deck, trimming his fingernails with a sea gully!

The gale itself had no subsequent importance. The sea went down, the sun came out and the decks bleached dry again. The main courses were set and the brig put back on her course. Sam, however, latched on to the captain's words: "Easy as she goes! Roll with the sea, boy! No use getting excited." Like his captain in the gale, Sam fiercely resolved that no crisis concocted by himself, by his shipmates or by God would henceforth ruffle him! The force of his childish resolution produced a singular facial fake of constant placidity.

It must not be assumed that Sam Wilson created for himself an expressionless face. Rather (and here was the deceit!) his face radiated a steady cheerfulness even when, within him, he was as fretful, excited, distressed and fearful as anyone. Most of his facial muscles atrophied in surrender to the disciplined few which maintained the perpetual status of a pleasant, unruffled countenance. His face unwittingly conveyed impressions and guarantees which had no inner substance.

In his spyglass—in spite of the cheerful impression he gave the mates and the crew—Captain Wilson saw disaster at hand! For one thing, the United States flag was flying at the stranger's gaff. For another, she was a steamer and her boilers were fired. He put down the glass and glanced at the Confederate flag flying from his own gaff; he let it remain, knowing well that the stranger's spyglass was at least as good as his own. The steamer crowded on sail and stood out across the Emily's bow. A half hour later she was in a position to fire a cannon and the ball skittered just ahead of the bark's bow. Captain Wilson hove to.

PUDGY, rotund Captain Wilson had entered the owners' offices in Savannah last November when the Emily was loaded and ready for outgoing and her sailing was being deliberated. The Yankees had driven all shore craft to cover. The Banham had been chased back and was saved only by the guns of Fort Pulaski. The Heron had got out and was driven aground. The Yankees took the Cinje. The Bride had been forced on the bar and burned.

The prudence of the Emily's sailing was therefore questioned. The captain recalled that when the owners greeted him there hadn't been a bright face in the lot; on all sides there was caution and pessimism. Sam, physically incapable of looking otherwise, looked cheerfully unafraid.

"In the face of so many Yankee steamers," said Mr. Boyle, the big owner, "I hesitate to risk the bark."

"Sixteen captures in four months!" said Mr. Harrison, the second owner. "It would be absurd."

A Savannah pilot was there too, and he emphatically discouraged the sailing, and the banker! And the underwriter! All agreed it was no time to sail. "If she were in Charleston, it might be different."

"What do you think, Captain Sam?" asked the big owner. "Could you get her out?"

"Aye." Captain Sam said it as any sailor says aye and, from any other sailor it would have meant nothing more than "ah-h-h" from a landsman. Sam's face, however, weighted its meaning beyond his intention, and his calmness made the owners and the pilot and the underwriter ashamed of their timidity. Before he could stammer out another syllable they began to lose their pessimism. They even became boastful: Captain Sam could take the Emily out—and bring her in, by thunder!

So the captain took her out. . . .

The Federals boarded the Emily and hauled down her Stars and Bars. The crew was ordered into the longboats and taken to the sailing steamer to be clapped in irons. A prize master and a prize crew came aboard. Captain Wilson was given the dubious honor of riding in the Emily to the New York Prize Court—and prison! He was permitted to retain his steward and his cook. Divested of authority, he continued to stand on his own quarter-deck, where he watched the stages of Federal possession.

Two longboats with his crew were shoved off and when they were half a cable length away they spied his complacent rotund figure standing at the port mizzen shrouds with his hat off, the sun washing his patient countenance.

Each of his crew made some gesture—a quick waving or a stiffly raised arm. He saw their faces—with that same look of confident expectation that the owners had when he sailed. They looked at him as if they were saying (and they might have been), "We are sorry we shan't be with you when you recapture!" The look added a tinge of embarrassment to his plight and he turned away from the rail.

The acting master—a lieutenant named Josh Stone—was young as masters go, and fat. In this latter respect perhaps he was less than a typical seafaring man in appearance but he was, nonetheless, skillful. He was not lost in handling himself, his

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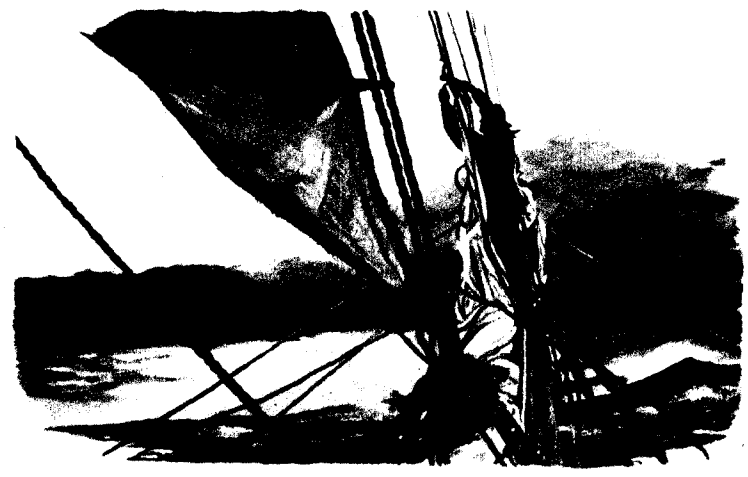

It was after one o'clock before the lines were let go and the vessels parted. Up went topsails and jib canvas; the Emily stood away

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He Makes The Merry-Go-Rounds Go Round

Feeling old and depressed? Then John Wendler is your doctor. He simply prescribes a few turns on a roundabout. He's been manufacturing them for 61 years to give you that feeling of eternal youth

Havana, Cuba
August 7, 1948

Gentlemen:

It is necessary that I have six dozen glass eyes for horses. Kindly let me know the value, as I want to receive those horses' eyes without delay.

Thanking you in advance, I am,

Yours truly,
(signed) Roy de la Fe

Señor Roy de la Fe
Hotel ——
Havana, Cuba

My Dear Sir:

Your valued favor of August 7th, with reference to horses' eyes, is hereby acknowledged. The eyes will be shipped to you immediately.

Thanking you for your esteemed order, I am

Yours truly,
(signed) John Wendler
President, Allan Herschell Company, Inc.

The affable exchange you have just read offers a small glimpse of daily life at the Allan Herschell Company, Inc., a firm of manufacturers lying, by rough calculation, at latitude 43°3′ N., longitude 78°52′ W., along the banks of the Erie Canal and in the city of North Tonawanda, New York.

By THOMAS WHITESIDE

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JACOB LOFMAN

It will probably come as no surprise that in its time the Allan Herschell Company has also done a thriving business in unicorns, not to mention lions, tigers, ostriches, storks, giraffes, roosters, goats, cats, deer, mules, pigs, frogs, dogs and zebras, the latter harnessed with jewels. Allan Herschell is the world's biggest maker of merry-go-rounds, and in the U.S., the oldest.

In its 61 years of operation, under one corporate name or another, Allan Herschell has built, carved, painted and harnessed an army of horses that Napoleon would have envied—probably 150,000 in all. Today 1,000 Allan Herschell merry-go-rounds are whirling in every country in the world except Outer Mongolia, Tibet and the U.S.S.R. An Indian raja bought one for the amusement of himself and wives.

About 500 of the company's merry-go-rounds are jingling and tooting in U.S. carnivals and parks. And with orders coming in from South Africa, France, Belgium, India and Siam, Allan Herschell's red-painted barnlike North Tonawanda factory is blasting away and bursting at the seams like a steam caliope.

It might seem preposterous at first that North Tonawanda, a city of 25,000 caught midway between the smoke of Buffalo and the spray of Niagara Falls, should be the site of a merry-go-round factory. This implies no slight on North Tonawanda. Properly, merry-go-rounds ought to be manufactured at the North Pole by old gentlemen with white beards, jolly faces, fat, scarlet greatcoats and lots of reindeer as helpers. But even in such a southerly latitude as North Tonawanda, John Wendler, president of the Allan Herschell Company, wears a Santa Claus air that makes him the very pith and image of a merry-go-round maker.

At 79, John Wendler is a large man with snowy hair, ruddy face, a jovial laugh and an unshakable love for merry-go-rounds in every shape, size, color and combination. He delights in watching children ride his machines, and half the town of North Tonawanda has been brought up on Allan Herschell carrousels. Until his 150-man plant became too busy with a rush of postwar orders, Wendler extended "open house" invitations to the community children

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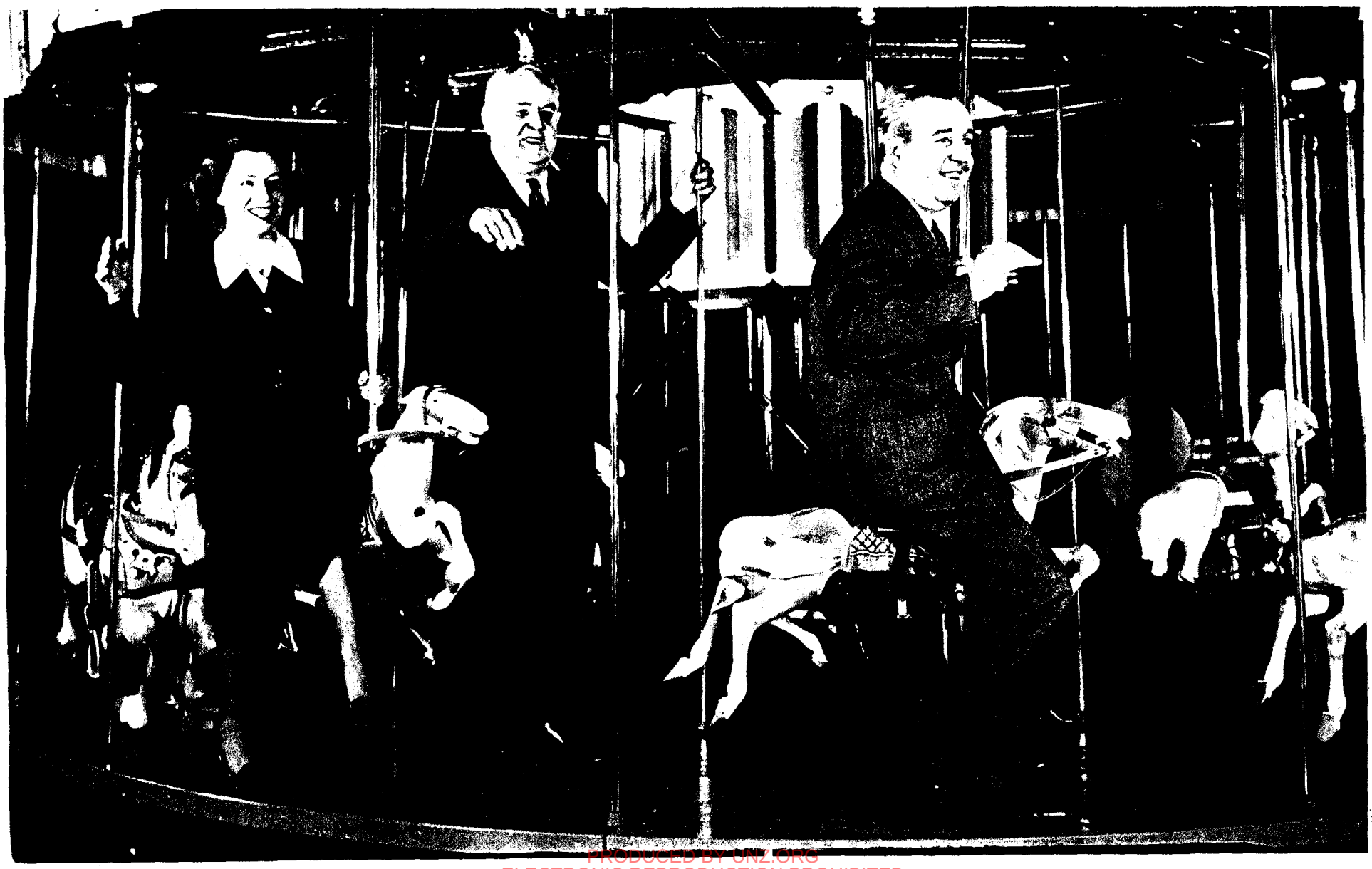
Emanating as much fun as the merry-go-rounds they manufacture at North Tonawanda, N.Y., the Wendler family (Mary, John and William) test a new model



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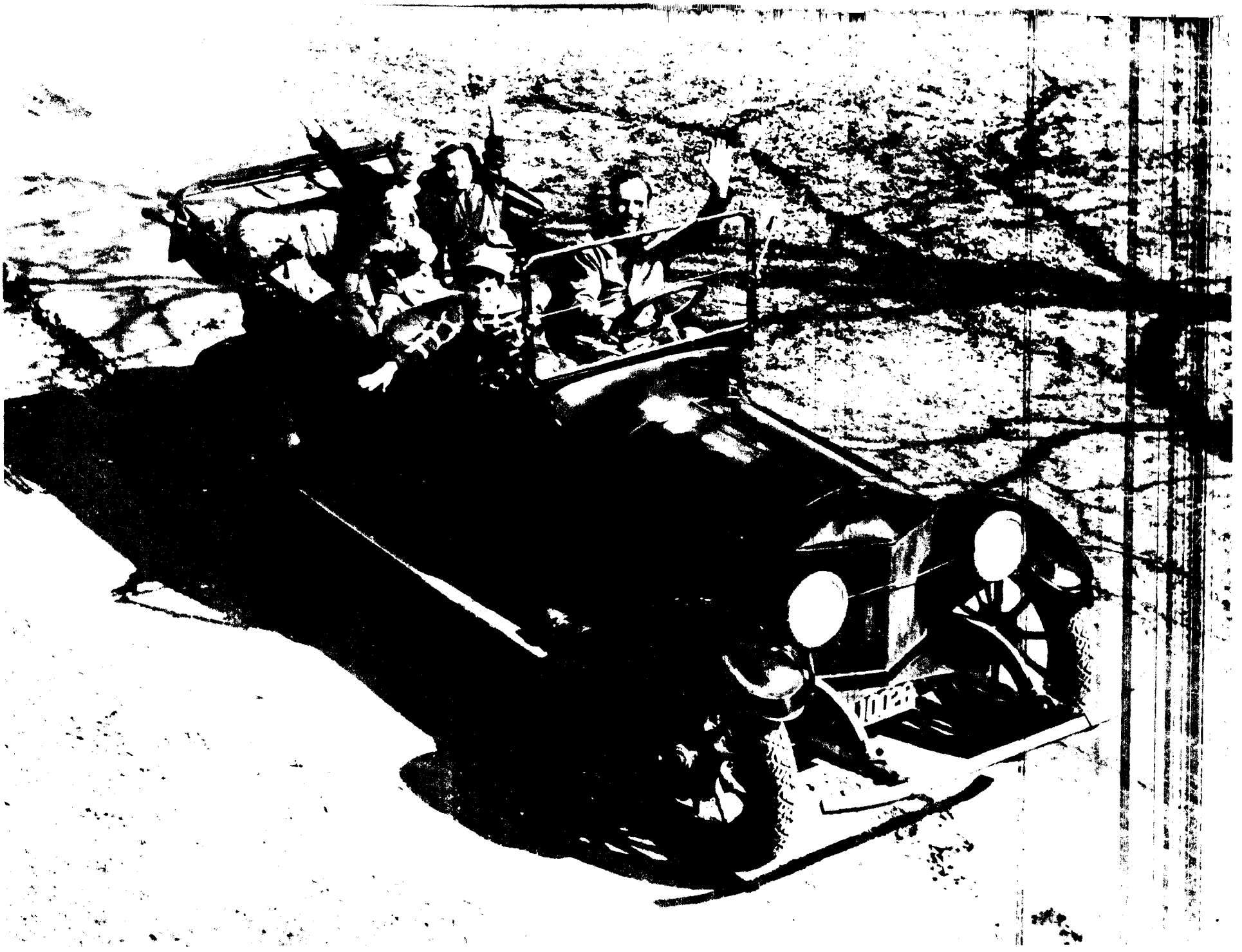

The Woodbury family off for a drive in their Stanley. The 32-year-old car may not be much on looks, but it's a smooth, fast job when the steam is up

I Drive A Stanley Steamer

You're pretty fast in your streamlined gas buggy these days but look out for the guy in a 32-year-old steamliner. A few rejuvenated Stanleys are abroad again, burning up water and highways and drivers who watch them go by. The author has one and he's riding high, wide and handsome

By GEORGE WOODBURY

THE interior of the tumble-down barn lay dim in the light of cobwebbed windows. A big touring car brooded like a dingy mother hen over the litter on the floor. Its rusted license plates were 22 years old. And it was mine, for I had bought my first Stanley Steamer.

Any car more than a dozen years old is bound to be queer-looking. My Stanley Steamer was certainly no exception. But for its own times, its appearance was not unusual. When it was built there was, of course, little thought given to streamlining. Sitting in it was like sitting on top of a load of hay: There was nothing to obscure the driver's view in any direction. It was clearly a car one rode on rather than in.

The upholstery had survived the years intact, perhaps because it was leather, the stuff cows use for clothes. Running boards, long extinct in automotive design, skirted its sides wide and high.

My new possession, a five-passenger, 1917 model, was one of the last cars made by the famous Stanley brothers, American pioneers in the automotive use of steam. Steam disappeared from the highways nearly twenty years ago, but for over a decade the Stanley Steamer was a familiar car.

In 1918, F. E. Stanley, a habitually fast driver, was killed while driving one of his own machines. He was alone at the time and there were no witnesses; no one knows what happened. His twin, left as sole proprietor of their enterprises in Newton, Massachusetts, never recovered from the shock, and the company never again prospered as did other auto manufacturers.

The Stanleys were all that Yankee farm boys of their generation should be—ingenious, independent, humorous and shrewd. Inveterate whittlers, they made violins—beautiful ones—as a hobby. F. O. Stanley whittled his first violin when he was eleven, and his last at the age of eighty-four.

Together they invented one of the methods now used for making illuminating gas. They became interested in photography and, after F. E. had evolved a dry-plate formula, together they manufactured the Stanley Dry Plate. They wouldn't take in partners. Said they had a hard enough time getting along with each other.

They insisted on making the simplest, most efficient and long-lasting car they could. They believed that money spent in advertising was money diverted from improving their machines. They refused to accept down payments in advance. You got your car when it was ready for you, and not before, and then you paid for it. Some years they

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PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

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Broadway to Ballet

By BRUCE DOWNES

Bambi Linn is a dancing star who frisked her way to Broadway stardom before getting into ballet, which is where most girls start

Here is Bambi as she appears with Ballet Theatre. She made her first Broadway hit in Carousel with Robert Pagent (right)

WHEN the New York Theatre Guild, in cahoots with Rodgers and Hammerstein and ballet mistress Agnes de Mille, produced Oklahoma! in 1943 they signalized the end of a musical comedy era by knocking the anatomical props from under the overblown prewar show girl and opened the sluice gates to the *corps de ballet*.

Ballet soon bloomed on Broadway and the ballet schools took a new lease on life as would-be successors to the old-time pony chorus rushed to make like Pavlova. From this time forth chorus girls swapped French heels and tap slippers for flatfeet, and the obsolete tired businessman's ideal in gams became the muscle-bound calf. The girls, with pious devotion to the traditional ideals of their choregraphic art, danced in classic ballet like crazy, hoping to be whisked from the staid concert and opera halls to the rowdier but more lucrative Broadway stage.

While girls with long ballet experience vied with one another to get into the act, Agnes de Mille took a sixteen-year-old Brooklyn girl named Bambina Linnemeier from her dancing class and put her smack into the Oklahoma! ballet. Bambi, whose toes, callused from ten years of ballet training, had never touched the dust of a formal ballet stage, promptly dropped the Teutonic tail from her name. As Bambi Linn she reversed the ballet-to-Broadway order of the day by making her ballet debut on Broadway and tarrying there for six years before finally reaching the goal for which she had been training since she was a child of six.

On Easter Sunday night Bambi, now twenty-two but still looking sixteen, made her belated debut with the Ballet Theatre company at the Metropolitan Opera House in Jerome Robbins' Fancy Free.

During her six-year detour Bambi brashly rose from Oklahoma! ballet girl to stardom on Broadway. From Oklahoma! she went into Carousel in which she stopped the show with her sensationally appealing lonely-child-at-play ballet. A year of that and she succumbed to the blandishments of David O. Selznick and went to Hollywood under a seven-year contract which was mutually laid aside in six months. She then returned to New York to play the role of Alice in the American Repertory Theatre production of Alice in Wonderland.

Bambi, whose sole experience as an actress had been the few lines she spoke in Carousel, gave a hundred performances of Alice. The role exceeds that of Hamlet in length, requiring the actress to appear continuously on stage from the rise of the curtain until its fall on the last act. The critics thought she was wonderful.

When Alice closed, Bambi moved on to full-fledged stardom in last year's revival of Sally. Sharing honors with the late Willie Howard, she acted, sang (an approximate verb) and danced the role originally created back in the twenties by Marilyn Miller. But Sally was dated and Bambi looked too young. The show flopped and at last she had time to catch her breath and rub her eyes.

In Ballet Theatre, back where she should have started from, she's no premier ballerina. A sensible girl, she's willing to start on the lower rungs dancing small roles. In a few early spring weeks she got a taste of ballet barnstorming, playing to balletomanes in nine cities—all one-, two- and three-night stands—before opening at the Met in New York.

That's a lot of personal history for a youngster of twenty-two. At an age when most girls of the theater are just beginning, Bambi Linn has been on stage almost continuously for six years. In all that time she has acquired no airs, still lives with her family in Brooklyn where she was born, and off stage is as unglamorous as a girl can possibly be. She has the pallor of a hungry waif, uses no make-up and wears her hair drawn in a tight beribboned knot at the top of her head.

Will Bambi remain in classical ballet? Will she become a ballerina? Will she go back to musical comedy? To Hollywood? Bambi doesn't know and doesn't seem concerned. She prefers to let things happen as they did when ballet invaded Broadway. All she wants to do now is dance, which is her life, and to get the feel of being a ballet trouper. What happens next is anybody's guess.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RAY SOLOWINSKI

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SHOOT THE MOON

In Washington, when you want to get rid of someone, you can promote her out of your department and—if you're lucky—out of your life

By PAT FRANK

IN THE beginning he was a P-5, and she was only a CAF-4. From the first he sensed she was trouble, but how much trouble he did not know until the autumn day Dr. Rauchenbush summoned him to his office. "Dunning," Dr. Rauchenbush inquired, "do you know what you have done?"

"No, sir," Dunning said, suspecting it was not good.

Dr. Rauchenbush was a roly-poly man who encouraged his section to enjoy eleven-o'clock coffee, sometimes treated the whole staff to ice cream at four, dressed as Santa Claus at Christmas, and in July and August kept his water carafe—government issue, executive type—filled with cold beer. Philip Dunning never before had seen him disturbed, but now his body and face seemed puffed with anger.

"All you have done, Dunning, is endanger our whole program, and make a fool of the Secretary before the House Appropriations Committee!"

"But I couldn't have," Dunning protested, conscious that his whole tall and unsubstantial frame trembled.

"Leave us read this," Dr. Rauchenbush wheezed, picking up the folded newspaper that lay on his desk, with a sheet of red memo paper headed "Office of the Secretary of National Defense" clipped to its front page. Several paragraphs on this front page were viciously circled with red pencil. Rauchenbush began to read:

"Congressman Hockstottle (R., Penna.) next questioned a $7,500,000 request for the development of very long-range rockets capable of carrying an atomic war head. 'I see,' Congressman Hockstottle told the Secretary, 'that you wish to develop a rocket with a range of half a million miles. Will the distinguished member of the Cabinet explain to me whether we are preparing for possible reprisal against the inhabitants of the moon, or against a country that shall be nameless, except that it is the Soviet Union?' "

"Why, that's ridiculous!" said Dunning. "Any fool knows it should be five thousand miles, not five hundred thousand!"

Dr. Rauchenbush glanced up, made a rude noise with his lips, and continued: "There was laughter in the hearing room, and the Secretary leafed through the bill until he came to the item. Perplexed, he admitted that the Rocket and Guided Missiles Division of the Research and Development Board claimed the theoretical range of the new rockets to be 504,189 miles.

"Congressman Hockstottle said later that he would fight to have the item eliminated from the bill, and if necessary carry his fight to the House floor. The Secretary promised to investigate the source of what he called 'an exaggerated and irresponsible estimate.' "

Dr. Rauchenbush laid down the paper, and said, "That's you, Dunning—the source!"

For a moment Philip Dunning's long chin hung loose, and then everything became clear. "That damn' girl!" he said. "She's done it again!"

"Done what?"

"Murdered my decimal point!"

"What's wrong with her?" Rauchenbush asked.

"I don't know. I don't know what she's got against decimal points. I don't know whether she never learned about them, or whether she forgets them, or whether she just doesn't like them."

"You know," Rauchenbush said, "I thought you two would get along famously. You're both young, and full of energy, and she is very, very attractive. Remember what I told you—joking, of course?"

"Yes. 'No sex in the office.' Well, you don't have to worry."

Dr. Rauchenbush said, gravely, "Of course, you know that it is a scientist's responsibility to edit his own papers carefully."

"I know, sir," Dunning said.

Dr. Rauchenbush stared out of the window toward the Jefferson Memorial, and the Monument beyond. "I don't want to lose you, Phil," he said, the anger draining from him as he relaxed against the chair. "It's hard finding good, competent scientists to work for the government. You'll be more careful, won't you?"

"I will, sir," Dunning promised.

He felt weak, and ashamed, and he kept his eyes on his own shoes as he walked across the general office. He felt that everyone was watching him, and that at the lunch hour in the cafeteria they'd all laugh about the man who thought he could shoot the moon.

CERTAINLY it was Dunning's responsibility. He hadn't been himself since Rauchenbush afflicted him with this Terry Pettleby—this girl who should be earning a living in Hollywood instead of Washington.

Three days after she'd been assigned to his severe cubicle, lost in the Pentagon mazes, she was calling him Slats. It was true that Slats was his nickname, but when a scientist is under thirty he would much rather be addressed as Doctor, particularly when he is classified as Professional, Grade 5, $6,235, and she was only Clerical, Administrative, and Fiscal, 4, $2,724.

She was an artist with a lipstick, but a clumsy dolt with a stenographer's pencil. She misspelled simple words like calefaction and tortuosity. She didn't care whether it was theoretically possible to create a man-made satellite to circle the earth or not. He often suspected her of doodling in her notebook, when he thought he was dictating important memoranda.

Now she was waiting in his office, wearing one of those sweaters that censors consider too blinding for the male eyesight. She would have been banned in Boston. He sat down at his desk, grim and silent.

"Hi, Slats," she said. "Where've you been?"

"I have just been catching unmitigated hell," he said, "from Dr. Rauchenbush."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Slats," she said. "You mean about the long-range rocket. I read about it this morning." She laughed. "It could've been my fault."

"Could have been!" he shouted. In the tiny room it seemed that the window rattled, but she did not appear frightened. All she did was cross her legs. She was deliberately trying to distract him.

He attempted to concentrate on his notes on the maximum troposphere speed of the VLR-7. He found he couldn't think. She had moved her chair closer and was staring at him, her lips half parted, and revolving her gray eyes in a most disconcerting fashion. "Miss Pettleby," he said finally, "I am going home. I will not be back today. I may never be back."

"Oh, Slats, aren't you well?"

He didn't bother to answer. He stopped at the Section Chief's office on the way out. "Dr. Rauchenbush," he said, "either Miss Pettleby goes, or I go."

"You're getting all worked up, Phil," Rauchenbush said. "This thing isn't so serious. I explained the missing decimal point to the Secretary, and I'm sure he'll be able to soothe Hockstottle."

"She's giving me a complex. I can't stand it any longer."

Dr. Rauchenbush folded his hands across his stomach. "Firing her might be difficult, Phil," he said. "You say now that she isn't capable, but you've always given her an excellent efficiency rating. I suppose you were just being chivalrous, but that's pretty hard to explain to the Civil Service."

"Oh, I don't want her fired, anyway," Dunning said. "She's only a CAF-4, and probably needs the money. I just want her transferred."

Rauchenbush nodded. "That's also difficult. Only our junior professional people have CAF-4s for secretaries, and all of them are happy with the ones they have. However, I've an idea."

"Yes?"

"I'll promote her to CAF-5. In our section Table of Organization there are no CAF-5s. The senior professionals and administrators all have sixes and sevens. So when she becomes a CAF-5 she'll have to go to another section."

"Dr. Rauchenbush," Dunning said in some awe, "you're a genius. But do you think it's fair to promote her, and wish her off on some unsuspecting fellow who expects CAF-5 performance?"

Rauchenbush's belly bounced with his laughter. "There are 40,000 people working in this building, and most of them are men. There are very few men who would not welcome Terry Pettleby as their secretary even if she had to sign her pay checks with an X. You see, Phil, she may have a CAF-2 brain, but she has a CAF-14 body. Take a few days off, and let me handle it."

THAT was a Thursday, and when Philip Dunning came back to work Monday, Terry Pettleby was no longer in his office. There was only the faint odor of her perfume.

In her place was a Miss Gertrude Adams, who had a face which, while it might not stop a clock, would at least slow it down. Miss Adams was engaged in removing Terry's spoor (consisting of half-used lipsticks, amber-hued bobby pins, emptied vials of vivid nail polish, and spilled pink powder) from the secretarial desk.

"Your former secretary," Miss Adams complained, "was a very untidy person!"

"I suppose she was," Dunning agreed.

"And her notebooks! Like Sanskrit backwards."

"Is that so?"

"She was most insecure. Most! Do you know what I found in the bottom drawer? A document classified Confidential! Perhaps not of great importance, but it should have been in the safe. You will find that I am a most secure person."

"I have no doubt."

Miss Adams handed him an envelope. "And she left this note for you."

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One day Dr. Rauchenbush walked into Dunning's office and found Dunning locked in Terry's arms. "This isn't what you think, sir!" Dunning cried

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL MILROY

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"Me—I crave entertainment!" says Danny. He didn't used to crave it—he used to dish it out, and right in this same Grossinger Hotel, where you now see him

Once I Was A Toomler

By DANNY KAYE *as told to KYLE CRICHTON*

Like many a star in the entertainment firmament Danny Kaye got his start on the Borsht Circuit. The guests' annoying way of checking out of hotels when things got dull kept Danny and his colleagues hopping—and made actors out of them in the hard process

I'M IN this big important office in Hollywood seeing this big important man and we finish our business and he says, "You don't remember me, do you? I used to push you in the pool at White Roe Lake. I was a toomler."

Whereupon I rise with a sharp cry of delight, embrace him warmly and we settle back for a three-hour session on the good old days of the Borsht Circuit. For those who have come in late, the Borsht Circuit refers to a string of large hotels in the Catskill Mountains near New York City which provide entertainment for their guests and hire actors, good or otherwise, for the purpose.

It has been the training ground for many of the present-day comedians, as well as directors and writers. Dore Schary, production head at M-G-M, is a Borsht Circuit graduate; Don Hartman, who writes, directs and produces his own pictures, is another; as are Moss Hart, Garson Kanin, Arthur Kober, Jan Peerce and literally hundreds of individuals who have made their mark on the stage, in the movies or in other fields.

I got my first job at Glenmore Inn, near Monticello, where Lou Reed and I were a harmony team operating under the name of Red and Blackie. The job paid $300 for the season, and our board and room, and we were supposed to have the benefits of the outdoor life. The only time I got in the pool was when somebody pushed me in with my clothes on for the laughs. The guests were there to be amused and we amused them from daybreak till midnight.

That's where toomling came in. The word really means creating a tumult.

If there was a lull any time during the day, we'd give 'em a little toomle. Put on the funny hat, break into song or dance, jump off the roof of the hotel. Phil Goldfarb and I used to do a great toomle at lunch. I'd come hurtling through the swinging doors from the kitchen, wearing a chef's hat and screaming at the top of my lungs. After me would come Phil in a big white apron and waving a cleaver. If we turned over a few tables in the chase, all the better. Hilarious, that was us.

The week went something like this:

Monday: Game night, the sack race, hold the candle, etc.

Tuesday: Informal Variety night, with the band on stage and amateur acts from the audience.

Wednesday: Dance Contest night.

Thursday: Movies.

Friday: Dramatic night. I was in Once in a Lifetime, Springtime for Henry, The Last Mile, Death Takes a Holiday, The Guardsman, Reunion in Vienna and a lot of other plays.

Saturday: Variety Show night. This was when we really turned it on. We'd rehearse all morning and at lunch we'd toomle. After lunch there would be the "orchard session," which meant we took the guests out in the woods, where the director read a play to them or we sang songs, and held discussions. Then back for more rehearsals, a little toomle for the dinner guests and then the show.

But were we done then? Oh, no! After the show there was a dance and we had to keep a sharp eye

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Lonely Boy

By HUGH PENTECOST

As an actor, Ellis Blount was excellent; as a father, he was contemptible. And when he told his son, "I brought Sandra especially for you," it was only the beginning of a monstrous lie

DR. ROBERT DAKIN was an angular, Lincolnesque man with a stern, sad face. He stood at the windows of his office, his back to his sister Sophia, looking down over the green lawns and shrubbery to the distant athletic field of the Dakin School for Boys. He was thinking of the wistful, lonesome face of Tommy Blount, aged fifteen, an unexceptional member of the third form.

"You can't do it to the boy, Robert," Sophia Dakin said. "It would kill him!"

"I have no choice," he said.

Miss Sophia Dakin had soft gray hair which she wore back from her face and knotted at the nape of her neck. Her brown eyes, normally kind and friendly, were bright with rebellion. Her lips were drawn together and there was a tautness in her slender figure.

"You'll have to tell Tommy the truth," she said.

Dakin's deep-set eyes looked wounded. "I can't," he said.

"What?"

He spread his big hands in a gesture of helplessness. "I can't tell him the truth, Sophia, because I can't prove it. If I made the accusation, Ellis Blount could bring an action against us which would involve the whole school in a vicious scandal."

"But what are you going to say to Tommy?"

Dakin lifted a hand to his eyes. "I can only refuse to send the invitation," he said. "Without explanation."

"And watch him die in front of you?" Sophia said.

Dakin's eyes suddenly blazed. "May you be cursed, Ellis Blount!"

TOMMY BLOUNT lived in a world more wonderful than all his fantasies. For four long years he had been at Dakin's; four years in which he had made no real friends, had no real fun, had no place to turn for love, or friendship, or even a decent amount of respect. In the very beginning, when he'd first come to the school, he'd been regarded with some interest by his schoolmates because of the fact that he was Ellis Blount's son. Ellis had been in Hollywood then, and several of his pictures were shown in the local theater. There was a vicarious glamor to being the son of a famous matinee idol. But when it developed that Tommy himself had never been to Hollywood, knew none of the currently popular sweater girls, and, more important, that he could not use his connections to get theater tickets, the glamor wore off.

Tommy had to go it on his own, and he was woefully inadequate. He was pathetically shy and inhibited, and it was soon discovered that he was no asset to the drama club. He was just a lonely little boy, without the special spark that would result in his being "taken in" by the popular groups in the school.

Tommy's mother had died when he was four years old. She and Ellis had already been separated, and Tommy sensed Ellis' resentment at having to assume responsibility for him. Ellis always put on a great act in public about how proud he was of his son, but the truth was that the sad-looking boy was disturbing to Ellis Blount. Tommy was a clear index that the perennial matinee idol was aging.

One of the worst times of the year at Dakin for Tommy was the senior prom. If you brought a girl you made out a formal dance card for her, and if you went stag you went to your friends and got dances on their cards. No one ever had any dances left when Tommy asked timidly about them.

But this year, something wonderful had happened to Tommy. Ellis came east to star in Heartbreak on Broadway and one Sunday in the fall appeared at Dakin. He didn't come alone. With him was a girl—a vision of loveliness, a dream princess. She was, Tommy guessed, about twenty. Her name was Sandra Graves. She was warm, and sparkling and magnetic. Tommy felt tongue-tied in her presence. Ellis, looking a little older than he did on the screen or stage, was his dashing, dark handsome self.

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It was his dream world come true. Tommy managed it so that as many of the boys as possible saw him with the wonderful Sandra Graves at school

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

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THE WEEK OF THE PURPLE TURTLE

By MARY JANE WALDO

THERE was sunshine all over the floor of his bedroom as David dressed and washed himself. He ran downstairs feeling full of light and full of morning. There was an important thing he had not told his parents, and why had he not told them over the week end? He stopped short at the door of the kitchen, the shadow of the week end falling over the bright day. As a wary fisherman wets a finger and holds it to the wind, he projected a little of himself into the kitchen to feel the atmosphere there. It was thick and stale with hostility.

In the breakfast nook the table was set precisely, with a clean cloth and everything squarely in place; all the orange juice glasses held the juice at exactly the same level. In anger his mother always completed each small chore with exaggerated efficiency. His father put down his newspaper. "Good morning, son," he said from some far distance.

David sat carefully in his chair, taking small bites and swallowing quietly, the napkin formally upon his lap, his feet flat on the floor. If the mood was to be cold politeness he could be as coldly polite as anybody.

"We are studying the Aztec Indians," he said in spite of himself.

"You'll have to call the bank and tell them we can't be in until the fifteenth," David's mother said to his father.

"Why the fifteenth?" his father inquired, eyes widening.

"We have a mural on the blackboard," David continued. "There are some thunderbirds and some ears of corn and my turtle."

"I'll have my first check the fifteenth," his mother said. She stirred her coffee rapidly, eyes upon the little brown whirlpool in her cup.

David tried again. "My turtle is pretty good, Miss Benson said. He has a fancy design on his back. He's purple and lavender. We didn't have lavender but you can make it with pink and blue, first the pink chalk and then the blue on top. His head is looking up—" He stopped at sight of his father's face.

"You're not going back to Sullivan's. We've been through all that." His father's voice was flat, toneless, final. He folded his napkin and stood up, looking suddenly large and foreign. "We'll manage on my salary, or you'll manage without me."

"I've already told them I'll start next week. Most men would be glad to have some help in maintaining a decent standard—"

"To hell with your standards! They're not mine."

The word which nobody said in this house exploded in the breakfast air and things were no longer polite. David did not know this way of quarreling; it frightened him so that suddenly he could not eat another bite of his good soft-boiled egg. He sat unmoving while they shouted at each other all the words they had said yesterday; all about the bills, the unpaid bills, the bills that had to be made, the bills that should not have been made. David slipped from his chair, and they did not see him; he got his jacket and started for school as fast as he could go. He was filled with a huge desire to see the purple turtle, the work of his hands, his very own; to assure himself of its perfection, of its continued existence.

The week did not change. Tuesday, Wednesday, his mother and his father spoke to each other only in rage, or in sarcasm, or in cool hate. You could not wake up, as you did in nightmares, just before you fell off the roof, just before the burglar hit you with his blackjack, just before the bear seized you; it seemed the bad things would all surely happen. There was no warm place at home, no comfort, not even a corner in which to hide. Only at school did life go on as usual; the purple turtle sat safely on the blackboard.

Thursday came, and his parents were quiet. There were no words at all between them. It was worse than before. Then at school the inevitable happened; they left the Aztec Indians and went on to new fields. David prevailed upon Miss Benson with such strength that the turtle was allowed to live; slightly smudged, surrounded by signs reading "Do not erase" and "Please leave alone," he looked wistfully about at his strange company of pyramids, sphinxes and sacred cats.

ON FRIDAY, David woke and lay quiet in his bed. No need to wonder about the weather downstairs; the fog of animosity had grown to such proportions that it spread through the house, thrusting tenuous fingers into every room. He heard his father going downstairs, bumping something against the steps. He hurriedly dressed himself and hastened down to see if his ears had told him the truth, and they had. In the corner of the living room stood the two new suitcases, the beautiful suitcases bought in joy and love for last summer's vacation.

David saw his mother in the kitchen door. She was a tall, proud woman, but now she seemed shrunken, and she put one hand against the door casing to hold herself up.

"Allan," she said. "Allan, you wouldn't go."

"There's no place for me here," said David's father. "I'm going."

David heard his own voice, harsh and loud in his ears. "I don't care," his voice said. "I don't even care a bit." They looked at him, shocked, waiting, and he returned their look coldly. "When you like each other," he said. "we all belong in one family. But when you're mad—well, when you're mad I have to be a family all by myself; so I don't care."

He walked away from them. He had to get his breakfast and go to school. From behind him he heard his mother's choked cry, and then they both rushed toward him. They picked him up, though he was six and past the age of being picked up. As they sat together on the davenport, everyone's tears mingled together and arms clasped arms in a blessed oneness.

"To think," his mother said presently, in a shaken voice. "To think that I wanted the job to keep the family together."

"Go ahead and take the job," said his father. "It doesn't matter any more. Not now."

"I don't care about the job. I wanted to contribute something, that was all. Allan—"

Their words did not always mean what David thought they meant; but he had never failed to understand their eyes and the expressions on their faces. He knew his family was safe.

By and by he went to school, where he was surprised to find the purple turtle still on the board after all this time. He told the astounded Miss Benson, as he erased the purple turtle, that he would draw her a scarab if she would like one; a very fancy scarab, possibly yellow and green.

ILLUSTRATED BY KEN COWHEY

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Explorer Gatti brings back tips on trucks

1. Around that curve lies East Africa!

Commander Attilio Gatti, veteran of 11 African safaris, is shown at the jump-off of the Gatti-Hallicrafters expedition in 1948—a 5,000 mile, 9-month safari from which he has just returned.

TIP ON TRUCKS: This famed jungle jaunter puts transportation to a tough trek-test. After disappointing experiences with everything from camels to a dozen different makes of trucks, he "discovered" Internationals. Uses 'em exclusively now!

2. This is no trip for a tender-foot!

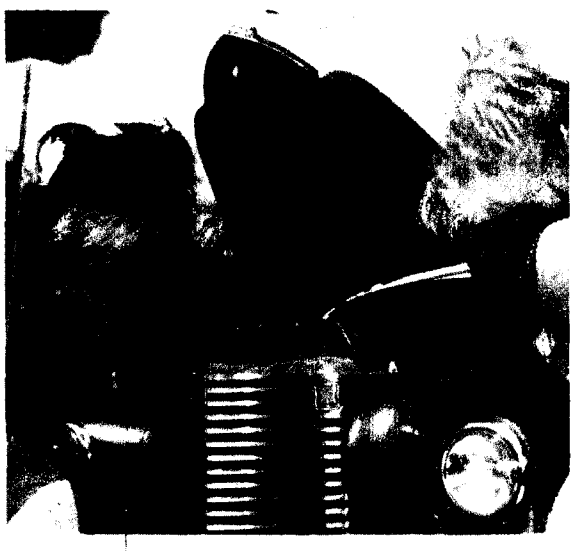
"As we progress toward 'The Mountains of the Moon'," says Commander Gatti, "we are not misled by those level plains. We know that ahead lies tortuous terrain and rugged going that will test the stamina of men and equipment."

TIP ON TRUCKS: International Trucks are built to take a beating. They're built to lick the toughest job on your schedule. They're products of 42 years of engineering trucks for endurance.

3. Look who dropped in for lunch!

Commander Gatti reports: "It wasn't uncommon to find giraffe grazing near our trucks; certainly the giraffe didn't seem surprised to find International Trucks there in the veldt!"

TIP ON TRUCKS: International Trucks are at home next to giraffe, next to coal mines, next to oil fields, next to creameries, next to *anything!* They are specialized trucks for specialized jobs.



4. Hood-hunters hold powwow!

"These fellows were always interested when a hood was raised," laughs Commander Gatti. "Well might they be—these sturdy engines powered us mile after mile, day after day, never needing more than routine service attention."

TIP ON TRUCKS: Internationals are backed by the nation's largest exclusive truck service organization. You get expert service when and where you need it, from International's 4,700 Dealers and 170 Company-owned Branches.

U. S. heavy-duty truck buyers, too, have a tip for you—

The Internationals used on Commander Gatti's expedition were light and medium-duty trucks. But they demonstrated the same basic values that have won International heavy-duty trucks this rating with America's most exacting truck buyers:

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SHOOT THE MOON

Continued from page 28

When Dunning opened it he found himself wishing Miss Adams was not there, because no doubt the note was personal, and probably abusive, and he knew he should never show any emotion before Miss Adams.

"Dear Slats," it read. "Of course I'm delighted about being a CAF-5, but I'm sorry to leave you, particularly when you're angry with me. I've been transferred to Jet Propulsion. My extension is 87049. Do call me. Perhaps you'd like to take me out to dinner, and maybe a show, to talk about old times. Terry."

AFTER that, Philip Dunning really went to work. Everyone agreed that he would one day be the country's outstanding expert on the theoretical aerodynamics of rockets. He came to work at eight in the morning, and he worked until six in the evening, and often he returned at night, and even on Saturdays and Sundays, to explore a private project he couldn't seem to put out of his mind.

Occasionally he heard astonishing tales about Terry Pettleby. One day he was lunching with Peter Czernak, who had been a classmate at Berkeley, and who was now in Jet Propulsion. "Do you have a girl in your section," he asked as casually as possible, "by the name of Terry Pettibone, or Pettyfeather, or something?"

"You mean Terry Pettleby," Czernak said. "What a dream! She was with us, but we had to get rid of her. Alas, and alack."

"Why? What'd she do?"

"She didn't do anything. It was what other people did. Two of our men—Major Simpson and Captain Rawls—took off their coats and went out into corridor 9 and fought over her with their fists."

"That wasn't her fault," Dunning found himself saying. "You shouldn't have fired her for that."

"Oh, we didn't fire her. She's the niece of Congressman Ratton. Didn't you know?"

"No, I didn't."

"He's on the Military Affairs Committee. We promoted her."

"Oh. Where is she now?"

"She's a CAF-6, and secretary to Bonesteel, up in Uranium Control. Say, you seem awfully interested. Got a yen for her, or something?" . . .

On the first of the year Dunning became a P-6, $7,432, and rented a modernistic Massachusetts Avenue apartment.

He also began to move in a slightly higher level among government employees—not top level by any means—but just below sub-Cabinet rank. It was at a cocktail party in Georgetown that he met Abner Bonesteel, the Assistant Chief of Uranium Control. He was compelled to ask about Terry.

"I would rather not discuss the matter," Bonesteel said formally. But after three more drinks Bonesteel sought him out, clutched him by the arm, and remarked thickly, "I'll tell you about Terry Pettleby, Dunning old boy. She's a lovely girl, thash what. She's lovely but she's frigid."

"She is not frigid!"

"She is too," Bonesteel insisted. "I ashed her to marry me. She wouldn't. Thash frigid, isn't it?"

Dunning restrained himself. In the upper levels one didn't hit an Assistant Chief. "And what did you do with her?"

"I couldn't stand the sight of her. I had to get rid of her. Of course she's got the highest possible efficiency rating from me, so all I could do was raise her to CAF-8; then I showed her to Kupperman."

"The board member?"

"Yes. Oh, sure, he took her. She's his secretary now." . . .

Dunning met Kupperman when for the first time he was invited to the ten-o'clock planning conference, which meets right after the nine thirty policy conference. They had a most pleasant discussion about antiradar paint, and then Dunning asked the question he had been phrasing for some time. "I think I know your secretary, Mr. Kupperman. Young lady named Terry Pettleby. How's she doing?"

"She *was* my secretary," Kupperman said. "I must say she was charming. But only last week I thought I was dictating a top-secret memorandum to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. I asked her to repeat a sentence, and discovered there was nothing in her notebook except doodles. All she had in her notebook were sketches of thin men with toothpick legs and long chins. Funny thing, Dr. Dunning, all of the sketches looked

COLLIER'S "Here, Aunt Gertrude, get hot" STANLEY BERENSTAIN

something like you. In caricature, of course."

"Ha-ha," Dunning laughed, but as if nothing were funny.

"I should have requested her resignation," Kupperman said, "but when I examined her record I discovered she had an extraordinary efficiency rating. And her Form 57 shows that she's the niece of Congressman Ratton. Now I'm not licking the boots of Capitol Hill, or anything, but I don't see any sense in causing a fuss.

"So I told her she was probably overworked, and to take annual leave. She'll be back in a month, and by that time I'll have another secretary."

"And what will happen to Miss Pettleby?"

"Oh, I've fixed it so she'll be a CAF-9." Kupperman winked. "We don't have room for a CAF-9 on our T.O. Pretty smart, heh?"

"Oh, yes," Dunning agreed. "Smart—and original, too." . . .

It was when the cherry blossoms were in bloom around the Tidal Basin, in Easter Week, that Terry Pettleby returned to Rocket and Guided Missiles. She had gone forth as a CAF-4, and she came back as a CAF-9, and Administrative Assistant to Dr. Rauchenbush.

She was the busiest Administrative Assistant the Section had ever had. She changed all the desks around, and placed flowers in all the offices each morning, and put a cretonne cover over Dr. Rauchenbush's leather chair.

She moved Philip Dunning into a larger room, insisted that the furnishings be blond mahogany, and got into a fight with Procurement when they indignantly refused to buy it. She thought some of the other girls were dowdy, and told them to spruce up, and they dissolved in tears on Dr. Rauchenbush's shoulders.

Dr. Rauchenbush's cheeks began to hollow, and he developed a tick in his right eye.

One day—the cherry blossoms were still in bloom and the perfume of other flowers invaded the Pentagon from the Virginia hills—Dr. Rauchenbush walked into Dunning's office and found his Administrative Assistant locked in Dunning's arms.

"This isn't what you think!" Dunning cried joyously. "I've just found the answer to my problem, and Terry's congratulating me."

"Dr. Dunning," Rauchenbush ordered, "you will come to my office!"

"Yes, sir," Dunning said. "I've got to tell you all about this." Terry congratulated him again, and after a few minutes he went to see the Chief of Section. In his hands he carried a folder of typewritten pages.

"Dr. Dunning," Rauchenbush began. "Do you remember me telling you no sex in the office?"

"But this isn't sex, sir," Dunning protested. "It was like this. For six months now I've been working on this thing, and suddenly it came to me and I filled in the equation. It so happened that Miss Pettleby was in my office—"

"She usually is," Rauchenbush observed.

"It so happens that she was in my office and in my exuberance I may have kissed her, and she kissed me back. Sex had nothing to do with it."

Rauchenbush's right eyelid began to twitch violently. "That girl has demoralized the whole section, and I intend to get rid of her."

"Oh, no, now, Dr. Rauchenbush!"

"I am going to fire her! I am going to fire her, and maybe you too!"

"Now, Dr. Rauchenbush, remember what you told me. The Civil Service would investigate, because she has such a wonderful record. And besides, her uncle is a congressman, and on the Military Affairs Committee, to boot."

"Yes, I know," Rauchenbush growled. "I thought of that first. But she must go. She can't stay. And I can't possibly promote her again, because if I did I'm afraid she'd turn up as my boss. It's either her or me, Phil, her or me."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Dr. Rauchenbush, but what I wanted to tell you about was—"

A sly glint came into Rauchenbush's eyes. "Phil," he suggested, "don't you think you ought to marry the girl?"

"Marry her? Why, I never considered it, sir."

"You do love her, don't you, Phil?" Rauchenbush said.

"I don't know. I suppose so. A few minutes ago I thought I loved her, but now when I look at it with the proper logic and analysis, I am afraid marriage isn't possible."

"Why not?"

"Well, her salary is almost as large as mine, and now she buys $100 dresses at Woody's, and I don't think I could afford a girl like that unless she were working too. And as you know, Dr. Rauchenbush, the government won't allow a husband and wife to work for the same department, except with extraordinary permission."

"Yes, I know," Rauchenbush said. "If you married her, one of you would have to go, and I need you, Phil." He considered the situation with scientific detachment. "But if you were a P-7 you could afford to marry her, couldn't you, Phil, even if she weren't working?"

"Oh, sure, Dr. Rauchenbush!"

"Well, starting tomorrow—with the board's approval—you're a P-7. I'm pretty sure the board will approve as soon as you're married."

DUNNING drew a long breath, and left the office. Dr. Rauchenbush saw that he had forgotten his folder. He glanced at the overleaf. It was labeled Top Secret. There was a heading, "USE OF LIQUID-OXYGEN-POWERED ROCKET, RADIO CONTROLLED, CAPABLE OF PENETRATING GRAVITY CENTERS AND SHOOTING MOON."

Dr. Rauchenbush read it all carefully, including the final fuel equation, and once again he began to love his job. "Where's Dunning? Get Dunning," he called to his secretary.

"He's out, sir," she said, "with Miss Pettleby."

"Yes, he would be," Rauchenbush murmured. He wondered what would happen if his section could concentrate on rockets for the dead and unfeeling moon, instead of a live and frightened earth.

"When he comes back," he called to his secretary, "tell him I've put his paper in the top-secret safe, and he should forget it for ten years."

He leaned back on the cretonne-covered chair and sighed and folded his hands over his stomach. His eyelid stopped jumping.

Maybe it wouldn't take ten years, he reflected. Maybe only five. Maybe only three.

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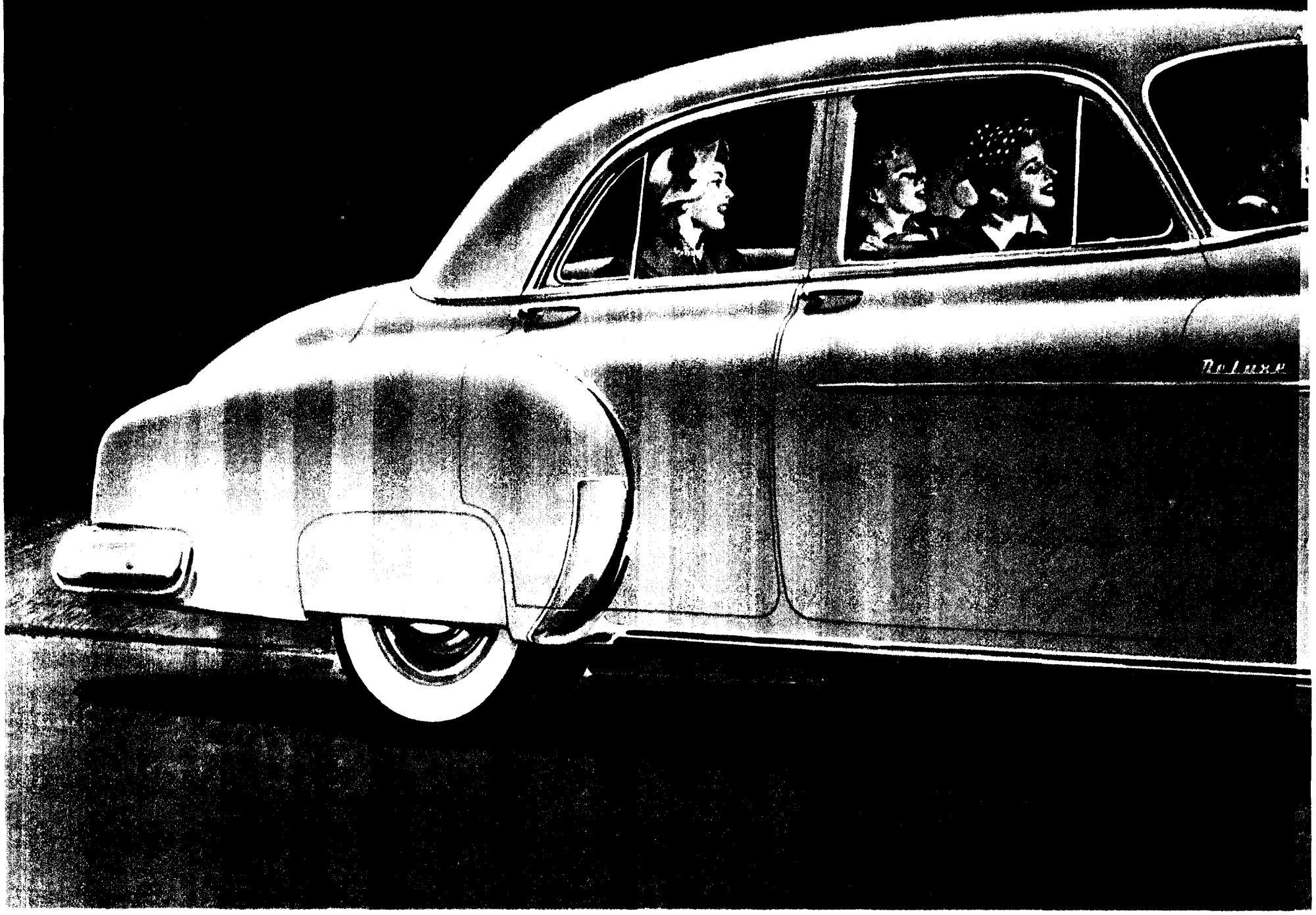

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THE GOLDEN DART

Continued from page 15

cigars and bit off the end with his strong white teeth.

"You know who it is—and what?" I demanded of him.

"Of course I don't!" he said, too quickly to be innocent. "It's extremely unlikely and doesn't make sense anyway!"

"We made a bargain," I said. "You promised."

"And I've kept to it! Besides, who in sanity would try to run anything at *this* time of day?"

"You would," I said. "If it were good brandy."

"But damn-and-blast-it, I'm sitting here in this damn' chair, aren't I? It's not *me* coming ashore off a lousy motorboat, is it? If I smuggle, I smuggle like a gentleman, *myself,* in my own ship. You know that! Now get up in that tree and find out what the Boy is talking about."

THIS I did, and as nearly at once as I could. I was as young and active as any other girl on the verge of twenty-five but I had not climbed that particular pine, nor indeed any other tree, since I was fifteen or less. It took me a matter of minutes. Father's advice on how to do it did not make me any faster, and while I was climbing, the Boy reported again what he had so far seen and was seeing: The first man had disappeared under the curve of the bank—showed up again—gone down the beach—back to the boat—now the other man was helping him aboard.

By the time I reached the branch below the Boy's, the cabin cruiser—I thought she looked like a twenty-footer—had backed away from the beach and was just turning stern on to us. I had not seen her before, or if I had, I did not recognize her.

"She's going away," said the Boy. "Jolly mysterious."

I thought so, too. I realized in the back of my mind that Father spoke no more than the truth when he claimed to do his own smuggling in his own way, but for all that, I knew him too well to be mistaken about his reaction; he had something on his mind, something which he was keeping from me because I would not approve of it, and he suspected that this boat in the backwater might be connected with that something—which might well be worse than smuggling.

We climbed down the tree.

While Father and I exchanged views, the Boy stood with his hands in the pockets of his shorts, watching and listening with great attention. His thin, pointed face, sunburned to a honey color which made his eyes bluer even than his cotton shirt, was intent and serious. Much as he respects the Commodore and admires him for his bloodthirsty past, I have noticed that he does not care for the fierce way the Commodore sometimes speaks to me. That I speak even more fiercely to the Commodore on such occasions does not seem to count.

So when I now addressed the Commodore with accusations, determined that if he knew what this business might mean he should tell me at once, and the Commodore stuck out his jaw and swore in Spanish and banged his wooden leg like a drum, the Boy scowled at him.

Father avowed blasphemously that he had not the slightest idea what men with bundles from cabin cruisers were doing in his neighborhood, and the hell with me.

The Boy, still scowling, suggested that we should walk over to the beach and investigate.

"We certainly will," I agreed.

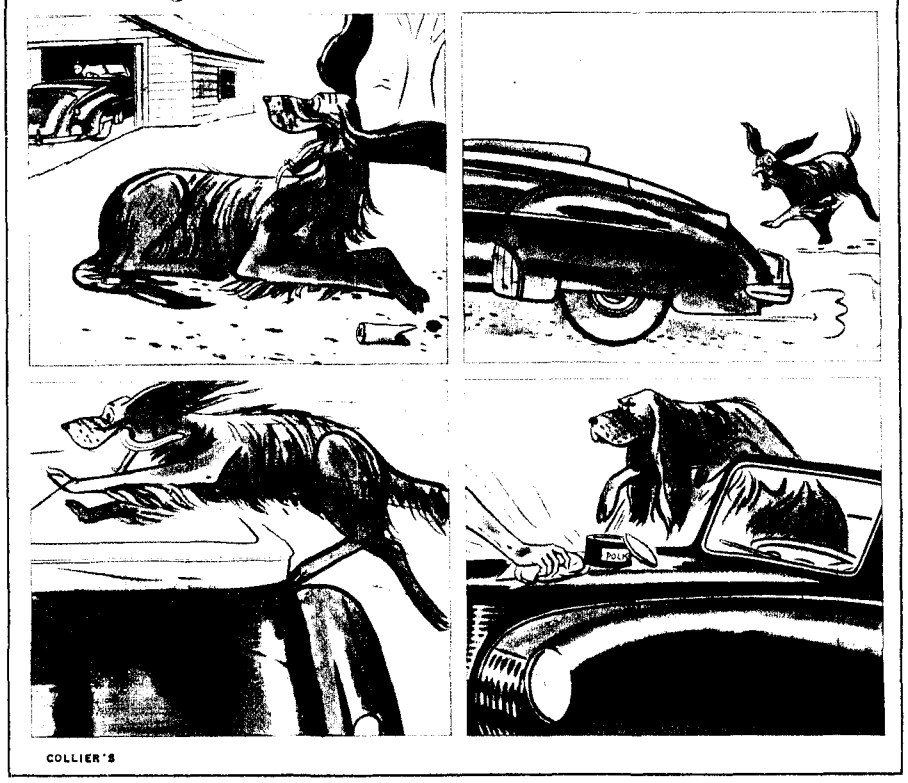
"You won't find anything," said the Commodore. "Could be a dozen reasons why they were there. Setting rabbit traps along the backwater, maybe. Good idea. Rabbits fat this time of the year, too. Fetch good prices—place is lousy with 'em."

He rattled The Times at me, and I could see that, for the moment at any rate, he had satisfied himself that his suspicions, whatever they had been at first, were groundless. . . .

We stood above the small beach, the slope of pebbles and earthy sand which breaks the monotony of the shores of gray mud, and could see nothing to show that any boat or human being had been near it. Its uneven surfaces were too hard for the most part to hold footprints, and since the man had waded ashore, there was not even a keel mark on the softer ground at the water's edge. I led the way down the path to the black, tar-

Clancy

By John Ruge



COLLIER'S

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painted shed where we keep the Peacock's spare gear, the large dinghy and our speedboat.

The door was locked, the padlock secure, and the keys under their hiding stone.

We walked along the lower part of the beach in closer search for footprints which might give us an idea of exactly where the man had come ashore.

"It seems to me," I said after a fruitless examination, "he was being rather more careful than an honest man would need to be."

The Boy agreed. Then he found the shoe. It was a woman's shoe, half buried in a small patch of mud, its toe pointing down toward the water. I bent and touched the inner part over the heel. It was bone-dry and could not have been there overnight; the tide had been high at six this morning, covering and rising above the spot by many yards. Besides, even if the sun had not been hot enough as yet to dry it, there would have been signs of sea water on the leather.

"I'm *sure* it was a man," the Boy said positively.

"And was he alone?"

"On shore, yes. The other man waited for him in the boat."

"Could there have been anyone in the cabin?"

"There might have been someone in it, man or woman," the Boy admitted. "But why should her shoe be here if she didn't land?"

"Whatever guess we make," I pointed out, "the really odd thing is that whoever lost her shoe in this bit of mud should have left it there. It wouldn't have taken a moment to pull it out."

I had taken it out of the mud; it was clean enough at the sides and back to see that it was, as I said, a good shoe, a fine-grained brown calf with a brogue patterning.

"Now, about the bundles," I said. "The man went to the top of the beach?"

"Yes."

I put down the shoe close to its impression in the patch of mud and, to mark it, stuck a thin piece of driftwood upright by its side. Then we began climbing the bank.

THE top was about twelve feet wide and flat, with a sheep track winding along it as a groove of bare earth cutting deeply through the high grass. Below on the other side was the main dike with its overflow dikes running off into the sage-green marshlands. Apart from sheep, this part of our little world belongs to the larks and redshanks, with an occasional heron fishing for eels in the juicy mud of the dikes. Its smell is like no other smell; a seaweedy, grass-and-clover smell tasting of salt and which I love better than any I know. This morning the sun engulfed it in a golden warmth which caressed body and mind alike; it reached through my thin frock with gentle fingers. It almost soothed my disquiet.

I stood hesitating. I looked at the smooth water of the inlet, at the open sky, and behind us to the clump of woods which hid the Marsh House, sprawling its thick Elizabethan walls under lichened roofs, and wished that the Boy had not had such sharp eyes in that treetop. I did not want to search this bank, I did not want to bring trouble to this lovely day. . . .

The Boy had already begun ranging back and forth along the track through the grass; now he stopped short and called to me with a sharp note of excitement.

I do not know what I had been expecting, but something perhaps in the way of a box, bale, or keg, such, to my nervous distaste, as I had in the past seen brought ashore from the Peacock after one of the Commodore's periodical cruises to the Continent.

But the neatly folded light blue coat and skirt, with a darker blue felt hat perched on top, produced in me a kind of mounting apprehension. The implication of these clothes was too obvious to question. And that shoe. Whoever she was, she had had a better reason than hurry to lose and leave it in that patch of mud. The tidiness of that little pile affected me badly. Wasn't it a characteristic of people who drowned themselves that they nearly always first took off some of their clothes?

"Oh, I say!" muttered the Boy unhappily, and I realized that any hope I might have had that he would not understand this as I saw it was doomed before I could voice it even to myself. He added my own thought: "But it doesn't —I mean *these*, and the shoe—haven't anything to do with that boat, and the man—have they? It doesn't make sense."

I PUT my hand on the clothes. They were as dry as the shoe had been; true, unlike it, they were beyond the tide up here, but the marsh mist in the early hours of the day is always heavy with moisture. They had not been lying here long.

"No," I agreed, "it doesn't make sense."

We were both looking at the creek; the only visible thing on it was the Peacock's orange mooring buoy in midstream. A tiny ripple of outgoing tide was breaking against it.

"A body stays on the bottom for at least three days before it rises and floats," said the Boy abruptly, with a matter-of-factness no less startling than the technical knowledge it revealed.

"This is pretty awful," I said, "if it means what it seems to mean."

"But he landed *with* something and he left it here," he insisted, rubbing his tousled head. "He used both hands to climb aboard, and they were free. I *know* they were. But this—this is nothing to do with him—something different, isn't it?"

I picked up the coat. Under it, so that it had been safely sheltered between coat and skirt, was a crocodile handbag. Again, it was an expensive thing, and belonged to the same social group of personal furnishing as the brogue walking shoe. I opened it, the Boy standing close and watching me.

It contained a small bunch of keys, a blue leather compact, a combined money purse and notecase in the same crocodile, two lipsticks, some hairpins, a handkerchief, and an envelope—a closed envelope on which was scrawled in shaky pencil the one revealing, shocking word: "Coroner."

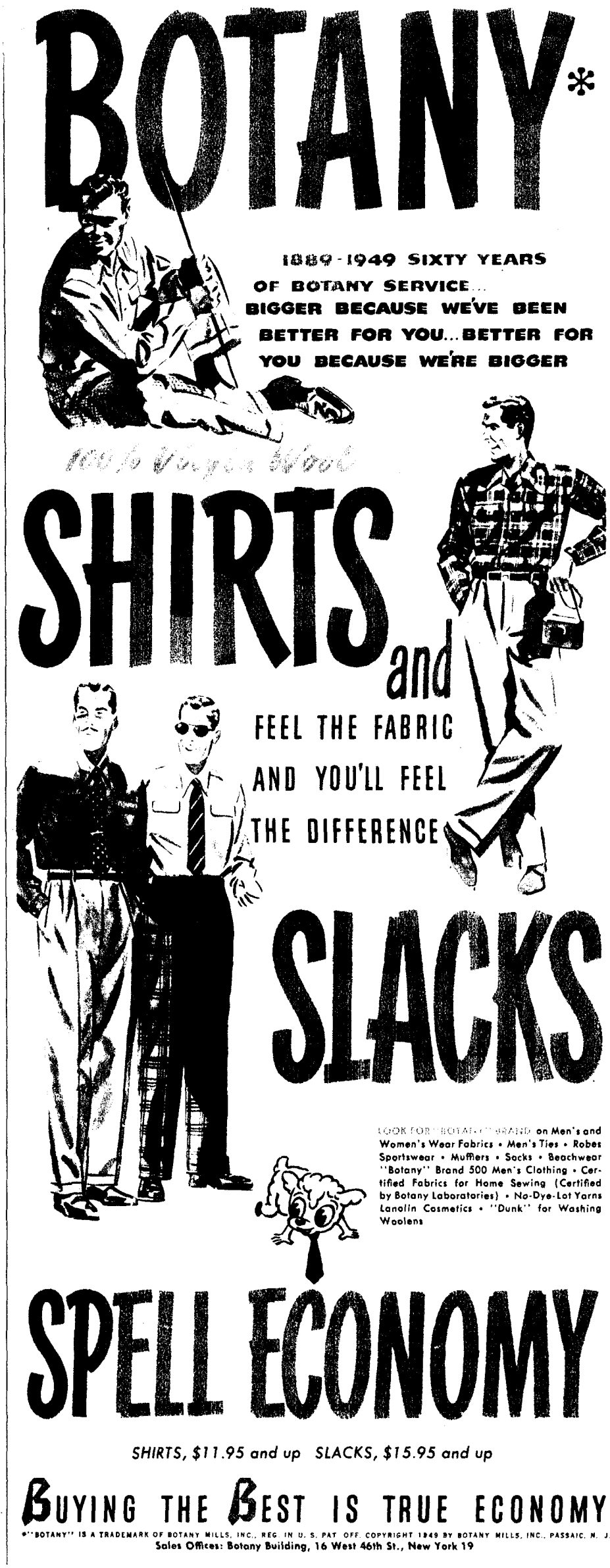
Myself, I felt suddenly without breath. The Boy muttered something and swallowed, and sat down in the grass with his hands pressing his stomach. I pretended not to notice and said:

"It looks like a most horrid business. I think we had better go back to the house and ring Billy Bull or one of his police stations; Kessingland would be nearest—" I had turned my head rather than embarrass him by looking at him, and was gazing at nothing in particular in the direction of the estuary, so that my field of vision covered the receding curve of the bank on which we were. And thus I saw the movement in the grass twenty yards away which led us to our second discovery.

In the first fraction of a moment I thought it was a rabbit stirring and then I saw a fleck of pink in the grass. I moved toward it. The Boy, realizing I had seen something, got up and was at my heels when I came to the spot.

"Golly!" he said. "Look at that!"

It was a child, a small plump little girl of somewhere between two and three, dressed in pink cotton rompers and a pink woolly jacket. She sat there in the grass, which reached the top of her head, and placidly ate at a rather worn-looking biscuit. She held it in her mouth with a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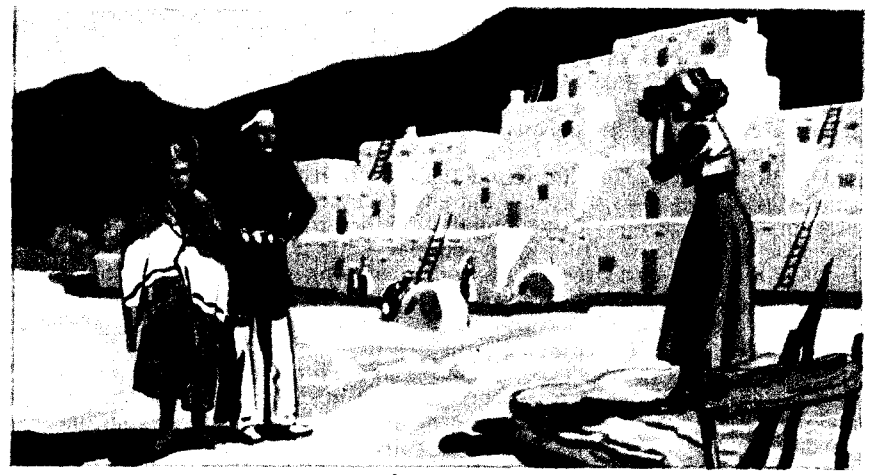

Paradise for picture takers—Land of Pueblos, New Mexico

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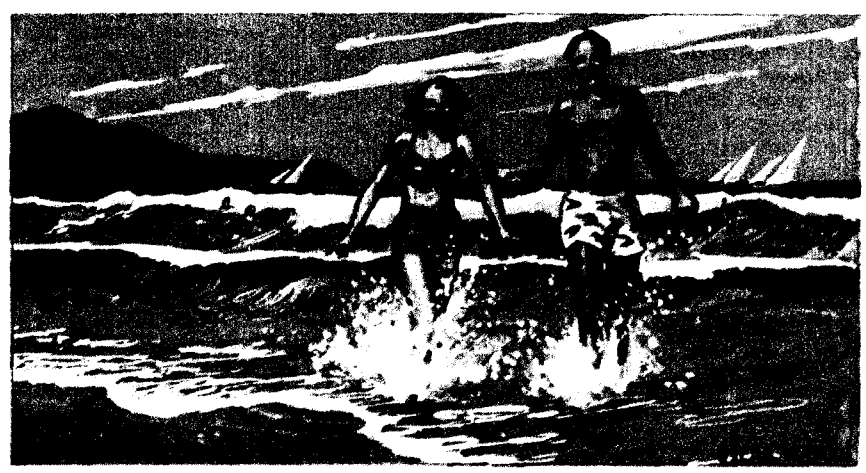

Sandy beaches of California

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clenched, fat fist, while she stared at us. Her eyes were large, round, steady, and a peculiar violet blue; her hair was yellow and shaggy.

"The second bundle?" I said.

The Boy shook his head, puzzled but determined to bring order to his ideas. "But, Eve, we haven't looked thoroughly yet—the whole bank, I mean. The clothes—and now this kid—they're one thing, but I'm *sure* they've no connection with what I saw. This must have happened earlier."

He was showing a remarkable aptitude for saying exactly what was in my mind.

"Do you think she was its mother?" There was an unsteadiness in his voice of which he was no doubt ashamed, and he stared at the child with a troubled frown. It stared back at him stolidly, almost woodenly, and sucked wetly at the biscuit. I noticed there were two or three more biscuits bulging a pocket of her rompers.

THOUGH I searched the whole bank thoroughly, I found no bundles. "It *must* be," I said, more to myself than anyone, for I could not escape the obvious answer, "that they brought the clothes and the child, and planted that shoe and—"

The Boy finished it for me: "—and sort of arranged everything to look as though she had drowned herself from here? I say!"

Two hundred yards away the Commodore's motor chair was bouncing along the path toward us.

"Perhaps the Commodore can work it out," the Boy suggested.

It was on my mind that perhaps he could—if he cared to. It was clear as the bright daylight in which we stood that if, as it now seemed, this unknown woman had not drowned herself here in spite of the evidence provided, then she had either met death by some means we could not guess in some other place we did not know or she was alive but anxious to be thought dead.

But my worry was not so much about that aspect of the story as why we had been made the hosts for the occasion. Why had *our* backwater been chosen for the scene of her faked suicide?

It was to this question that I felt I must find an answer before anything else happened, or was allowed to happen, even if it meant delaying a report to Billy Bull. And I was expecting Father to be able to provide that answer, a prospect I faced with anxiety. I waited.

It was then that the child made her first speech.

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"Basin," she said, and reached up and caught hold of the Boy's right thumb.

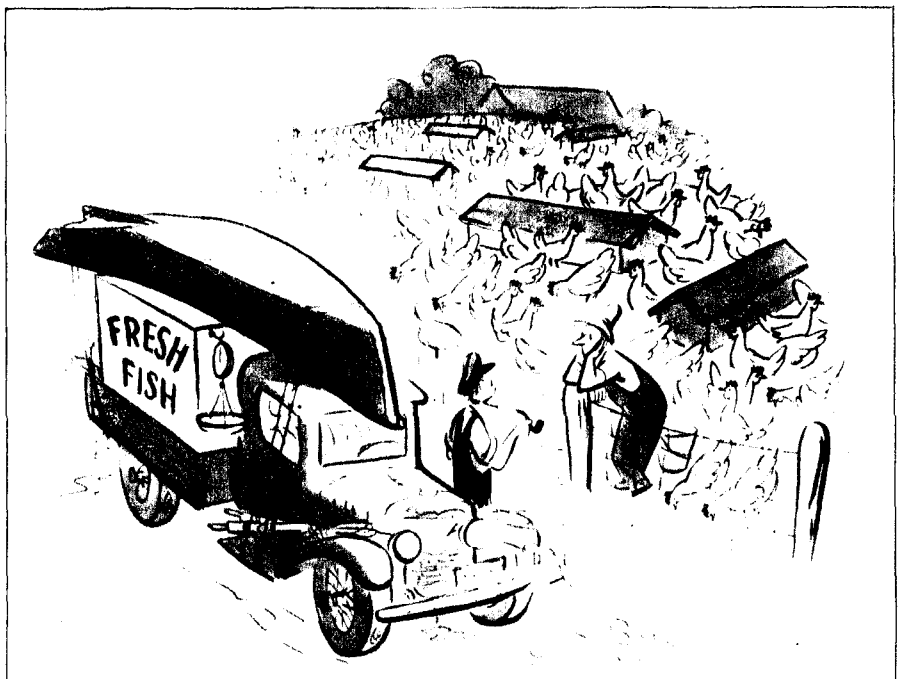
"Basin," she repeated and, using his thumb as a main lever, hauled herself to her feet.

"D'you think she wants a basin, or what?" he said.

But she showed no particular sign of wanting anything except to be allowed to keep a firm hold on his thumb. He either did not like or did not know how to shake it off without being unkind or impolite; he stood looking down uncertainly at her.

Then Father arrived in a chatter of blue smoke. "What the hell?" he demanded, scowling under outstuck white eyebrows at the child. "What's *that*?"

I began to tell him.



COLLIER'S "Boy! If you think you're tired of chicken!" BRICE MACK

Never have I watched him as closely as I did then, alert for all the small, almost imperceptible signs which help me to disentangle his real thoughts from the outward camouflage of noise and fury. But he was quieter than usual. He realized without any help from me that this was something quite outside our normal experience, however abnormal by common standards that can sometimes be.

I pushed him in his chair along the tract to where the clothes lay, the Boy towing the little girl behind him.

Father sat looking gloomily at the clothes; he shook his large head and glanced at the child, who eyed him with the same objective attention she seemed to bring to all new impressions: there was neither respect nor fear in her look.

"You said there was a letter?" Father spoke at last. I picked up the handbag again and took out the envelope. He reached for it, turned it over, and I saw his thought.

"You're not the coroner," I said.

"I know more about sudden death than that fool Henries."

"All the same, you're not Dr. Henries."

"All right! All right! Now you, Boy, tell me again exactly what you saw when you were up that tree."

The Boy repeated his description of how the cabin cruiser first appeared and finally lay to a yard or so from the center point of the beach. One man had waded ashore and seemed to be bulky about the sides; his arms had not shown at all, had not moved away from his body as people's arms do when they walk, particularly up a slope, which was why he had thought the man was carrying something under each arm—"bundles," as he had called them. Particularly was this impression strengthened by the free movement of the man's arms when he came down the beach a few moments later, and the fact that his figure no longer bulged in the middle. Also he had used both hands to climb aboard again.

FATHER came to a point which I would have raised if he had not: "Did he pause at all either going up or coming down the beach?"

"I don't think so." The Boy's forehead was creased. "You mean the shoe? Did he stop long enough to stick it in the mud?"

"Did he?"

"There was a second or two when my eyes were watering so much I had to rub them. I think that was soon after he showed up again after being hidden by the bank."

"On his way down?"

"Yes, sir. It would be, wouldn't it—"

"How long?" Father was handling him well.

"Well, sir, in the garden you said something about maybe he was setting rabbit traps. And I thought at the time he would have to be a clever chap to set even one in such a short time."

"If he put the child and the clothes on top of the bank," Father said, "wouldn't you have seen him on it? He would have been silhouetted against the water."

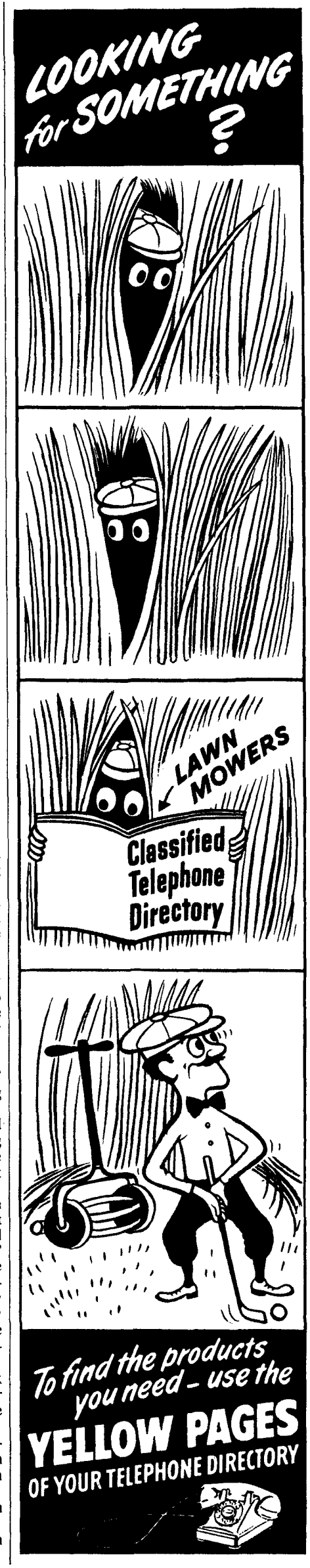
The Boy rubbed one foot against the other. "I thought I saw him for a moment, but I wasn't sure—so I didn't say anything about it. The sun was in my eyes, or at least its reflection on the water. It—it was very bright, Commodore."

"If he didn't leave 'em—didn't cook this thing to look like a suicide," Father added to himself explosively, "what else was he doing?"

In other words, we had gone no further deciding this obvious question than before. Father looked at the child again and said something rather surprising:

"Anyway, it's about as blond as it can be."

I pounced: "What's that got to do with anything?"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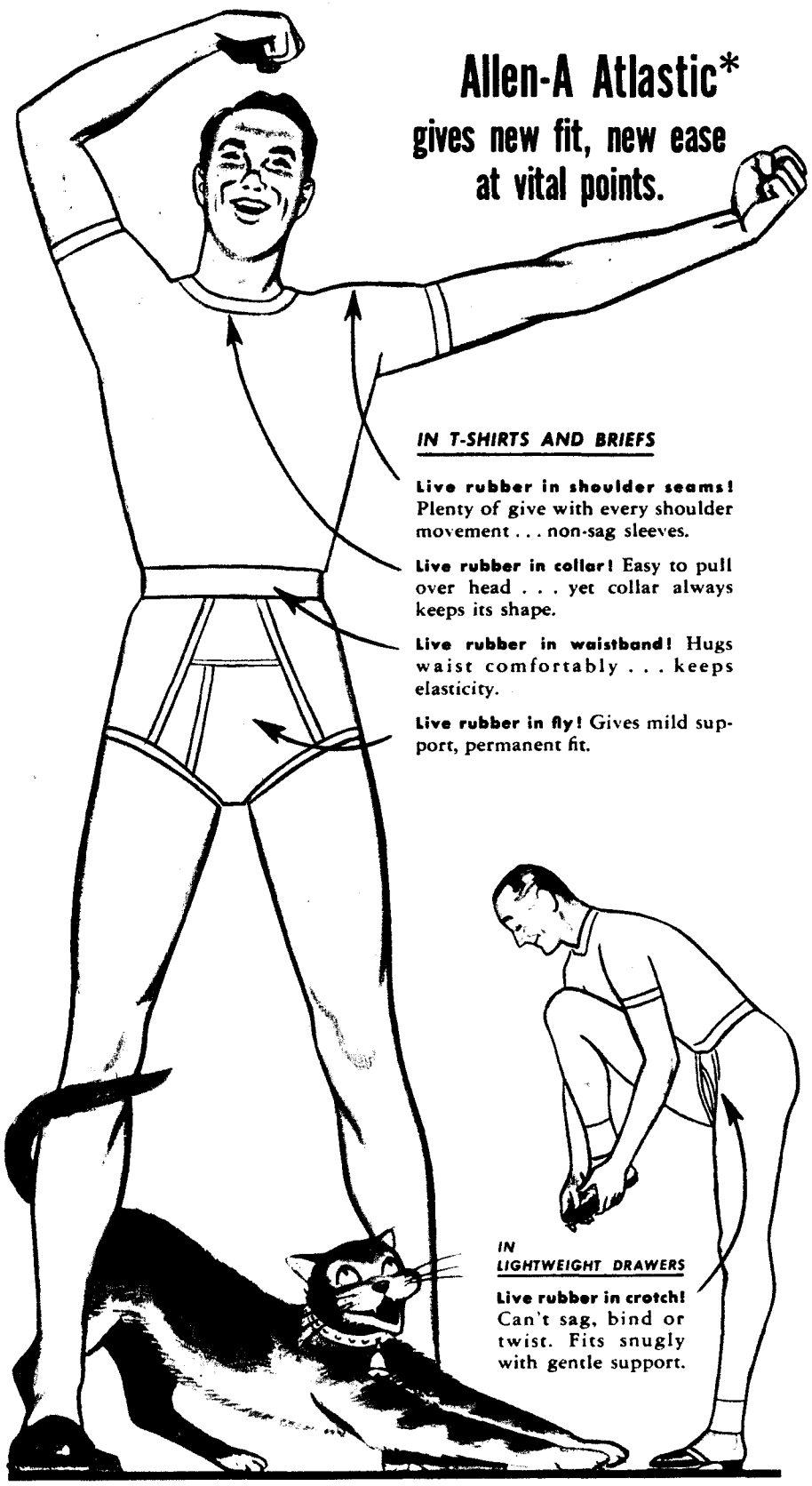

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COLLIER'S "Here's the way they should look" TED KEY

"Nothing, nothing at all. Don't jump on a man so."

"Don't pretend you don't like blondes."

"I do—but bigger."

"Well?"

"Well *what?* I don't give a damn whether it's a blonde or brunette. What's the point of this? We're wasting time."

"I've an idea," I remarked, "that if she'd been dark-haired, dark-eyed and Latin-looking, it might have suggested something to you. What?"

"Stuff and nonsense! You're a damn' bully, Eve; you've no business to see trouble in every little thing that happens!"

"Little thing?" I ventured.

"It's sheer chance the wretched woman chose this particular piece of marsh as her stepping-off place. Sheer chance."

"*If* she chose it. I thought we'd decided it looked as though it had been chosen for her."

"I don't even know who she is!" he almost wailed. "You won't let me open this letter—it might have a name to it. And at that, it wouldn't convey anything to me," he added with a return to confidence. "I don't know any women any more."

"But you knew a few a year or so back," I told him. "Quite a few Spanish and what-have-you."

"They were very fine women," he growled defensively, "and not a blonde amongst them. Are you trying seriously to make yourself believe that this is some specter from my past?"

SUDDENLY, before I could stop him, he tore open the envelope and pulled out a single sheet of paper.

"There!" he said with a certain amount of relief. "Never heard of her—Louise Frempton. English name. As English as it can be."

I took the letter. It was a plain piece of white paper, without an address or date; written in the same shaken characterless scribble was: *I cannot go on alone any longer. Please look after Diana—Louise Frempton.*

Father nodded and shrugged, and unguardedly added:

"Besides, it's not the way he'd go about things—" He stopped, he almost wriggled, and he would not meet my eyes.

"It's your fault, Eve," he said finally, with unexpected mildness. "You make me so nervy, worrying about me, that sometimes I can't think straight. I see things that aren't there, imagine shadows and find suspicion in every corner—"

"Please, if I could—" I began, and stopped, realizing that if I left it to him he might tell me, but, interrupted or urged, he could change his mind as fast as he had made it up, or faster. Luckily he took no notice of me, adding: "Gonzalez would never fiddle with indirect action if it occurred to him to rake up the past."

I caught my breath. "Gonzalez!" I exclaimed.

"Señor Gonzalez y Fernandez di Calancar," Father agreed ruminatively. "A buckaroo."

"But, Father, he's dead!" I said. "You always talk about him as if he were dead—"

"Alive and kicking, my dear. And according to The Times, he arrived in this country on the second of the month and is staying at Claridge's. That's a fortnight ago, a week longer than I should have to wait to know whether he still had an interest in our—in me. In fact, I had put him out of mind days ago. It was only that just for a moment, what with that boat turning up for no apparent reason, and this business here"—he gestured at the clothes—"I thought he might be starting something. But it's nothing whatever to do with him. Out of character, if you see what I mean."

"I see nothing at all but fishiness," I replied, and I set off at a run for the path to the boathouse. It was about three quarters of an hour since the strange boat had left the beach. There was an outside chance I might be able to catch up with it.

I reached the shed, unlocked it, and dragged the speedboat off its cradle onto the slipway, took the cover off the outboard motor and lugged it into the stern; the two fuel cans were full, thanks to Charlie's unvarying efficiency, and I put them into the boat. By this time Father had arrived, and the Boy, although delayed by the child's insistence that she should not be parted from him, was only a few yards in the rear.

The conversation continued where I had broken it off, but now I felt justified in doing most of the talking. At the same time, with the Boy's help, I pushed the boat down to the water.

"You are probably right," I told Father. "No one better than you can know the sort of man he is, but the fact remains he had more cause to hate you than have most people for hating their enemies."

"I thought he was a Nazi agent—"

"I don't doubt you did. But you had him arrested and thrown into jail, you stole his girl friend and confiscated his property, you blackened his name from one end of that ridiculous republic to the other, and God knows what else. And then you found he wasn't a Nazi or any other kind of agent."

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"Anybody can make a mistake," Father grumbled.

"But you carried it even further by thinking him dead. How can I really trust your judgment when you say this thing isn't his work—or the beginning of his work—some plot to get even with you?"

THE boat was afloat by now, and while the Boy held her nose at the water's edge I dropped the outboard into position on the stern, screwed down the clamps, and began filling the tank. Father was recovering from his mild spell, and since he could not bring his chair nearer than twenty feet from the end of the slipway, he had to raise his voice. There was a note of fury in it.

"If it *is* Gonzalez, I will *not* have you mixed up in it!" he bawled at me. "He's one of the worst! What do I pay rates and taxes for? Let the police deal with him! And I didn't steal his girl friend. It wasn't that way at all!"

"It sounded like it, the way you tell the story," I remarked, screwing down the tank cap, "and as for the police dealing with it, that's just what they shall do—but not before we're sure of our ground. Billy Bull wouldn't take kindly to a South American feud being imported into his division in any event, but he would be even more irritated if we started him on a wild-goose chase."

"For God's sake don't do more than look at them if you do find them!" Father said.

"I promise," I assured him, and meant it. I wanted only to be able to give Billy Bull a description of the cabin boat and the men in her, and if possible to indicate her whereabouts.

"I won't do anything until you get back," was Father's final surrender to common sense.

The motor caught at the second pull of the starting cord, and in a moment the boat was skimming across the surface. In smooth weather like this she could do thirty knots to their nine or ten.

There was absolutely no movement from the boat except the steady vibration of her forward rush, and the sick feeling in my stomach could in no way be attributed to anything of that kind. I knew myself well enough, in fact, to recognize it for what it was and whence it came: a preknowledge of danger. . . .

At this state of the tide the middle channel was the only one of the four by which the river reaches the sea across the mud flats, where there would have been sufficient water for the cabin cruiser. I steered for it, debating whether my quarry had turned upriver toward Fendon, the small town which straddles the stream where it narrows to a matter of yards, or down-river to the sea, a mile away. There was no possible way of knowing. But Fendon is the limit of navigable water for anything but punts and rowing boats. Thus upstream was in effect a cul-de-sac which for the moment I could better afford to leave unsearched than the river mouth and beyond.

If I did not find her between, say Aldeburgh to the south and Lowestoft to the north, or even Great Yarmouth, I would return to the river. I steered seaward.

The channel curved and twisted, at one point doubling back on itself, but gradually straightened out until the mudbanks opened to the sea, limited only by its far horizon.

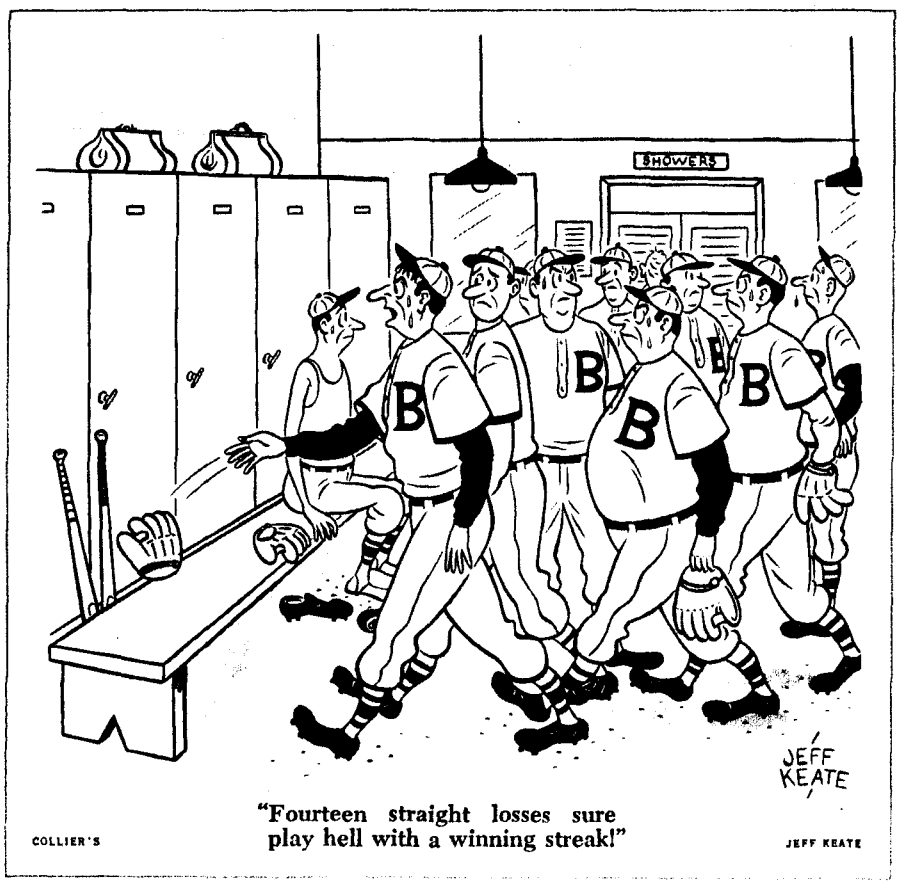
And then I saw something which told me my luck was in.

Outside the shingle bar, waiting for the tide to flood, lay the Peacock with her pennant moving at her delicate masthead like a beckoning welcome. She would have been long enough in the river mouth itself to know what craft had come out of it; if the cabin cruiser had passed her during the last hour, either Charlie Bedlington or Jonathan Penrose or both would have seen her.

A MINUTE later I was alongside. Both men were on deck, having heard the outboard long before they sighted me. Charlie is a Jack-of-all-trades, but Father calls him an "engineer." He's a very powerful man and now his enormous, muscular body was naked except for a pair of red bathing trunks. Jonathan, the city-dwelling architect until a few months ago, still wore clothes; today a jersey over dark-blue jeans. Probably it is as well, since he is thinner than a pencil. Even at that moment, when I had so much on my mind, I thought with a little stab of remembered pain how deeply in love with him I had been.

"Lunch?" Charlie asked, putting down the long hook to keep the speedboat steady. "Sausages and mash."

"Thank you," I said, "but I think I shall be lunching late. At the moment I want a quick answer to a question:



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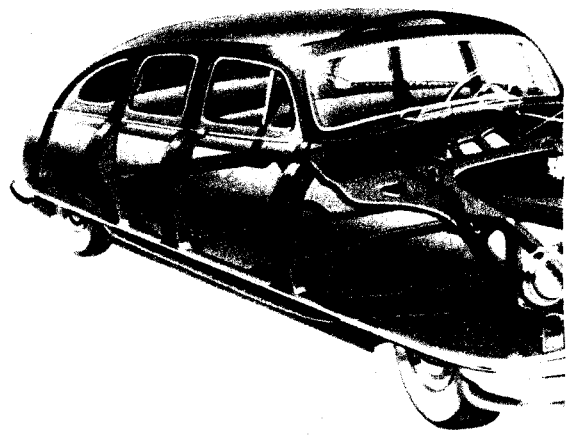

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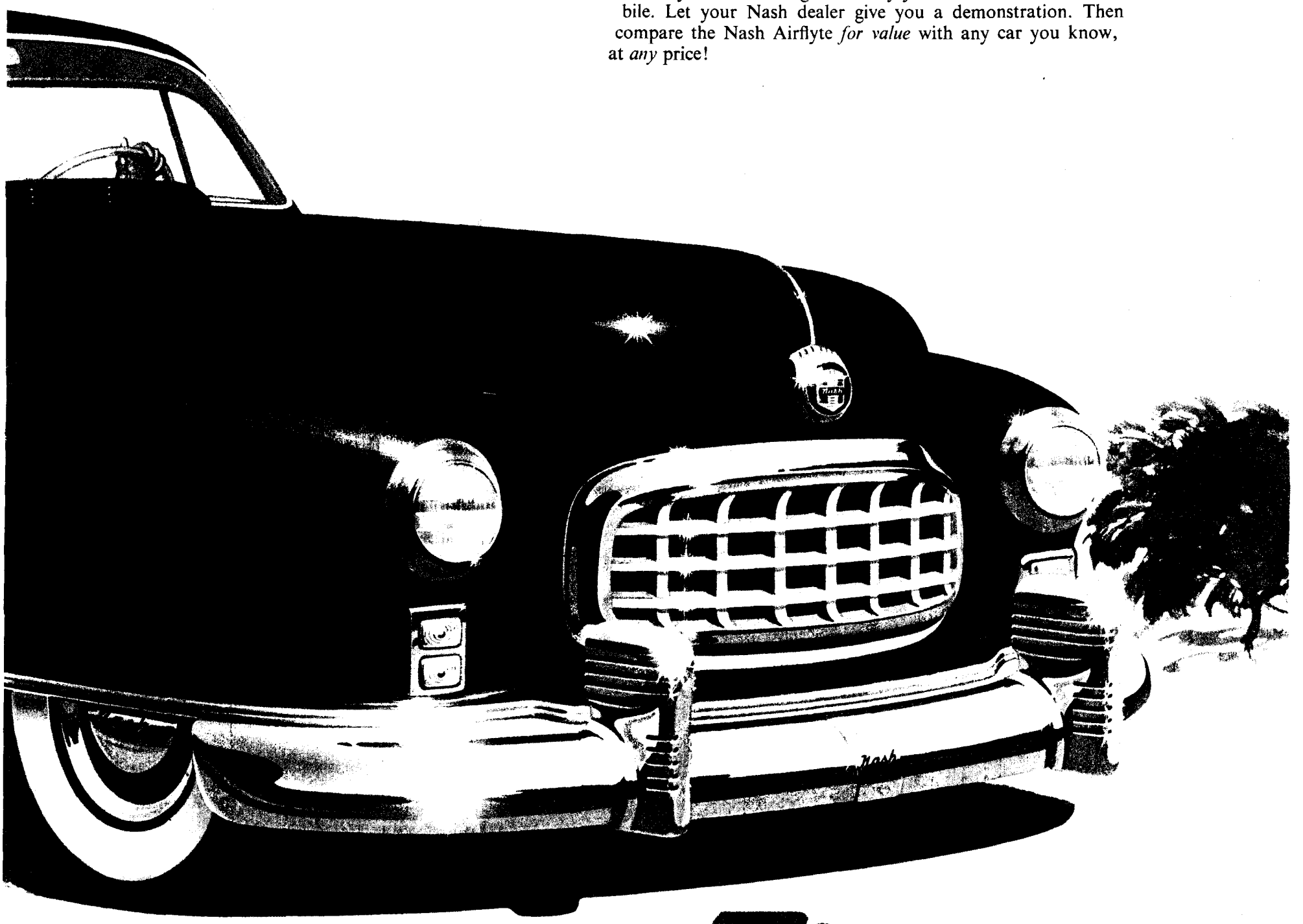

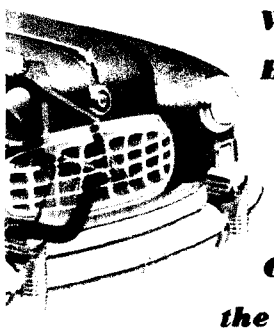

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Nash Airflyte

GREAT CARS SINCE 1902

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

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DENTISTS SAY:

Colgate Tooth Powder
with the 2-minute routine
Gets Teeth Sparkling And Super-Clean

OVER 4,000 DENTISTS, IN A NATIONWIDE SURVEY, APPROVE THIS EASY CLEANING METHOD

1. Simply brush teeth for two minutes, morning and night, with Colgate Tooth Powder.
2. Brush *all three* surfaces—front, back, and biting edges of teeth.
3. Always brush *away* from the gums.

REMOVES DULL FILM—REFRESHES THE MOUTH

See how easily this routine removes dull film, gets teeth naturally bright. You'll love Colgate Tooth Powder's refreshing flavor, too. Leaves breath sweet.

NO BREATH WORRIES... Colgate Tooth Powder leaves breath "romance-clean."

No dentifrice can get Teeth and Breath cleaner!

What small craft have you seen in the last hour?"

Charlie looked down at me with an expression I knew well. He did not want to answer my question but to ask some of his own: What craft did I think he might have seen and why was I interested in it? He is always too quick to sense things, the undercurrents in one's thoughts, the secrets one tries to hide from him; at least with me he is like that.

I waited as patiently as I could while my childhood friend, the ex-captain of the Royal Engineers, the Commodore's chum (although they seldom exchange two words together) made up his mind to speak.

"One lugger, a sailing dinghy and a motorboat," he said, and permitted himself to come as near asking the direct "Why?" as he dared by adding: "You look in a fluster."

"I forgot to bring a comb with me," I said tartly. "What sort of motorboat?"

"Cabin cruiser type. Twenty-five—thirty feet. Gray. Black below water line. Needed repainting. Crew of two."

"Coming out or going in?" I hid my excitement.

"Out."

"When?"

"Half an hour ago, maybe a bit more."

"What speed do you think she could make?"

"Between eight and ten—difficult to say for certain. She was going steadily, but not full-out. I didn't take a lot of notice of her. Why should I?"

"No reason at all," I agreed and dropped the point before it developed. I asked the last question: "Did she go north or south?"

Jonathan, who had been sitting on the edge of the cabin roof smoking his pipe and keeping himself to himself, which he always does when I am about, suddenly stood up.

"She turned north," Jonathan said. "Anything I can do?"

HAD I been standing up in the boat, I think I might easily have fallen out. I swallowed my astonishment and said something about it being quite all right and nothing much and "Thank you, that's very kind, but I can manage," and hastily started up the motor again. I gave it full throttle the moment it fired and shot away from the Peacock's side as if from a gun.

I had a final impression of a naked Charlie standing there with the frying pan, his attention almost equally divided between my departure and Jonathan's sudden change of attitude toward me. But his interest in that change of attitude could not have been any greater than my own.

I pulled the boat onto a straight course up the coast, keeping her a couple of hundred yards from shore, and set out to cover the few miles to Lowestoft at the highest speed I dared.

My mind for the next few minutes was occupied with Jonathan, with the fact of his speaking to me when he didn't have to. Ever since I had exposed and ruined the woman he loved—his precious, murdering Charlotte—he had done his best to hate me. Jonathan was an intelligent and sensitive man; blinded by infatuation though he was, he could not escape the certain knowledge that Charlotte had tricked him, had made him think he was her true love merely so that she and her loathsome paramour could use him as a dupe, a tool, to hide the murder of Charlotte's husband.

They had almost got away with it, too. Jonathan had almost hanged. And yet he hated me. I had destroyed an illusion for him. Without his knowledge I had unearthed the evidence to send Charlotte to prison and to expose her relationship with the real murderer. I had done my level best to rescue poor, starry-eyed Jonathan from the role of martyr, from being dragged in to cover up the trail of the guilty pair. I had revealed Charlotte Inwood's shallow, evil heart to the world and to Jonathan himself.

Yes, he had spent the year hating me, although he had shown characteristic weakness in it by coming back to live with Charlie at Ship Cottage, five hundred yards from Marsh House; in fact, to live in the same isolated, intimate community to which I had first brought him, when, thanks to Charlotte, he was a fugitive from the law. But I had supposed, as Charlie had explained to me, that although I was about the place and Jonathan knew that he would have to face almost daily contact with me, it was at the same time the only corner of England where he could find continuity between his past and future, where he had friends and a simple, uncomplicated life in which to put together again the broken pieces of his existence.

Charlie had also prophesied that sooner or later he would face the truth of my motive in that horrible business, that I had seen him falsely accused of Inwood's murder, and saved him from the hangman, even if it was the last thing he wanted because some awful self-destructive instinct had helped him to believe that he wished to die to save Charlotte.

I strained my eyes for what I hoped to see at any moment now: the stern view of the cabin cruiser, a gray hull, black below the water line. I was faced with two possibilities. Either the cabin cruiser had passed Lowestoft and was making perhaps for Yarmouth or she had already gone in. And if she had, she would have tied up either in the inner harbor beyond the road bridge, where the yachts and small ships berth, or in one of the several creeks off it where the boatbuilders have their yards. On the other hand, she could have steamed on through the inner harbor into the River Waveney, to be lost forever so far as I was concerned in Oulton Broad and its multitude of reed-sheltered waterways.

This last thought only came to me as I steered for the harbor entrance; if it had come earlier, I might have given up the chase and tried to think of some other way of finding out what it all meant; but by now I was in Lowestoft and would take a look around. . . .

I am not a good planner. I should have thought of Mr. Sivad before, and not waited until I caught sight of the bow front of his bookshop. That window is Lowestoft harbor's cosmic eye, all-seeing, omniscient, for within it as its very nerve is Mr. Sivad, whose interest in the ships that come and go below him is scarcely less acute than in his early printed books.

I turned toward the stone steps leading up to the quay over which his shop perches, switched off the motor, tied the painter to one of the iron rings in the harbor wall and, clambering over three intervening craft, ran up the steps.

HE SAT cataloguing at his table in the window with the sun gleaming on the bald top of his head, his remaining hair standing out in luxuriant gray bushes, and all about the shelves, floor, and table itself were the ancient and beautiful books among which he lived so happily. Close to his hand while he worked was a decanter of claret and a Venetian wineglass.

He looked up at me over his spectacles and, fearing, I suppose, that I was someone who had come to buy a book. he frowned, then recognized me.

I had to interrupt profuse offers of claret and lunch to ask him about the gray cabin cruiser.

Typically, he showed not the slightest curiosity as to my reason. Typically also, he forgot with the change of subject that I had overlooked his invitation to lunch.

"Gray?" he said. "Yes. About ten minutes ago."

"You're sure?"

"Of course I'm sure! It went under the bridge into the inner harbor. But there was not a *sign* of a net or a rod on it so far as I could see. It's quite shocking the way these so-called yachtsmen visitors waste their time."

"Visitors?" This was a point.

"I suppose they were," he said. "I cannot say I remember seeing them about."

I noticed a large parcel ready for the post on the bench by the door, and as a way of escaping quickly without hurting his feelings too much, I changed the subject by accusing him lightly of having sold a book. A gloom settled on his face and he shrugged his shoulders. He loathes selling his books.

"I know," he said. "I wish he'd send for it and let me forget it."

The label caught my eye. " 'James Bel-

"Are you trying to look sultry, or are you just tired?"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

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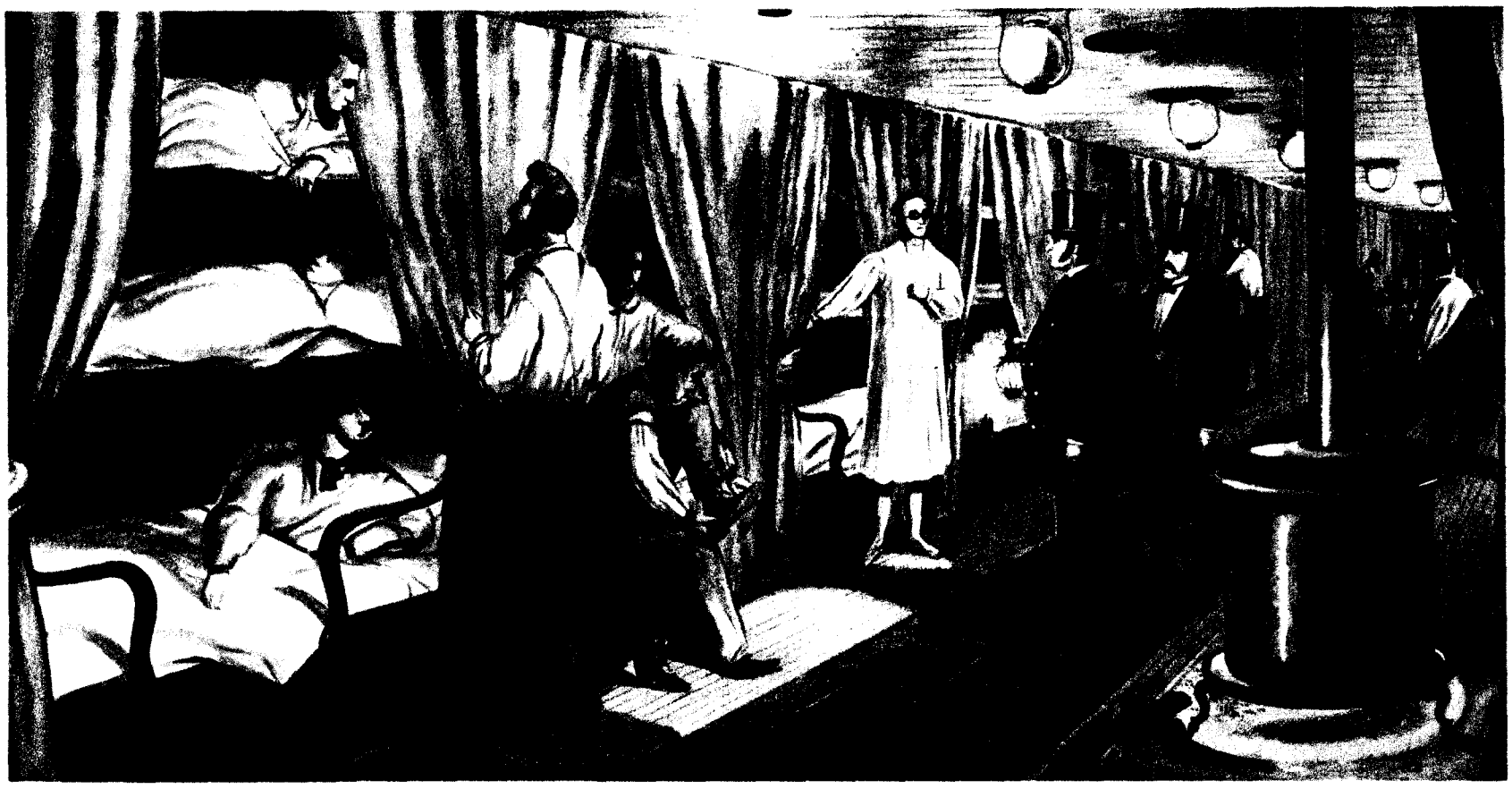

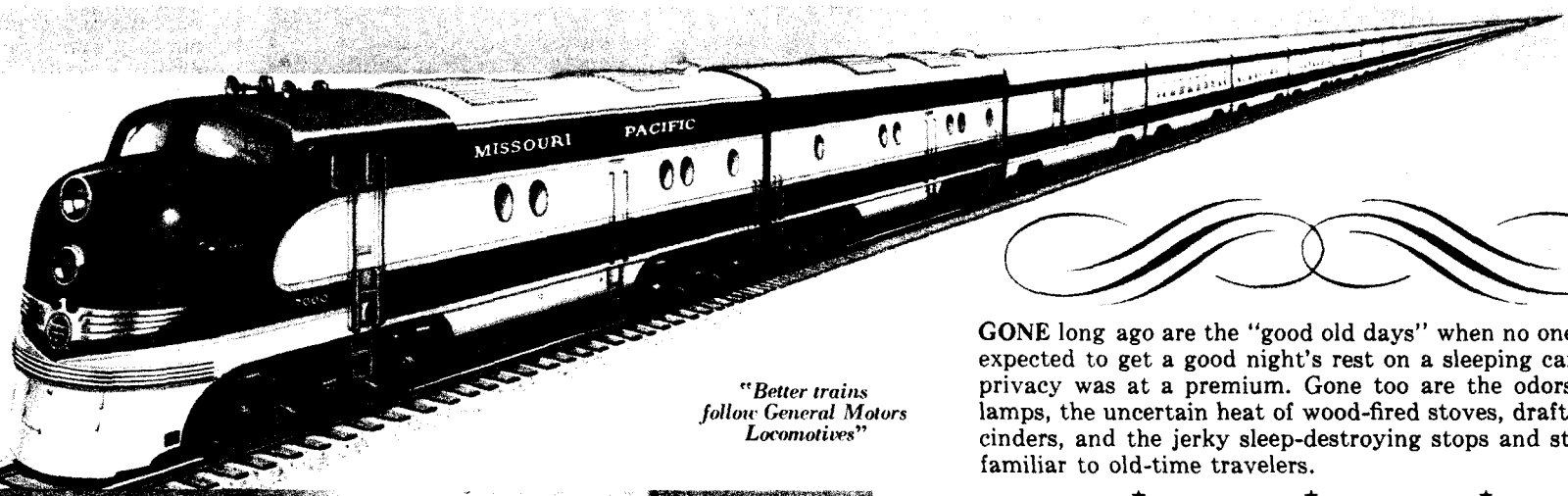

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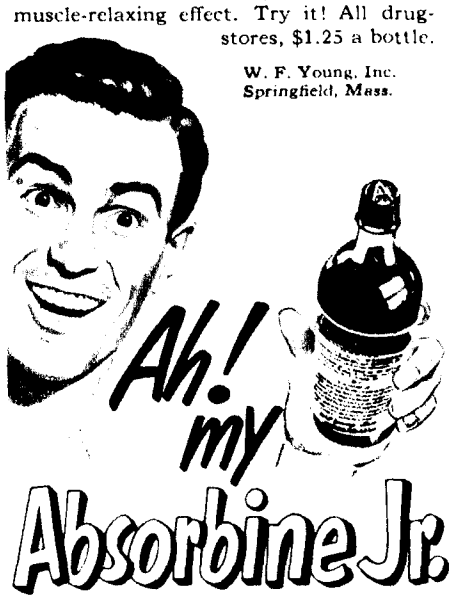


sin,'" I read aloud, "'Leiston Hall.' How funny! I shall be meeting him at dinner tonight." I had the door open by now.

"He's a beast," said Mr. Sivad in an uncompromising tone.

I was interested, for this seemed a different opinion from Sophie's. But it appeared that all James Belsin had done to Mr. Sivad was to buy a book from him.

"He talked me into it," protested Mr. Sivad unhappily, "my Valturius. I should never have listened to him."

"Never mind," I said. "I expect he's paying you lots of money for it."

"Eight hundred and fifty pounds," Mr. Sivad admitted sheepishly, "but I'd much rather have my Valturius."

I took advantage of the moment to slip through the door, waving an apologetic good-by to him.

I found three gray cabin boats in the course of half an hour's cruising about the inner harbor and the creeks beyond it. Of these three, one was being refitted off Sampson's yard and the work well advanced, the second was gray through lack of paint rather than because of it, and the third, in commission and newly painted, had three girls, two dogs, and a gramophone on board.

AT LAST I found her—lying among several other small craft alongside one of the old wooden jetties in Tyman's Creek; I knew she was the right one by the opalescent traces of oil on the water below her exhaust vent, showing that the engine had been running at least within the hour. I drove the speedboat slowly past the jetty and, turning, came back for a closer look. This revealed wet patches on the deck by the cabin top where perhaps a boat hook had dropped and which the sun had not had time to dry. No one was aboard, however; the double doors of the cabin were closed and the engine cover padlocked. Her name, Nancy Jane, was painted in white on her bow.

It was Lowestoft's lunch hour and I noticed a gradual cessation of activity. There was no one on this jetty, and the bank was almost deserted; I could not have had a better time for spying.

I put into a narrow cutting fifty yards farther down the creek, letting the speedboat's nose run onto the mud. I tilted the motor inboard to keep the propeller out of harm's way, made it fast with a piece of line from the control handle to the eyehole in the seat and then stepped ashore into the reedy grass. I found a convenient stump for the painter, tied it, and walked by the earth path along the bank toward the jetty.

The cabin cruiser lay on the far side of the jetty, that is to say on the side I was approaching, and shielded therefore from the only people visible; these consisted of three or four men eating their lunches on the bank some distance away and, nearer, a boy who sat with his back against a derelict oil drum, holding a fishing rod between his knees, its line drooping with an unprofitable look into the stagnant creek.

I walked out onto the jetty and lowered myself into the cockpit of the cabin cruiser by ladderlike rungs nailed across a gap between two of the supporting wooden piles.

I tried the cabin doors, but they were locked. The skylight, being closed from within, also resisted my efforts to open it, but it at least gave me a chance of looking into the cabin.

At first the strong light outside contrasted too greatly with the dimness within, and I could not see more than the outlines of the usual center table and cushioned berth on either side of it. There were things on the table, a teapot and a plate or two, a newspaper, and odds and ends.

I had been cupping my hands against the glass and now the details of the cabin below were emerging. I could see that the teapot was a brown enamel one, that there were cups and saucers in addition to the plates, and that none of them had been washed up. Near the teapot was a three-quarters-full milk bottle, its tin-foil cap lying on the table, which was bare of any cloth.

Then I saw a biscuit on one of the plates, and for a moment it was just a biscuit, a leftover from the last meal.

The next moment I realized that it was the second time biscuits had occurred this morning, and that that was sufficient reason for getting my hands on it, for if it were of the same kind as the one the child Diana had been eating when we found her, and matched the biscuits I had noticed in her pocket, why—I would have all the proof needed to establish the responsibility of these men.

I climbed onto the jetty again and sauntered, much as I wanted to run, to the speedboat, and returned with the screw driver from its tool kit.

I WENT down into the cockpit of the cruiser again, put the blade of the screw driver close to the lock between the cabin doors and prised gently but firmly. The wood was stout and did not splinter; the crack between the doors widened until the bolt of the lock was free of its staple, and they were open.

I rubbed my finger in an oily patch on the floor boards by the motor and smeared the place where the screw driver had pressed into the paint. There was still a mark, but you had to look for it.

A moment later I had the biscuit. It was square, about two inches square, and a quarter of an inch thick. It had a dusting of sugar on its upper side, which also had the maker's initials, "H.P.," molded in it. The one Diana had been sucking had lost all decipherable shape by the time we found her, but the ones in her pocket—? Hadn't they been square like this one? I thought so, but I knew that I was guessing.

The cabin revealed nothing of any kind to indicate who had been in it. There were no papers, no personal belongings. The two ash trays were full of cigarette stubs, but they were from an ordinary, everyday brand so far as I could identify them. None showed lipstick, so if "Louise Frempton" had been here, either she had not smoked or had not worn lipstick while she did so, although I remembered the two lipsticks in her handbag. Had she, perhaps, been in no condition to smoke cigarettes? Being already dead?

I shivered in spite of the stuffy heat of the cabin and gave up the search. I had been long enough on board, and the biscuit was not such a bad beginning. I picked it up again. I had neither handbag nor pocket in which to carry it, so I put it on the engine cover while I pulled the edges of the doors together, engaging the lock in its staple.

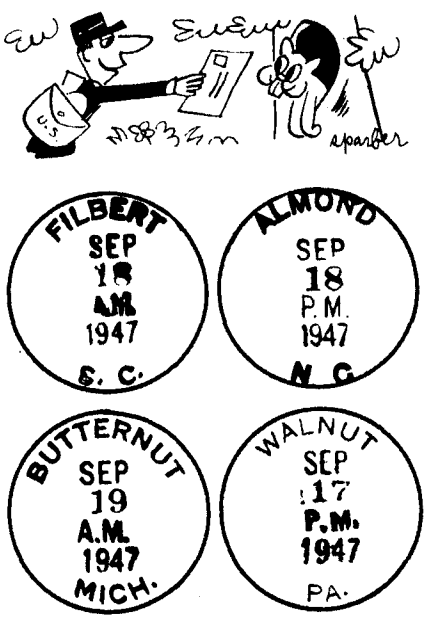
As I took up the biscuit again, I heard voices, and a moment later, to my alarm, the sudden hollow thump of footsteps on the wooden planking of the jetty. Two men—

They were above me and hidden by the jetty itself, and for that reason they could not see me yet, but in a matter of seconds they would. There seemed only one way, and I took it.

Holding the precious biscuit between my teeth, I went overside, lowering myself into the creek. The water reached well above my middle before I touched the mud of the bottom. A few half-swimming strides, my head well down between the cabin cruiser and the neighboring boat, and I reached shelter under the jetty behind one of the thick piles.

(To be continued next week)

Picture Postmarks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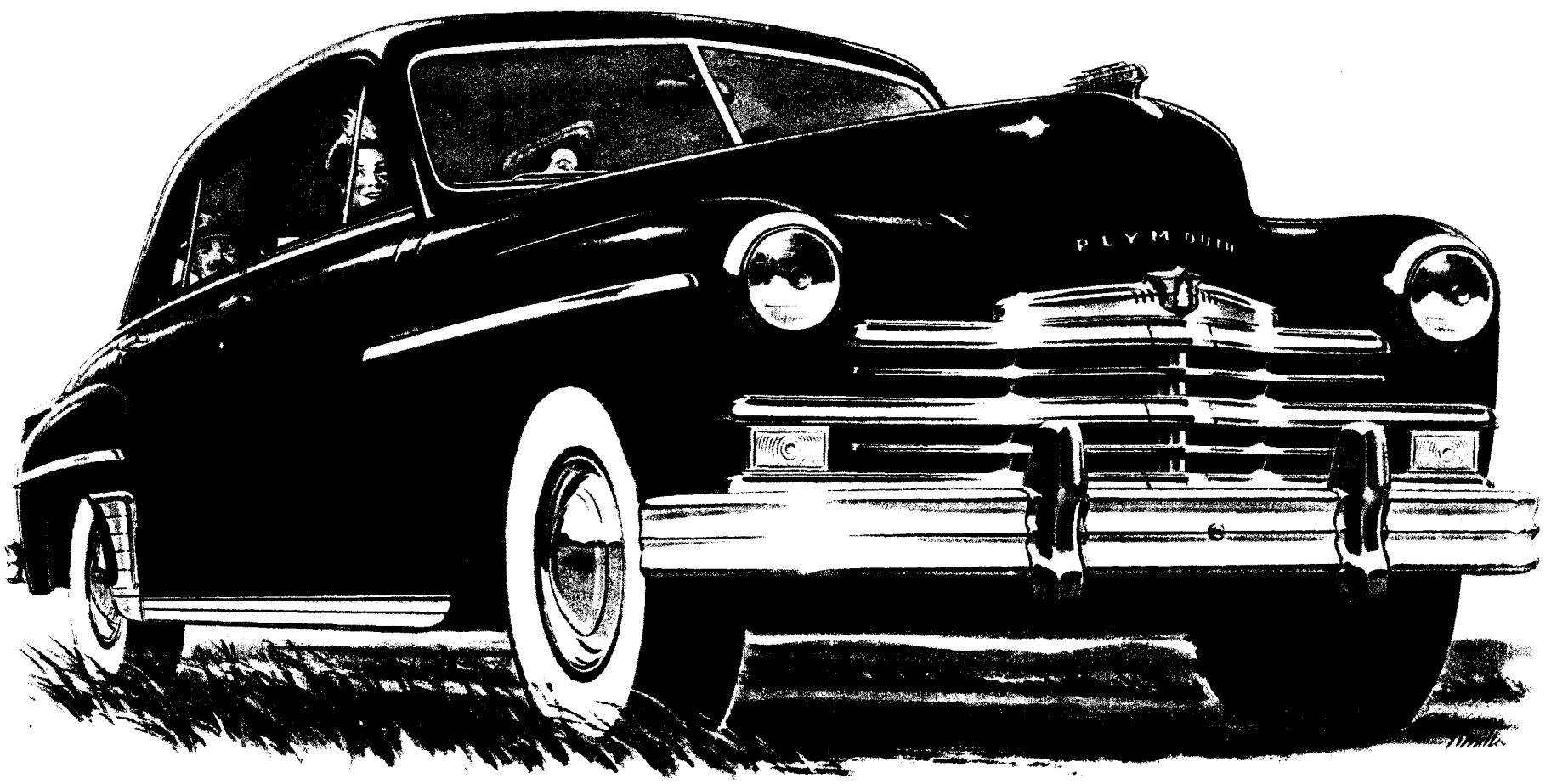

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I DRIVE A STANLEY STEAMER

Continued from page 25

produced 200 machines. One year it was 1,000. Another year they did not make any at all. Nothing was guaranteed. Their point of view was, "If you can't trust us to set right whatever is wrong you had better do business elsewhere."

By World War II, Stanley Steamers had joined the horse collar and buggy whip, but gasoline rationing suddenly returned these museum pieces to a second popularity. Purged of the hayseed and dust of years, the few remaining self-propelled teapots, watered up and loaded with kerosene, took to the roads once more. Old barns in the back country, even dumps in the rural woods, were ransacked for Steamers. No matter how neglected they were, a good mechanic could get them going again. The resurrection stimulated interest until at the present time Steamers 25 years old are frequently worth as much as when they were new.

As soon as I had the Stanley home and in my workshop I began to study its intimate details. A tublike asbestos-lined boiler, garnished with brass tubing as with metallic spaghetti, filled the space under the hood where the engine ought to be. The engine, a trivial-looking affair no bigger than a baby's bathtub, lay horizontally under the rear of the car and was attached directly to the rear axle. There was neither gearshift lever nor transmission nor clutch; there was no ignition, no electrical system beyond what was needed for the lights and the horn.

The little 20-horsepower engine was so small that one man could lift it. Being a steam engine it was capable of infinite gradations of speed at the sole command of the simple throttle valve, and yet at any speed it developed its full rated horsepower, something an internal combustion engine can never do. An inventory of the entire machine tallied only 32 moving parts, including the wheels. There are about 32 moving parts in a modern automobile self-starter unit alone. No wonder that Stanley Steamers did not wear out.

A Plumber's Nightmare

Obviously, with such a radically different machine, the approach was to forget whatever I knew about gasoline automobiles and begin all over again on the basis of almost prenatal ignorance. Nothing was familiar with the exception of the four wheels and the steering mechanism. The plumber's nightmare of pipes, valves, strainers and pumps that compassed all the rest of the car were in the province of the steamfitter—a land to which I had never ventured.

So I put on a new pair of overalls; I acquired, after some search, an instruction book for a 1917 Stanley Steamer, Condenser model; I bought a fire extinguisher and went to work.

First there was a great deal to be done. All piping had to be traced out, tagged and cleaned. I made diagrams for myself as I went along so I would know a second time what led to where and what it ought to do when it arrived. There were some defective pipes and fixtures and I set out to replace them—that's when I discovered that one of the troubles with a Stanley Steamer is that the parts are hard to get. Also it is hard to find experienced help.

In the far-off days when I first drove an automobile, people still did their own repairwork. Before the car was laid up for the winter one took a monkey wrench and a screw driver and disemboweled the machine and strewed its entrails all over the barn floor. Eventually everything would be cleaned, readjusted, refitted and reassembled. It was a kind of annual ritual, like a harvest festival. But nowadays, like everybody else, I drove a car until it needed repair so badly that I turned it in for a new one. The increased complexity of the machinery, the need of special tools had put repairs exclusively into the hands of the virtuoso.

Inevitably some of the many things my Stanley needed were beyond my abilities. The steam condenser, which looked like a normal radiator, but wasn't, had been frozen and cracked and needed skillful soldering. The boiler had to be retubed, and that is a professional job. The 30-gallon water tank had to be mended. I had to peddle my ailing Steamer parts from one repair shop to another until I could find a man willing to accept a job not in his previous experience. Such a man is rare today.

Hunting for a Repairman

Six hundred pounds of superheated steam—double the working pressure of a locomotive—deserves respect. Cavalier treatment at the hands of the inexperienced could easily lead to social insecurity in its most dramatic form. I wanted everything checked and examined by someone familiar with a Stanley Steamer before I "steamed up" for the first time. Old Stanley men are almost as scarce as the cars. It was some time before I heard about Fred Marriott.

If I thought my Steamer was funny-looking, it was modernity personified compared with the machine being repaired in Fred Marriott's garage. This was a 1914 Stanley town car, a Victoria, known to the vulgar of the day as a "To-Hell-with-the-Driver" model, because the top protected only the occupants of the rear seat. But the two elderly men disassembling the engine did not seem to regard it as at all out of the ordinary.

Fred Marriott, now seventy-five, and his "man," George, a few years his junior, acted as though they had always worked on steam automobiles. I had unwittingly stumbled into what was probably the only garage in the world servicing Stanley Steamers. And they assured me they had been servicing Steamers for "some time." George started working on Steamers in 1910, but Marriott's experience began when he went to work for the Stanley brothers in 1898.

The walls of the garage office were hung with faded photographs of queer-looking automobiles, many of them obviously racing cars of years ago. One in particular caught my eye. It looked like an inverted canoe mounted on wheels. In the cockpit amidships appeared the head of a good-looking young man, heavily mustached and with the "football haircut" fashionable in the early 1900s. Underneath was the legend:

"THE STANLEY ROCKET"
F. Marriott, driver.
"The first man to drive more than two miles a minute."
Ormond Beach, Florida.
1906

F. Marriott, driver, holder of the world's speed record 43 years ago, leaned back in his swivel chair and stretched a hand for his pipe.

"You see, the Stanleys wanted to find the top speed in steam," he said. "They designed the 'Rocket' especially for racing and I assembled it. Wonderful mechanics, those two. Independent and stubborn as mules, but two of the finest men I ever knew. There's a picture of them."

From the opposite wall two bearded men, strong-featured yet with a kindly

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humorous expression, looked down at us. They were so much alike it might have been a double exposure of the same person.

"Mr. F. E. and Mr. F. O. Stanley. They were identical twins. As long as I knew them I couldn't tell one from another; neither could anyone else. Just one way to tell them apart. They loved a good story. Didn't mind cuss words, but it had to be clean. Find one they hadn't heard and tell it to them and if it was F. E., he would bend over and slap his leg and say, 'Godfrey mighty!'; if it was F. O., he would bend over and slap his leg and say, 'Gee cracky!'

"Well, after we got the 'Rocket' built there wasn't any place around here suitable for high speeds, so we took it to Florida. Ormond Beach. I made a few trial runs and she opened up pretty well. Then I took her over the measured mile at one hundred and twenty-seven and two-thirds miles per hour. That record made quite a stir, and stood unbroken by anything of equal weight for some time."

I bought my Steamer last June, but it was September before I was ready to

"Seven cents, fourteen cents, twenty-one cents—for heaven's sake, Martha, straighten up! It's only a dime!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE RECKAS

have George check my work with an experienced eye. It was just as well, because I had piped the boiler in backside to. George, helping me set it right, observed that there might have been awkward consequences. After a sweltering summer's work, during which it was difficult at times to sustain an interest in superheated steam, the old machine was ready for the road.

Thrills of the Steam Auto

Marriott had repeatedly told me that until I had ridden behind steam, I didn't know the capabilities of an automobile. He was right. The big black touring car sailed out onto the highway and started off as insidiously as a bad habit—only much faster. The pickup was uncanny. There was the same difference between this and an ordinary car as between a sailboat and a motorboat, for we glided in silence and without vibration along the level concrete.

"Those darned pumps make too much noise," muttered George (who was inclined to be a perfectionist) from the driver's seat beside me. Listening hard, I could just make out the faint "swish-squash" of the quadruple pumps in the pit under my feet. There was no other noise.

A Stanley is probably the simplest car in the world to drive. There is only one control, a throttle lever on the steering column. The farther you open it the faster you go. You always go forward unless you tread on the foot pedal, which is where the clutch should be—then you go backward. You can go just as fast backward as forward if you want to, but it is not advisable.

Mechanically, there is only one serious fault with the Stanley Steamer of 32 years ago—even by today's exacting standards. It takes anywhere from 15 to 20 minutes to get up an operating head of steam from a cold boiler. Few people nowadays have that much patience or can spare the time. Of course, once the steam pressure is up the machine will start instantly, and steam pressure once raised can be maintained for days if necessary by merely keeping the pilot light burning.

As Dated as a Square Derby

There is another slight disadvantage in driving a machine that has so far outlived its automotive threescore years and ten—the Stanley is conspicuous. The modern car is as streamlined as a bullet—and with less reason. It is painted to match one or another of the popular varieties of soup—purée Mongole, tomato bisque, consommé Madrilene. It grins with mail-order dentures wrought in chrome. Yet they all grin, so no one notices. But the ancient Steamer looks as ostentatiously respectable as a square derby hat—and as dated.

Daily I steamed up the machine and took it on shakedown cruises along unfrequented country roads until I had the technique letter-perfect. Once "she is steaming good" (i.e., maintaining a full boiler pressure), hills level off into imperceptible plains that flow silently beneath the tires. It is never necessary to "rush" a steep hill—the old thing just slides up one, without effort. Whether driving fast or slow, there is no consciousness of the engine, which never seems to be laboring under any circumstances. This in itself is a pitfall, for unless one keeps an eye on the speedometer one drives a lot faster than one thinks.

As near as I can find out, the only limit to acceleration is the traction of the tires on the road. It is not at all difficult to spin them on a dry surface. Zero to 60 miles an hour in 220 feet is average "pickup" for a Steamer in reasonable condition. I can pass much more modern cars upon the road—and often do. They seem a little bewildered as the long-legged old ark slides by them in a nostalgic whiff of kerosene lamp mixed with steam laundry.

As I drive my Stanley Steamer about the countryside, I am often haunted by the "might-have-beens" and "still-canbes" of this extraordinary car. Supposing some more persistent genius, half promoter, half engineer, had taken up where the saddened F. O. Stanley trailed off? Supposing a Henry Ford had put his chips on steam instead of gasoline, what would we all be riding about in now? The engineering brains behind our present automobile industry could surely have licked the steam car's one serious drawback—that it takes so much time to get up steam.

In almost every other respect the superiority of steam is overwhelming: simplicity, low fuel cost, enormous, smooth and silent power.

Is it too late now? The engineer, I believe, would answer, "No, it isn't—just give me a fraction of what is spent every year developing 'bright work' alone and I can turn out a steam car that will run gas off the road." But others, I am afraid, would point out that our economy is so heavily involved with the gasoline engine, and all its attendant industries, that anything faster than a geologic change to steam would be disastrous.

Yet I have no doubt that a modern steam car could be made which would be a sensational improvement on anything being made now. I know—because I own one myself!

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With an Esterbrook Fountain Pen, you choose the best point for your style of writing or for the writing job you do. Then screw it into the pen yourself.

TO SELECT OR REPLACE... HERE'S ALL YOU DO

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Esterbrook®
FOUNTAIN PEN

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A World Premiere by

Pan American World Airways

first TO ORDER AND TO FLY THE NEW DOUBLE DECKED Clipper*

Club lounge on lower deck. Here you have your choice of liquid refreshments including hot coffee or tea, freshly made on board. Note stewardess serving from the compact, modern bar in back of the stairway. Each of 14 restful seats has a special glass-holder, built into the arm. Here's a place where you can meet people, walk around and admire the view out of large windows.

● Here is the first true intercontinental liner of the Air Age. Five years of development lie back of this huge, 70-ton luxury airplane. She and her sister ships will cut the San Francisco-Honolulu flight-time from 12 hours to **9**... New York to London from 14 hours to **12** and New York to Rio from 25¼ hours to **18.**

In this great, new, "all-weather" airplane, cabin air is changed every 90 seconds . . . at 25,000 feet you get low-altitude cabin comfort. *For the first time in the Air Age*, Pan American has put luxury on wings!

WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

*Trade Mark, Pan American Airways, Inc.

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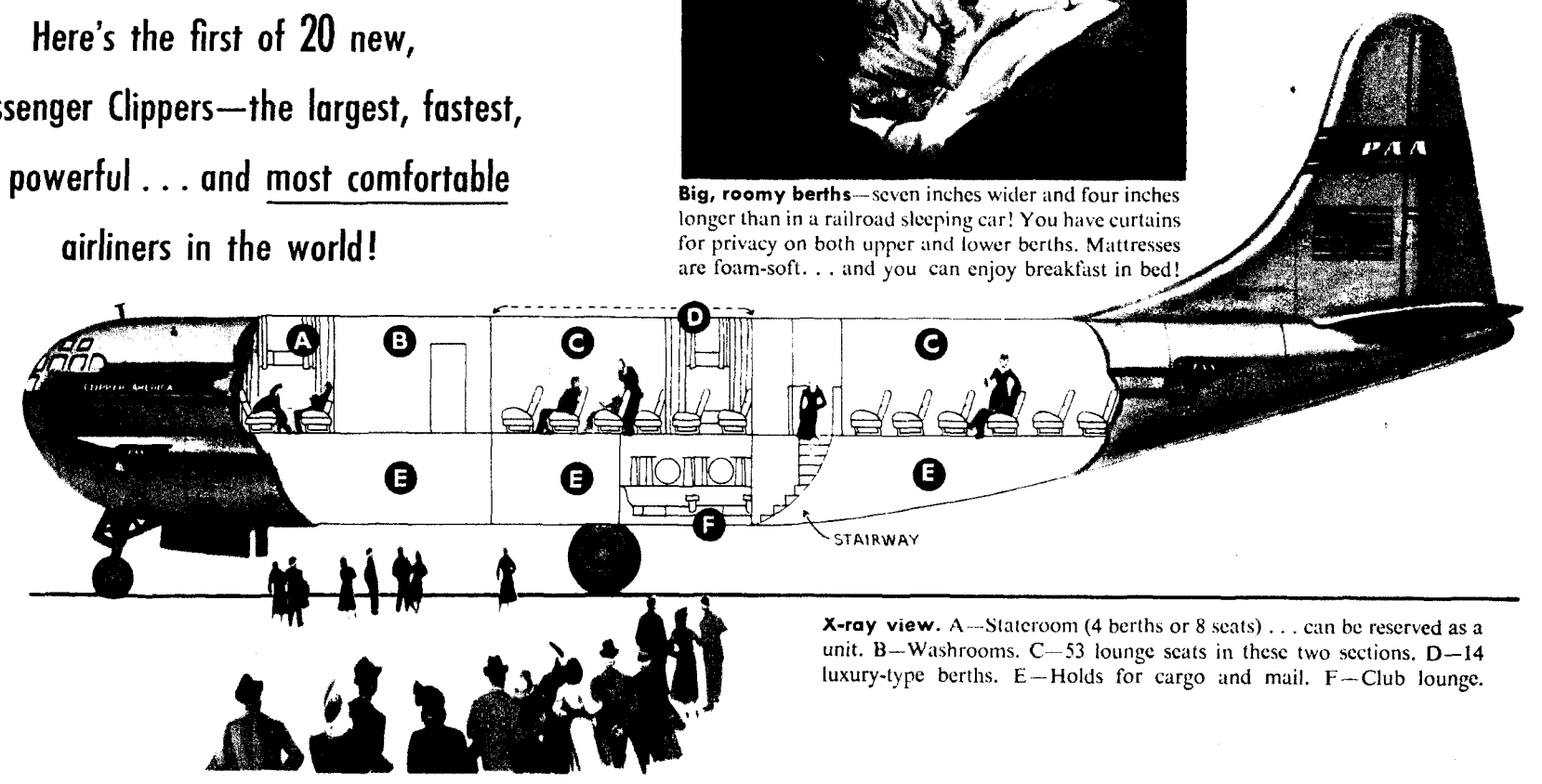
A small section of the huge 53-passenger main cabin of the Clipper "America" . . . Note how much *room* there is for roaming around . . . Note big, generous lounging seats. At far left, a passenger is coming up from the lower-deck club lounge.

"America"

Here's the first of 20 new, 75-passenger Clippers—the largest, fastest, most powerful . . . and most comfortable airliners in the world!

Big, roomy berths—seven inches wider and four inches longer than in a railroad sleeping car! You have curtains for privacy on both upper and lower berths. Mattresses are foam-soft. . . and you can enjoy breakfast in bed!



X-ray view. A—Stateroom (4 berths or 8 seats) . . . can be reserved as a unit. B—Washrooms. C—53 lounge seats in these two sections. D—14 luxury-type berths. E—Holds for cargo and mail. F—Club lounge.

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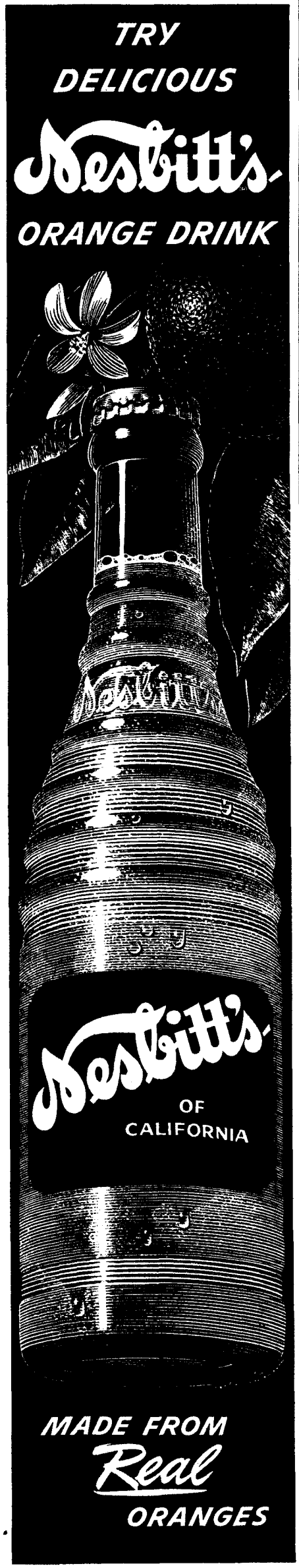

DOCTORS IN AN UPROAR

Continued from page 21

Signing himself as "A little physician," a doctor in Nassau County, New York, complained in a letter to the New York Herald Tribune: "The protest group (the 148 physicians) threatened not to pay the assessment levied by the A.M.A. This the 'little physician' must pay. He must pay it or go out of business, because if he does not pay it, he will lose the privilege of using his local hospital for treatment of patients."

A group within the A.M.A., known as the Physicians Forum, boasting some 4,000 members and centering in New York, has been tweaking the organization's tail for ten years. Believing in national health insurance and favoring the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill, the forum has been accused by A.M.A. spokesmen of being radical and Communistic.

The forum's chairman is Dr. Ernst P. Boas, from 1938 to 1948 a professor at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University.

Boas criticizes A.M.A.'s attitude toward national health problems with the cry, "I feel ashamed of the A.M.A.—that my own profession should so stultify itself in the eyes of the American people. I still have medical ideals. The A.M.A. leadership has no intellectual honesty. I can't stomach it."

An admitted boner of the first magnitude was pulled in January by the National Physicians Committee, a group bitterly opposed to socialized medicine and often called the "propaganda arm" of the A.M.A. Actually it is not an official part of the A.M.A. Yet critics keep recalling that two past presidents and one former trustee of the A.M.A. are on the board of the National Physicians Committee. And the committee itself has stated that "on three separate occasions the A.M.A. House of Delegates officially endorsed and commended" the National Physicians Committee's efforts.

An Ill-Advised Attack

The January boner took the form of a mailing piece sent to doctors all over America. It enclosed a reprint of "Dan Gilbert's Washington Letter" attacking national health insurance in nightmare terms. Its salutation was: "Dear Christian American."

Many doctors who received the letter recognized Dan Gilbert as a former associate of the notorious Gerald Winrod. They were flabbergasted when a circular from the National Physicians Committee hailed the Gilbert letter as "one of the few really vital pronouncements of an age" and called for financial contributions via the "Zero Hour Certificate" which completed the package.

Hundreds of letters deluged the A.M.A. headquarters, some angrily wondering whether the National Physicians Committee had gone stark mad and allied itself with the infamous "Christian Front."

To calm troubled waters the Journal ran an editorial asserting that "the Gilbert letter was sent without the knowledge of any official of the American Medical Association, that every official of the American Medical Association joins in condemning the letter as an expression of medical opinion in this country and that the American Medical Association does not require allies of doubtful repute in its campaign for the maintenance of a high quality of medical care and for freedom in medicine in our country."

Some doctors apparently mistook the National Physicians Committee circular for an official A.M.A. dun for the $25 assessment, inasmuch as its envelope proclaimed, "The Actual Meaning of the A.M.A. Membership Assessment." When John Pratt, administrator of the National Physicians Committee, told Dr. George Lull, general manager of the A.M.A., that lots of checks for $25 were coming in, Lull, a former Army general, succinctly replied, "If those are assessment checks, you get them over here—and get them over here fast!"

Lull comments with exasperation, "Here we're trying to clean house and the National Physicians Committee does a thing like that!"

Protests against the Dan Gilbert letter have come from many county medical societies several of which have held angry meetings. Some delegates are certain, at the forthcoming A.M.A. session in June, to demand that American medicine wash its hands of the National Physicians Committee once and for all.

The New York County Medical Society called for such action in a stormy meeting on February 28th. Previously, Dr. William H. Halley, A.M.A. delegate from Colorado, wrote in the Rocky Mountain Medical Journal, "If the American Medical Association is to remain great and to become greater, it cannot afford the handicap of a triggerman, a goon or a bodyguard in the guise of the National Physicians Committee."

In its decades of hard fighting the A.M.A. has sincerely believed that any move toward socialized medicine would be a peril to the nation. It has bared its fists on many an issue that even smelled of curbing the doctor's right to conduct his business as a free enterprise. Today, with President Truman thumping for the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill—or its equivalent—the A.M.A. feels it has a fight to the finish on its hands.

How national health insurance would work is still a mystery to most people. As Federal Security Administrator Oscar Ewing explains it, we would all go to the doctor, or hospital—when necessary—just as we do now, the only big difference being that we wouldn't pay for it out of our own pocket. The bills would be paid out of an insurance fund.

"This insurance fund," says Ewing, "will have been built up mainly by payments made by employees, matched by equal payments of employers. It is now expected that when the program is in full operation, the maximum amount deducted from salaries and wages will be 1½ per cent on earnings up to $4,800 per year. This will mean that a man earning $50 a week will have 75 cents a week deducted from his earnings. The maximum deduction for any employee, no matter how high his salary, will be $1.40 a week. For this, a worker will get for himself and his dependents medical, dental, hospital and nursing care, eyeglasses, hearing aids, cost of expensive medicines, etc."

Where do the doctors come in? They would be paid on a basis agreed upon in their locality—either capitation (so much a year for each patient on their list), fee-for-service (same as they are now, with fees established locally), straight salary, or any combination of these methods. Doctors, says Ewing, would work the wrinkles out themselves with the aid of civic leaders.

Will Distribute Cost Fairly

We spend $5,500,000,000 a year on medical care now, Ewing asserts. Under national health insurance the nation would spend no more, he insists, "but instead of the burden falling on the sick when they are least able to pay, the cost will be spread out and paid by all workers and their employers at a time when the workers are earning wages and are best able to afford it."

To raise the curtain for the Truman Administration's health offensive, Ewing came out last September with a 186-page report entitled, "The Nation's Health, a Ten-Year Program." In it he pointed to grievous health needs of underprivileged segments of the population, to rising costs of medical care, to inadequacies in our national health plant, personnel and equipment.

The A.M.A. has sunk its teeth into this report, accusing Ewing of painting the situation to suit his own conclusions, of playing politics with the health of the people, of garbling statistics. A.M.A. literature blandly refers to it as the "distorted Ewing report." Fishbein in a recent article called it "a shrewdly contrived document" full of "innumerable misrepresentations."

As for national health insurance, the A.M.A. Journal editorializes:

"No one will ever convince the physicians of the United States that the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill is not socialized medicine. . . .

"By this measure doctors in America

COLLIER'S

"Why don't you and Jim go out for dinner tonight? Some cozy spot—just the three of us"

SIDNEY HOFF

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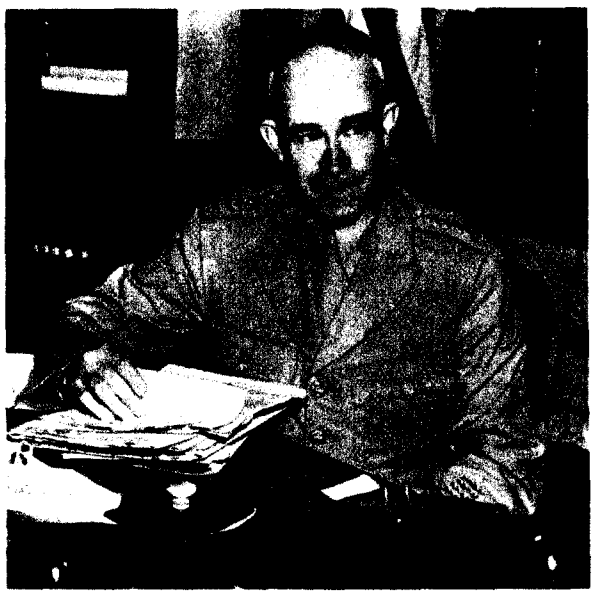

TOP ARMY CAREER MAN, Chief of Staff Omar N. Bradley. His, the new Army career guidance plan, stressing scientific yet human personnel management.

ABLE PLANNERS like Capt. George H. Collins work to fit the right man in the right job—classifying, assigning and advancing career soldiers.

MANY crack junior officers like 1st Lt. Arnold F. Frank were enlisted men. Now they are instructing, counselling . . . putting teeth in the Army's career guidance system.

NON-COMMISSIONED LEADERS like M/Sgt. Adolph E. Kurtz know Army operation "inside out"—like snap and precision—can look to Warrant Officer grades for advancement.

HIGHER Army entrance standards mean new competition for skilled technical jobs in the Ground Forces. Sgt./1st Cl. Gayford B. Edwards has risen rapidly in his career field.

SMILING PRODUCT of intensive basic training, Pvt. Jerome Herbert begins his Army career. He'll learn varied skills, have unequalled travel and retirement opportunities.

AMERICA'S FINEST MEN CHOOSE U.S. ARMY CAREERS

. . . higher standards, unlimited advancement, lifetime security

THEY'VE MEASURED UP to the new and higher Army entrance standards in their physical and mental tests—and now Recruits Joseph Watson, Glen Hall, Kenneth Coffin, Jr., and Peter Chapski complete their enlistment oath. They have just qualified for the greatest career experience in the world. They are rightfully proud of their new profession.

THE REGULAR ARMY offers: (1) opportunity to advance in skill, experience, (2) regular promotions with better pay, (3) retirement pay, job security, (4) travel and recreation!

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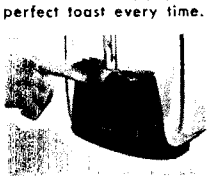
Be sure it's a Toastmaster Toaster

AND BE PLEASED WITH YOURSELF FOR YEARS

Be happy with your choice for its enchanting beauty—for its jewel-like brilliance that mirrors bright breakfast faces. Know that your selection is sound as you see it pop up perfect toast every time. And enjoy all this satisfaction endlessly with the famous "Toastmaster" Toaster. For lots of folks tell us how pleased they are with "Toastmaster"* Toasters they've had for *twenty* years—and longer! So be proud of your choice. Make yours *America's most-wanted toaster* and be pleased with yourself for years. Be sure to . . .

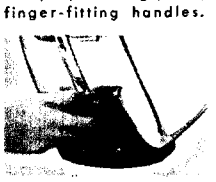
Look for the TOASTMASTER *name on your toaster... others will!*

PERFECT TOAST ALWAYS
The famous Superflex toast timer automatically pops up perfect toast every time.



EASY TO KEEP CLEAN
Touch the button and the crumb tray opens instantly for quick, easy cleaning.

SAFE, COOL HANDLES
Lift the toaster easily and safely by the large, cool, finger-fitting handles.



TOASTMASTER Automatic Pop-Up Toaster

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would become clock watchers and slaves of a system. Now, if ever, those who believe in the American democracy must make their belief known to their representatives so that the attempt to enslave medicine, as first among the professions, industries and trades to be socialized, will meet the ignominious defeat it deserves."

Even before the National Health Insurance bill was introduced into both Houses of Congress on January 5th, the A.M.A. girded itself for the fight it knew was coming. By assessing its 140,000 doctor-members, it hoped to build up a $3,500,000 war chest to fight Ewing.

Cries of "slush fund," "propaganda," "power politics" resounded. The A.M.A. found itself, as it often has before, with its seat warmed—not so much for what it wanted to do, but for the way it proposed to do it. Said one of its leading members, "True to form, the A.M.A. is putting its worst foot forward."

Oppose Financing Propaganda

The protest group of 148 physicians (whose number later swelled to 167 and then to over 200) sent an outspoken missive to the A.M.A., asserting, "If the funds are to be used for propaganda and legislative lobbying instead of developing a comprehensive medical-care program, we are heartily opposed to the levy and shall refuse to pay it."

The 148 were led by Dr. George Baehr, former president of the New York Academy of Medicine; Dr. Walter Bauer, associate professor of medicine at Harvard Medical School; Dr. H. F. Helmholz, chief of pediatrics at the Mayo Clinic; Dr. Hugh Morgan, professor of medicine at Vanderbilt University Medical School; Dr. Edwards A. Park, emeritus professor of pediatrics at Johns Hopkins University Medical School, and Dr. W. Barry Wood, professor of medicine at George Washington University Medical School. Nobel prize winners Dr. Ernest A. Goodpasture, Dr. George R. Minot and Dr. George H. Whipple were among the protest signers, who have since been referred to as "a blue-book of American medicine."

While themselves opposing national health insurance, the 148 called upon the A.M.A. for a positive program instead of "standpat propaganda" and warned of public "suspicion that the association's objectives are primarily economic and selfish."

Editor Fishbein replied that the protesting doctors were just "men in plaster towers who thought this would be a good thing to holler about." He added that the A.M.A. did have a "positive program" and he'd make it public the very next day.

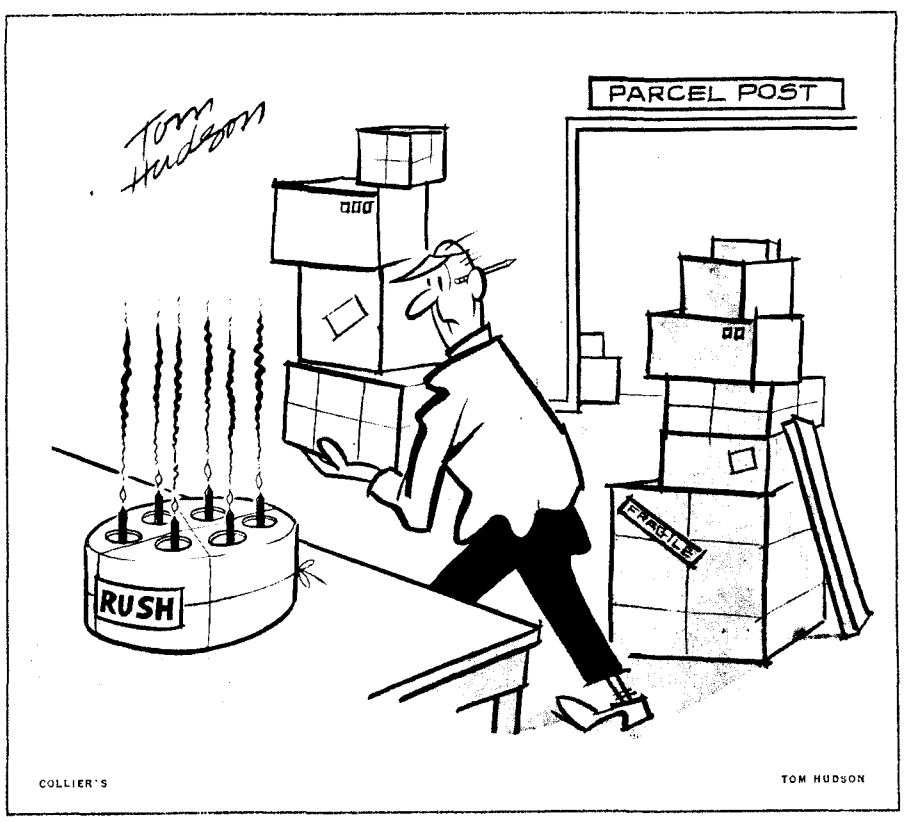
As promised, Fishbein released a 12-point "Program of the American Medical Association for the Advancement of Medicine and Public Health." But this only got the A.M.A.'s seat warmed some more. Leaders of the protesting doctors said the 12 points "fall far short of a plan that could be regarded as a reasonably adequate substitute for the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill." And Boston's Dr. Channing Frothingham, chairman of the Committee for the Nation's Health, branded the move "a fancy press-relations job designed to obscure the A.M.A.'s stubborn opposition to any program which would bring medical care within the means of the average man."

The 148 protesters, pointing out that "the consumers outnumber the medical profession 1,000 to one," called upon the A.M.A. to sponsor a sincere, down-to-earth national health conference attended by labor, industry and farm groups as well as medical folks. Only when they received assurances that something would be done in this direction, at a meeting with the A.M.A.'s top brass in March, did they agree to soft-pedal their rebellion. They cast their eyes anxiously toward the House of Delegates session in June, one of them remarking, "We're trusting the American Medical Association to follow through on what it promised us."

Meanwhile some of the 148 paid their $25 assessments and some still held out. This sum, small though it is, had become a symbol of loyalty to the A.M.A.—or rebellion.

The association feels that the final tally will show close to $3,000,000 in its war chest, or 85 per cent of the doctors paid up. It denies that a penny of this will be used for "legislative lobbying." It will support, instead, the "National Educational Campaign of the American Medical Association," a giant program to tell the people what's good for them in health care.

A.M.A. manager Lull frankly calls it a "propaganda campaign," but quickly explains that it is for the good of the people. It will attempt two things: 1. To inform the public about the disadvantages of national health insurance, what it will cost, and what it will lead to. 2. To push voluntary health and hospital insurance plans such as Blue Shield and Blue Cross.



Collier's for May 14, 1949

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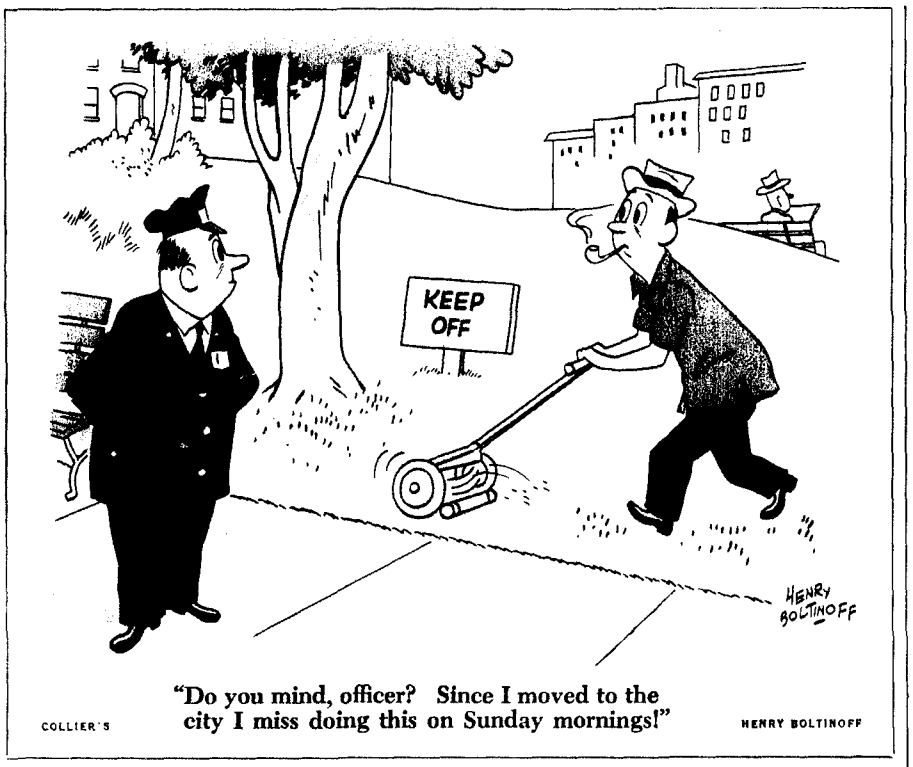

COLLIER'S

"Do you mind, officer? Since I moved to the city I miss doing this on Sunday mornings!"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

The second objective baffles some observers, since the A.M.A. was a pugnacious opponent of health and hospital insurance in their early days. Today, however, it sees private, voluntary insurance as the one big floodgate against a deluge of Wagner-Murray-Dingellism.

As campaign director Clem Whitaker puts it, "If we are able to double the sales of voluntary health insurance in the United States this year, we will have done more to convince Congress that compulsory health insurance is unnecessary than we could do with the highest priced lobby that could be imported into Washington."

Whitaker and his wife and business partner, Leone Baxter, were imported from California by the A.M.A. to swing the big campaign in professional style. Their chief qualification was the fact that their strategy had already licked Governor Earl Warren's state health insurance plan in California.

Working like beavers, Whitaker & Baxter put themselves up in handsome offices at 1 North La Salle Street, Chicago, and started campaigning while the carpenters and painters were still at work. One of their earliest accouterments was a blown-up color reproduction of the famous Luke Fildes painting, The Doctor, a warm, touching scene of a doctor ministering to his patient. Beneath it is the caption: "Keep Politics Out of This Picture!"

Starring the Family Doctor

There follow exactly 100 words, which Whitaker, Baxter and staff sweated over for hours. They feel they are the 100 very best words with which to unsell people on national health insurance. Here they are:

"When the life—or health—of a loved one is at stake, hope lies in the devoted service of your doctor.

"Would you change this picture?

"Compulsory health insurance is political medicine.

"It would bring a third party—a politician—between you and your doctor. It would bind up your family's health in red tape. It would result in heavy payroll taxes—and inferior medical care for you and your family. Don't let that happen here!

"You have a right to prepaid medical care—of your own choice. Ask your doctor, or your insurance man, about budget-basis health protection."

Whitaker & Baxter plan to send 18-by-20-inch posters of the Fildes painting—plus the text—to doctors all over America for display in waiting rooms. The cost will run to about 30 cents each, which the A.M.A. will pay. Miss Baxter points out, "If we can light the crusading fires, and tie into the campaign the majority of the doctors of this country for the cost of 30 cents each, the results will be well worth the price!"

Doctors are also going to get speeches, tailor-made. Miss Baxter recently told representatives of the state medical societies: "As fast as they are produced, form speeches, geared to different types of audiences, will come along to you . . . Armed with this material, a good speaker will have little trouble making a splendid, positive case before even a difficult group.

"Every doctor a campaigner!" Miss Baxter proclaimed.

Socialist Trend Is Charged

A strategy near and dear to the heart of Dr. Fishbein was resuscitated by the new campaign directors. Fishbein for years has been shouting, "Socialism, Communism, revolution!" at new ideas in medical care, some of which probably deserved such epithets. In fighting national health insurance, Whitaker explains, "a fundamental battle strategy is to get business and industry to pitch in and regard medicine as the first line of defense—first socialized medicine, and then Socialism!"

Whitaker told a campaign conference, "If we fail, it isn't only going to be medicine that is engulfed—it's going to be the beginning of the end for all of the things that you believe in as fundamentals of freedom."

Undoubtedly the majority of American doctors are against national health insurance, believing it would mire medicine in politics and red tape. But many, like the 148 protesters, want the American Medical Association to work more assiduously toward solving America's health problems within the framework of free medicine.

They think the donkey ought to stop being stubborn and start pulling the cart.

You can be for or against, but not neutral, about a man like Morris Fishbein, the fabulous czar of the American Medical Association. Read Howard Whitman's fine concluding article in next week's Collier's and learn about "the unabashed egoist . . . who can strut in his sleep" and the genius who developed the world's greatest association of doctors.

"She loves me rich... She loves me poor"

Daisies won't tell, Darling. But don't fret, I love you either way—'for richer, for poorer.'"

"You mean, you didn't marry me for a town house and a country estate?"

"Nope, I'll settle for a garret."

"Thanks, but that's not for us. After this honeymoon's over, we begin planning our Dream House. I've already started building the security to go with it through *Insured Income!*"

"Darling, how wonderful . . . but what is it?"

"Well, *Insured Income* helps to provide for our future financial security so we can concentrate on the present. For instance, if I'm not around, you'll get a check because of *Insured Income*. And if I am, it's a nest egg for retirement. Naturally, it will take time to complete this plan—but we're off to a good start."

* * *

The amount of your income is important, but what you do with it is more important. Mutual Life's *Insured Income* is a method of financial planning that brings your goal of family security within reach of your budget. For it builds on assets that you already own—your pension rights, your Social Security, and your present life insurance.

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WHY CONGRESS ACTS THAT WAY

Continued from page 19

of pressed wood, and helped lick the building-materials shortage holding up your future new home.

H.R. 5820, which provided hundreds of thousands of dollars for dental research, the benefits of which you realize every time you sit in your dentist's chair.

S. 568, which allowed our agricultural experts to work in Mexico and prevent the spread of the dread foot-and-mouth disease to U.S. cattle.

And H.R. 5933, which, for some unaccountable reason, permitted the free importation of racing shells into the United States.

Plus Mayoral Functions

In addition to all this, the 80th Congress appropriated the money needed for running the government, and hewed to its task of operating as 531 mayors for the District of Columbia, passing such measures as H.R. 6071, "to provide for the treatment of sexual psychopaths in the District of Columbia," and H.R. 4365, "to amend an act to regulate barbers in the District of Columbia."

Also, this Congress devoted a considerable portion of its time to discussing the advisability of giving us some new holidays, among them Interfaith Day, Paul Revere Day, National Preparedness Day, Pulaski Day, Leif Ericson Day, Booker T. Washington Day, Haym Salomon Day, Gold Star Mothers' Day, Youth Honor Day, Purple Heart Day, American Indian Day, and a neat new number (House Joint Resolution 375) entitled National Rededication to Marriage Week.

As all this might indicate, Congress is a busy little cross section of America—"the image of all of us," as one expert put it, "in a mirror held up before the people of the United States." A popular misconception is that Congress is an advanced convention of legal minds, thrashing out the details of legislation in brilliant debate on the floors of both houses. This is not so.

Just 54 per cent of the House is made up of lawyers (a drop from 65 per cent in 1930). The rest are businessmen (14 per cent), newspapermen (7 per cent), farmers (6 per cent), and teachers, doctors, bankers and ex-bureaucrats. The Senate has one ex-undertaker, one ex-cowboy singer, one ex-fertilizer dealer, and enough educators to form the nucleus of a good new university.

Most of the legislating is done by hard, plodding work behind the closed doors of committee rooms, and the actual debate on the floor generally is dull and meaningless—especially to the spectator who cannot fathom the intricacies of parliamentary procedure. When a congressman has been around a long time, he knows how to use these intricacies like a master chess player, and only occasionally do interesting developments result.

During the debate on the 1930 Apportionment Bill, for instance, the committee chairman charged with quarterbacking the bill through the debate left the floor briefly to retire to the gentlemen's room. In that one unguarded moment, Speaker Longworth had to recognize a quick-thinking opponent of the measure. By the time the committee chairman had ambled back, the floor was open to a flood tide of ridiculous amendments that completely crippled the Administration's bill.

In another noted instance the second session of the 79th Congress was just getting under way in 1946, with the usual routine resolution providing for the adoption of the rules under which the House would operate. Usually at such times no serious business is transacted. But on this occasion Representative John Rankin of Mississippi spotted a tiny two-second opening and asked for the floor. When the unsuspecting Speaker Sam Rayburn recognized him, Rankin offered a completely irrelevant amendment to the Rules Resolution, proposing that the temporary Committee on Un-American Activities be made permanent.

The House was stunned! The Un-American Activities Committee was scheduled to be dropped that year, but if the Rules Resolution, with the Rankin amendment attached, weren't passed, the House would be unable to operate. If it were passed, Congress would be investigating un-American activities forevermore. Rankin won out. And that's how J. Parnell Thomas and Company came to be added to the Capitol as a permanent fixture.

Most famous of all is the story of how the Senate's complicated rules made Alben Barkley a Vice-President of the United States, instead of an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. In 1942, during the annual Southern filibuster on the poll-tax bill, the Southerners planned to adjourn on a Saturday morning because of the absence of a quorum, thereby earning a rest over the week end before resumption of the filibuster on Monday. Barkley (then majority leader) crossed them, however, by invoking a little-used Senate rule authorizing the sergeant at arms to arrest any truant Senator he could lay his hands on, and bring him to the Senate floor.

Shortly thereafter, Deputy Sergeant at Arms J. Mark Trice burst into the hotel room of Senator Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee, arrested that gentleman in his galluses, and convoyed him to the Capitol. Whereupon McKellar announced from the floor that he was removing his name from a petition signed by all 96 Senators requesting President Roosevelt to name Barkley to the Supreme Court vacancy caused by the resignation of James Byrnes. Whereupon Barkley got mad and announced that he would insist on the petition being withdrawn altogether. The petition was withdrawn.

Barkley accordingly never was appointed by Roosevelt—and six years later he was elected Vice-President of the United States.

Your Senators and Representatives lead lives very much like those of ordinary business people. They have offices, secretaries and fairly regular business hours. One minor difference is that when Congress is in session they don't get time for lunch (they eat on the fly with an ear cocked for warning bells that can summon them back to the floor at any time). Also, they work in a pretty strange place.

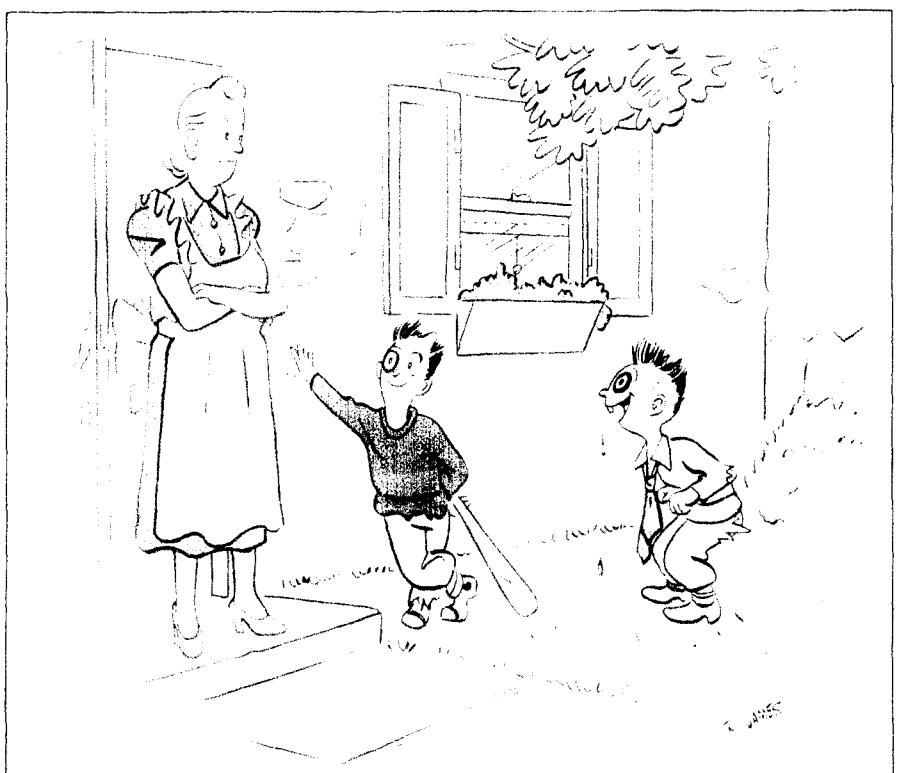
Sand for Blotting Ink

In the Senate, for example, each Senator's desk is equipped with an oversized salt shaker containing sand—the accepted equipment of 150 years ago for blotting the ink on freshly written documents. At the entrance to the Senate chamber, too, there still are two snuff-boxes fastened to the wall, one for the Democrats and one for the Republicans. And the Senate and House still have 70 of the traditional page boys, who are given the jobs on a patronage basis by the congressmen in their home state.

The boys, who are paid at the rate of $7.30 a day, just recently were taken out of ridiculous-looking short pants and put into long trousers. The Senate, still prefers its pages to be less than five feet four inches in height, however, because they are stationed in the sunken well on the Senate floor in front of the rostrum, and it is undignified and disconcerting for the tops of juvenile heads to be constantly visible to the Senators.

In the Capitol there is a school for the education of these page boys, plus enough other establishments to run a good-sized town. At a Senator's service (for free) are a plumber's shop, an electrician's shop, a notary public, a Treasury agent to help him with his income tax, a library, and a barbershop that features a shaving cup for each Senator with his name inscribed thereon.

The Senate even has a subway, a little electric car that shuttles back and forth underground between the Capitol and the Senate Office Building, a distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile. There is a man named Jack who wraps packages for the Senators, a picture framing shop, a water boy, a man in the electrician's shop who cashes checks, charging a fee



COLLIER'S "Mrs. Peters, can Willie come out and play?" R. JAMES

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Relax in an abundance of soft-seated width and roominess.
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Thrill to extra-high compression performance (7.3—1).
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The Car that's 103 Ways Different
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THE PRIDE OF WILLOW RUN

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of ten cents, a staff of physicians, and a room equipped with beds for daytime naps.

When a new congressman comes to Washington, one of the first things he does, after hiring a secretary, is to make his committee assignment preferences known to the majority or minority leader. If he has been a good boy and a party regular, the Committee on Committees then generally will give him what he wants, or a reasonable facsimile thereof. The good boys are put on gold-plated publicity-attracting committees like Foreign Affairs, Education and Labor and Banking and Currency. The irregulars and loud talkers often end up with such assignments as the District of Columbia Committee or Merchant Marine and Fisheries.

In any event, the new congressman—if he is smart—then keeps his mouth shut, works hard at his committee assignment, and picks up tricks of the trade. He discovers, for instance, that he does not have to be on the floor at all times, and that even if he wants to leave Washington at the time of an important vote, he can go to the pair clerk of his party to arrange to be "paired" with an absentee member of the other party.

When the vote is announced in the Congressional Record, the "pairs" also are recorded. The pairs do not count in the vote, since each consists of one positive vote and one negative vote, adding up to zero. This is the result of a gentleman's agreement worked out between the parties in the 1850s as a sort of mutual protection device. It is designed to take the heat off a congressman by making it appear to his constituents that, even though he is absent, he is interested in the issue being voted on.

Facts About Filibustering

The new congressman also learns that a legislative day can extend to three or four ordinary mortals' days when the presiding officer orders the clock stopped. And he learns that filibusters are not exactly the strength-sapping endurance speaking contests that the newspapers have made them out to be.

He soon gets to realize that endless quorum calls can give the filibusterer a rest at any time; and that when the filibusterer desires to leave the floor to go to the gentlemen's room, any of his colleagues will, just before he goes, do him the courtesy of asking him a question of such monumental length that it will consume time until the filibusterer can get back. The questioner will begin, "Does the Senator recall that—", and proceed to read a dissertation that is a speech rather than a question. The only man for whom the Senate ever refused to do this was the late Huey Long.

When your new congressman jauntily puts in his first bill, he usually finds that several of his colleagues have put in bills that are almost the same as his. When he recovers from this blow, he learns that the process of enacting a bill into law is an interesting one.

In the House, as long as the chamber is in session, any Representative can walk up and drop any bill in The Hopper, a box at the Speaker's rostrum. The bill is picked up by the parliamentarian who refers it to the proper committee, and passes it on to the bill clerk. The bill clerk numbers the bill and sends it to the Government Printing Office for printing. The next day, the House Documents Room distributes copies of the bill to the congressmen, the committee and the press.

Then the fight really begins. In nine cases out of ten, the bill is never submitted for a vote—it is pigeonholed by the committee, and there it dies. If it is not pigeonholed, the committee usually combines it with other bills, holds public hearings at which any "responsible citizen" can testify, rewrites the combined bill, votes on it and asks the Rules Committee for a "rule," or permission to get it on the floor.

When it reaches the floor, it is debated and, unless it is a very exceptional bill, it is amended. Then, if it is passed, and the Senate passes a dissimilar bill, a conference committee of both Houses must be appointed to iron out the differences. After that, if Senate and House both vote on it affirmatively, and provided the President doesn't use his veto, it becomes law.

What are the chances for advancement for your new congressman?

Even if he isn't very bright, the seniority system automatically will move him up (if you keep returning him to Congress for 20 years or so) and eventually he will become the powerful chairman of his committee, or ranking minority member. If he shows signs of leadership and ability, he may move along through progressive stages of influence and someday become whip, or majority or minority leader.

The majority leader is a very important man. In the House, he arranges the entire program for the House, decides what bills should be debated, and works out the time schedule with the Speaker, who will recognize him on the floor at all times to terminate debate, make a key speech, etc. In the Senate, where there is unlimited debate, his control is less effective. He is in constant touch with the committee chairmen, so he knows when important bills are ready to come out on the floor for debate. It is an exacting job. At one particularly hectic moment, House Majority Leader Representative John W. McCormack is reported to have mopped his brow and said, "I feel like a beachmaster in an invasion landing."

The whip is a sort of assistant majority leader, and often he succeeds the majority leader when that gentleman dies, is defeated for re-election or is moved along to higher things. The whip works closely with the majority leader in planning the program for the week ahead, and every Friday he gets out a mimeographed whip notice to inform the Senators or Representatives what will be cooking the following week. He also makes "whip checks" of how members of his party are going to vote on a controversial issue, and passes this information along to the majority leader, who tries to delay the vote until he is sure he has enough votes for passage.

Must Round Up Party Vote

For instance, on the House bill to extend Selective Service in August, 1941, there was enough jockeying for a dozen race tracks put together, until the measure finally squeaked through by a 203-202 vote. The third and most important duty of the whip is to round up his party's vote when it is needed.

What are the chances of your congressman rising in this hierarchy and becoming a good, useful legislator?

Part of the answer to that question lies—strangely enough—with *you*.

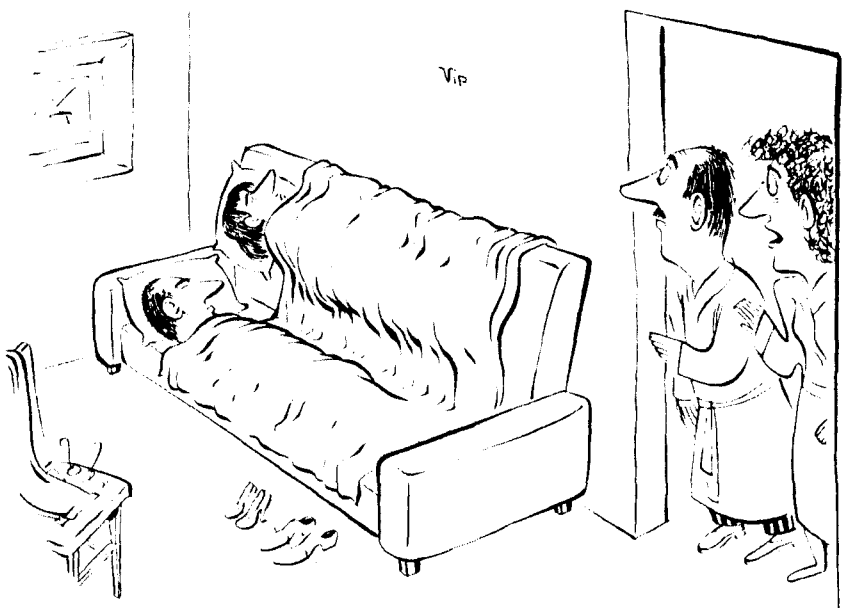
Normally, a congressman is expected to spend his mornings at committee meetings, his afternoons on the floor, and his evenings studying legislation. The unfortunate fact is that the congressman of today is burdened with so many requests from his constituents that this schedule is seriously cut into by his so-called "errand-boy duties."

One woman wrote Senator Saltonstall asking him what early American dishes she should cook for a fair in her home town. Congressman Herter had to work out a solution for a boy who was turned down by the Army because he had six toes. "You could have a toe amputated," Herter said after lengthy consultations with officials. This the boy did, and he was inducted forthwith.

One of the classic examples of wasted Congressional man-hours is the famous case of the "Blackstrap molasses" during the war. Because of war priorities, all the blackstrap molasses imported into this country was allocated for specified uses, but not including the making of insecticides. This caused cotton growers to scream because *they* needed blackstrap molasses to mix with arsenate of lead as an insecticide to kill boll weevils. So they descended on Washington—and whom did they go to see? You guessed it. Six Senators and 12 congressmen were tied up for an estimated total of 100 hours trying to locate the proper official in the Agriculture Department.

Finally they discovered him—a man in an insecticide subdivision, who was delighted to help out. He beamed at the cotton growers. "Why didn't you just write to the Secretary of Agriculture?" he said. "Your letter would have come right down to me and I would have been able to start work on your request the next day."

So our parliamentary system blunders along, and *you* contribute to its delinquency. But, as Winston Churchill put it, with all its faults, it still is the best system of government in the world. He wrote recently: "During the first few months (of the Nazi raids on London), I was never free from anxiety about the safety of the Members. After all, a free sovereign Parliament, fairly chosen by universal suffrage, was one of the points which was in dispute with the enemy. Parliament won."



COLLIER'S

"I thought you were going to show them how the back folds down"

VIRGIL PARTCH

Don't spend this summer by the side of the road!

Hot weather driving is tough on cars! In the summer, cars are driven longer—faster—and engines run hotter.

Be Safe...Be Sure...Insist on...

WOLF'S HEAD MOTOR OIL

WOLF'S HEAD MOTOR OIL resists high engine temperatures and the harmful effects of contamination caused by products of combustion, carbon, road dust. It gives full protection against corrosion to bearings and against engine wear.

WOLF'S HEAD MOTOR OIL—100% Pure Pennsylvania—is actually an 'oilier' oil. It is made from nature's finest, most expensive crude. Special refining processes, carried three steps further than ordinary oil, purify and further develop its exceptional, full-bodied lubricating qualities.

This summer, insist on WOLF'S HEAD MOTOR OIL and get a better run for your money during the hot driving weather that lies ahead.

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100% Pure Pennsylvania "Premium Grade" P.G.C.O.A. Permit No. 6

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Lou seemed to leap out of his chair. He fell and skidded down to the water, then got his footing again

THE LATE LOU REARDON

By JAMES ROBBINS MILLER

Lou's wife could not understand why he fished, much less why he always threw back the fish he caught. But the fish seemed to understand, and in the end they gave Lou what he wanted

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

MY EMBARRASSMENT was not so much at having been the last person to see Lou Reardon alive; I was also the only person who actually saw him disappear. This raised the question as to whether my account of it was true, and I must say I could hardly blame anyone who doubted it. I had some difficulty in believing it myself, and, in addition, I showed, I am sure, too small a measure of grief.

I was sorry about Reardon, for in the space of a week I had become genuinely fond of him, but I couldn't help feeling that his disappearance had been for him more triumphant than tragic. There was a good chance that he had executed it according to plan and that he would have wanted not our solicitude but, if anything, our congratulations. You can judge for yourself.

This thing happened at a place called Becket's Beach, which is some sixty miles north of Miami. It is an inn, built close to the water and accommodating perhaps twenty people at a time, most of them stand-bys who have come year after year. The food and the beds are superb; the sand is clean, the surf moderate and the surf fishing reliable. I got in for two weeks on someone's cancellation. Cap Jeffers, who ran the place, had a talent for introducing people without forcing them together, and by the end of the first week I felt very much at home. By that time I had also begun to take notice of Lou Reardon and his wife.

They were certainly the oldest couple at Becket's. Lou, I learned later, was sixty-seven. But he was a big man, heavily muscled, with a deep tan and a bald brown head that added considerably to his look of hardness. Up close, you could see the knobby toes and the leg veins that betrayed his age, but just watching him out there on the beach, surf casting for hours at a time, you thought of him as a fine specimen at any age. He fished diligently, competently, every morning and every afternoon.

So far as I could see, he had only one other interest, which was drinking Martinis. Each day, an hour before lunch, he broke out a small vacuum bottle, filled to the top, and stuck it into the sand beside his fishing place. He drank and cast out and reeled in and drank. When lunch was ready, he picked up the vacuum bottle and tossed what was left into the water. It was never more than a spoonful. Later, when he had finished fishing for the afternoon, he filled another vacuum bottle, twice as big. This was for himself and anyone who happened around between five and seven thirty. On a good day, he filled it three or four times.

HE WAS never drunk; that is, he was capably drunk most of the time, but never lost control. And that was a very real accomplishment for anyone with a wife like Mrs. Reardon. She was, I imagine, about as hard to live with as a human being could be. Still, it is not easy to criticize her. She was no dumpier than many other women of her age. She was neither mean nor crude. When she was not sitting on their porch, reading magazines, she went about wearing an enormous broad-brimmed straw hat, with a string running under her chin. The brim fluttered a little when she talked; and that was her overwhelming vice—she talked too much.

When I say too much, I am not judging her by the fairly quiet people I am inclined to enjoy. Mrs. Reardon could have left nine tenths of her words unuttered and she would still have been insufferable. She was simply one of those people who must bespeak every notion, every impression and every sensation they have.

All day long, it was, "My, that sky!" or "I've dropped a hairpin," or "Look at that ship out there, Louis," or "My skin is getting rough from this sea air," or "Wouldn't it be odd if it snowed down here, for just one day?" Everything. Reardon's responses were mild, but apparently adequate. He would nod or smile or say, "Mm-h'm." He never raised his voice. He never showed a sign of impatience.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 84)

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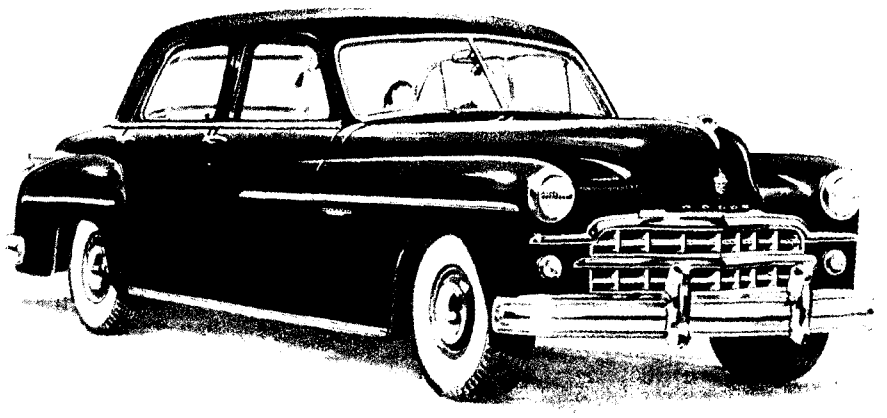
RIDE *in the new Dodge!*

..TWO DARING NEW MODELS THAT EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT!



The Exciting New Dodge **MEADOWBROOK**

Bigger Three Ways

LONGER on the inside . . . SHORTER outside!
WIDER on the inside . . . NARROWER outside!
HIGHER on the inside . . . LOWER outside!

Here's the car that dares to be different!

It's the new Dodge—bigger three ways! Longer . . . wider . . . higher on the *inside* to give you extra head room and leg room. Yet on the *outside* it is actually shorter, narrower, lower to make all handling easier!

Windshield is larger . . . doors open wide for easier entry. Seats are many inches wider . . . "knee-level", too, for full leg support.

You ride relaxed . . . comfortably "cradled" between the axles. In the new Dodge, *your* comfort comes first!

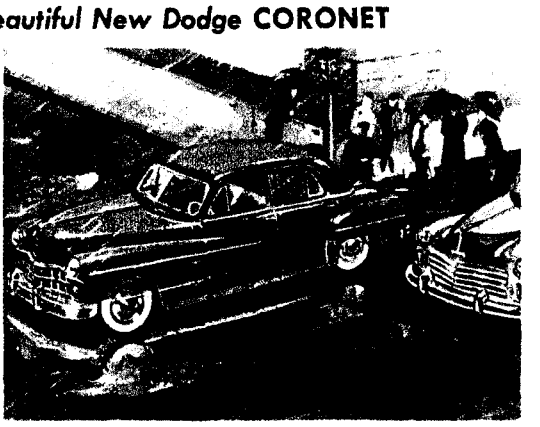
Powering both the new Dodge Coronet and new Dodge Meadowbrook is the famous Dodge "Get-Away" Engine . . . high compression engineered for extra power and greater gasoline economy.

Ride it . . . drive it! See how much more your money buys in the daring new Dodge!

The Beautiful New Dodge **CORONET**

"KNEE-LEVEL" SEATS give the natural distribution of body weight that makes the modern living room chair so comfortable.

DOORS OPEN WIDE—you step in or out without wrinkling or mussing clothes. Arm rests are on doors . . . out of the way.



"GET-AWAY" ENGINE—for flashing pickup . . . faster acceleration. Higher-compression engine squeezes extra miles from each tankful of gas.

The Daring New

DODGE

***gýrol* Fluid Drive plus GYRO-MATIC**
Frees You from Shifting

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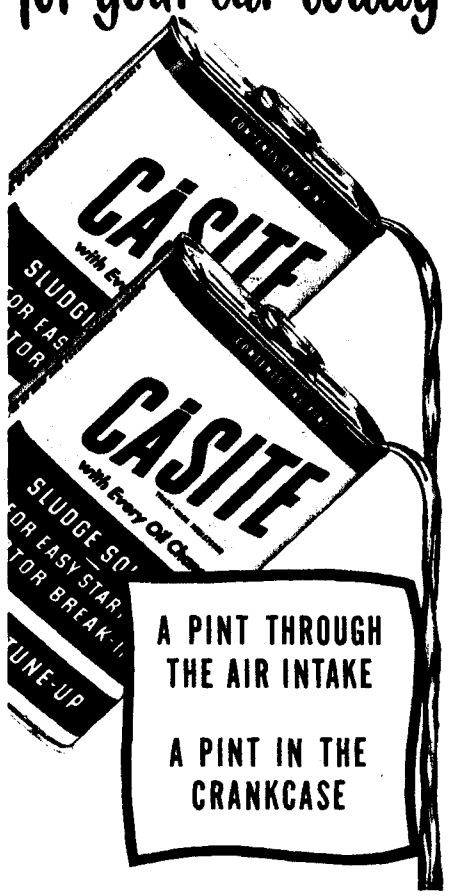
Get a
CASITE
TREATMENT
for your car today



You'll take to the road with a load off your mind—after a Casite Treatment. It releases power . . . removes binding goo . . . relieves sticky valves and rings.

A Casite Treatment cleans your engine, keeps it clean, slows formation of sludge and gum. When added to any motor oil, Casite gets it around quickly and into the tight spots, retarding wear, cutting repair bills.

Your garage, service station, or car dealer will give you a Casite Treatment today—at a very low cost.

THE CASITE CORPORATION
HASTINGS, MICHIGAN
Casite Division, Hastings Ltd., Toronto

BETTER AND SMOOTHER PERFORMANCE
OR *Double-Your-Money-Back*

NO MATCH FOR HER

Continued from page 16

"You can't have him, Helena," he said.

She smiled a little and came closer, and said softly, "Most men offer their loves the moon, if they want it. You deny me a mere advertising manager?"

"So that's your game," he replied. "All this time you've just been pretending to be in love with me so that you could get me to give you Harkness."

"Of course. Why else? If I offer him more money, he will come to me, Dan."

She was quite serious, a businesswoman angling for a competitor's employee. If she wanted him enough, it would make no difference to her that Dan was the competitor. He knew she would use any means she could to get Harkness. Not many women, he thought, could so completely disassociate business and love, or could be so tough in one, so tender in the other.

"No amount of money would persuade Harkness to work for a woman," he said to her. "There are other top-flight advertising men, if you want to change."

"But Harkness is the best."

"Yes." He gave her a smile that might have meant anything, but that he knew she would understand. "I always get the best. It's a gift I have."

SHE left a little later, and after a long enough interval he left too. In the crowded anonymity of her department store it was unlikely that he would be noticed or recognized, but if he should be, there was no reason for comment. He might be merely shopping—his own store was smaller, did not have all the departments this one did—or he might be looking things over, making comparisons, or he might have come to talk to Helena Olcott about that advertising manager—by now everyone at the cocktail party, and a reasonable number outside of it, knew that he and Helena had had a clash over Harkness.

It was typical of her that her office was workmanlike, uncluttered, almost bare, and that the little room beyond it, where she sometimes slept when she wanted to work very late, was feminine and luxurious, though she seldom used it.

She was waiting for him there, sitting in the blue satin chair in the lamé dress she had worn to the cocktail party. Her eyes matched the chair, and her hair, smooth, sleek, shining, matched the gold dress. She was the only woman he knew who could sit absolutely still, absolutely at ease, with nothing in her hands.

He came into the room quickly and lifted her to her feet. She was tall but he towered over her, dark and powerful and a little fierce. She had once told him that when he was angry or upset he smiled, but that when he meant to be tender he glowered like one of his intense and dour Scottish ancestors.

"I can't stay," he murmured presently. "I'm expected home for dinner—Helena, Helena, let's run away—let's find ourselves an island, without clocks, without stores, without anything that has to be done or anyone who has to be seen—"

She smiled. "A schoolboy's dream, my dear. Not for you and me. We couldn't exist in any such rarefied atmosphere—you know that. We need noise and excitement and struggle as a backdrop for our love."

He knew she was right. They had both had to fight their way through life, he because he had begun with nothing, she because she was a woman, and they had both thrived on it. Even their first explosive awareness of each other had started with a fight.

They had both wanted a certain strategic location for an outlet store, and blocked each other so effectively that a third party almost got it away from both of them. Finally she had made an appointment to see him and burst into his office, her remarkable eyes flashing but her voice perfectly controlled.

"I'll get the location in the end, Mr. Carmody," she had informed him. "I can go higher than you can, and you know it. Meanwhile, you're simply making things difficult and creating a fantastic price. I don't see why. There are other locations."

"Why don't you take one of them then, Miss Olcott?" he had asked her smoothly.

"Because I want this one, and since I'm certain to get it if I want it, you have nothing to gain by obstructing me this way."

He had looked at her standing there with her hands on his desk and he had thought: What a woman! She doesn't ask any quarter—she doesn't use her femininity—she's tough and direct as any man—yet, what a woman! And he had wondered, without any awareness of disloyalty, without any awareness of anything but the sudden clamor in his blood, how it would be to take her in his arms.

"Maybe I have something to gain," he said slowly, looking at her. "Maybe I have."

She had stared back at him, and he had known, though her expression barely changed, that she got his meaning. He had heard all about her, about the men she brushed away, but in that instant he knew it would be different with him.

"What do I have to do to get that location, Dan Carmody," she inquired shortly, "short of paying a price beyond all reason?"

"Nothing very much, Helena. Just ask me for it, that's all."

"Very well. I'm asking."

He smiled. "It's a good thing not to carry stubbornness too far. I never do myself. I dropped negotiations on the location this morning, just before you came in."

She had been big enough to laugh and hold out her hand. Then they had stood that way, their hands together, looking at each other, and they had both known that in time they were going to be lovers.

When Dan got home that night, his wife Mary seemed to him a woman he had never seen before. He had never examined his feeling for her. They had grown up together, and he had always assumed that he would marry her. He liked being with her—she was a quiet, soothing person who listened well and did not talk much. She had been a good companion of his boyhood, a girl who danced well and understood games and was reasonably pretty. She was a good wife—she adapted herself to Dan's moods and managed their home and their two young children capably. He had always assumed that he was very happy with her, that he loved her.

But once he had met Helena Olcott he realized that he had never understood what it could mean to be in love, to know a woman who had clever strength and the toughness of a man, so that he needed all his own cleverness and strength and toughness to deal with her, yet who was at the same time a warm, lovely, fascinating woman.

"If only we had met sooner," he told her, unaware of how often it had been said before by other men to other women. "What a life we might have had together, Helena!"

"Perhaps it's better this way. I'm not at all sure I was meant for marriage."

"Mary would let me go if I asked her. She's gentle and sweet—she'd never stand in my way, but—"

"I know, Dan. You can't walk out on her and the children. I wouldn't want you to do that—I wouldn't want to make someone else pay such a price for my happiness."

SO THEY saw each other in snatched moments, whenever it was possible to do so discreetly. Sometimes the need for such constant discretion, for secretiveness and lying, turned Dan's stomach, and he would want to shout the truth to Mary and have his love openly, the way he did everything else. But then he would get home and find Mary waiting for him, smiling her soft little smile, and she would put her arms around his neck in a way that was almost childlike and say, "Hello, Danny—how did it go to-

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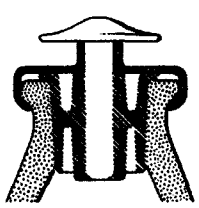

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day?" And he would know that he could never tell her, that she would never be able to bear it. She wasn't strong, like Helena. She leaned on him, depended on him, looked up to him. Once he had thought that this was all he wanted in a woman. Once, before he had known the splendid companionship, the exciting love of a woman like Helena.

He smiled down at Helena now, in the luxurious little room adjoining her office. "Maybe if everything had been smooth and easy for us," he said, "if I'd had no wife when you met me, no obstacles of any kind, you wouldn't have fallen in love with me at all."

"Maybe not." She said things like that sometimes, tormenting things. He never knew whether she meant them.

"Then you're not sure you love me for what I am. It may be merely because of the circumstances, the difficulties, all the surrounding factors." He spoke lightly, not knowing that his fingers tightened on her arms. "Another man, under the same exciting, uncertain conditions, might have done as well."

She said softly, "How do I know why I love you? What difference does it make so long as I do?"

He was annoyed with himself, after he left her, for putting himself in the position of petitioner with her. He did not know what had possessed him to question her love, to ask for reassurances, when he was perfectly sure of her. Almost all the way home he was in bad temper because he had been such a fool. It was only when he remembered that only a week or two ago she had required some sort of similar reassurance from him that he began to feel better. He knew that he must not let her have the upper hand too often.

MARY was putting the children to bed when he came in. The two little girls, Ann, three, and Peggy, five, were warm and soft from their baths. When he kissed them good night their fat arms clung, damp around his neck, and their smiles were angelic. He knew that an hour ago, with Mary, they had probably been dirty and noisy and difficult. He had all the best of them.

"Was the party an awful bore?" Mary asked him as they went down to dinner.

A strand of her brown hair had come loose as she bent over the children. She pushed it back with her hand and smiled at him. Her smile was sweet, but she was not really pretty any more. Hers had been the soft, fragile kind of prettiness that does not stand up well under childbearing and the responsibilities of managing a home. She looked tired, older than her twenty-eight years, and Dan was filled with pity and tenderness as he smiled back at her. He had the feeling that without him she would fade away as though she had never been.

"It was worse than usual," he said, in answer to her question. "The cocktails were warm."

"Who was there?"

He told her. When he came to Helena's name his heart beat faster, but he knew his voice was perfectly steady and casual. He had had long practice.

"Helena Olcott," Mary said. "She certainly turns up everywhere, doesn't she?"

He looked at her sharply, but there was nothing in her face to suggest that the remark had any hidden significance. How could it have? Mary couldn't know. No one knew. Helena and Dan had been too careful.

"She's an amazing woman," Dan said, with just the right note of impersonal admiration.

Mary changed the subject. She told him the little incidents of her day, what the children did, what the butcher said to her, whom she met in the street—the commonplaces of a housewife's life, yet she made them interesting. She had a knack for catching the comic or pathetic elements in small things.

It struck him that her whole life was devoted to making him comfortable, making him happy, making him laugh. The pity and tenderness welled up in him again. He had once mistaken this for love, but how infinitely different it was from the heady excitement of his relationship with Helena. Helena needed no man's pity or tender protection. She was strong and independent, a woman made for the love of a man who could match her strength with his own, who could handle her.

The telephone rang as they got up from the table. It was Harkness, Dan's advertising manager.

"Listen, Dan," he said, "I don't know what the devil to do. Olcott just phoned —she said she'd have to have my decision by morning. She wants me over there."

"What you can't teach me, Mom, I'll learn from cook books. If I take Domestic Science in school the boys'll think I'm too anxious"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

Dan's knuckles turned white on the receiver. "I thought you wouldn't work for a woman."

Harkness' sigh came loudly over the wires. "I thought I wouldn't, too. But she says she won't interfere with me, and she's got a reputation for keeping her word. Dan, she offered me so much money I don't see how I can turn it down."

"Then you're not asking my advice. You knew what you were going to do before you telephoned."

"Don't be sore, Dan. You know how it is. You buy an expensive house and you send your kids to the best schools and it always takes more money than you figured, so that money gets to be more important than it ought to be. In the old days, before I had anything, I could do as I liked."

Dan hung up. He had the feeling that Harkness was not just going over to Helena because of the money, that he really wanted to work for her after all. He was furious, yet he had no right to be furious. Harkness would have been a fool not to better himself when he got the chance, and Helena—well, if Helena could get the best advertising man in the city, it was her privilege to take him.

"Is something wrong, Dan?"

He had not noticed that Mary had come into the room and was watching him. The wisp of hair had come loose again, but she did not seem aware of it this time. She was too thin, he thought —he would have to get her to drink milk or something.

"That was Jim Harkness," he explained to her. "He's going to work for Helena Olcott."

"Oh, that's too bad," she said. But he knew she did not really understand. How could she? It was more than the loss of a first-rate advertising manager. It was the idea of losing to Helena. He had told her she couldn't have Harkness, but she had him. Whether it was because he had less money at his disposal, or because he could not inspire sufficient loyalty in his employees, or for some other reason, did not matter. The fact remained that in this instance he had been no match for her.

There could not be too many such instances with Helena.

The phone rang again, and he had a moment's absurd hope that it was Harkness, calling back to say he had changed his mind. But it was not Harkness. It was, incredibly, Helena. She had never telephoned him at home before. She had never telephoned to him at all, except by prearrangement, when he knew that he would be alone.

"Mr. Carmody, this is Helena Olcott," she said. "There are several matters I'd like to discuss with you concerning Mr. Harkness. Could you possibly come here to my office sometime this evening?"

There must be some urgent reason why she wanted to see him, or she would never have called his home on such a preposterous pretext. However, he was in no mood to run the moment she beckoned.

"I'm sure it can wait until morning, Miss Olcott," he said.

"Of course it can. However, if you should find a little later that you are free—"

When he had hung up, Mary said, "I wonder how she got our private number. It isn't in the directory."

He shrugged it off. "She's a clever woman. She gets anything she wants."

Mary settled herself comfortably back in her chair and began darning one of his socks. "You're wrong about Helena Olcott. What she wants most she'll never get," she said.

He stood very still. "What are you talking about?"

"Helena Olcott." She gave him an odd smile and then went back to the sock. "Someone has called me up several different times during the past months to tell me about you and her."

"What nonsense!" he said harshly. "Some gossip—"

"No, I don't think so. I think it was Helena Olcott herself. The same person called again this afternoon, just before you came in, to say that you had been with her after the cocktail party, in her private room at the store. Could anyone else have known that?"

HE DID not see how anyone else could. There had been no one in her office when he went there—they had all gone for the day. And yet it was absurd.

"Mary, you know that's foolish," he said. "If Miss Olcott and I—if there were anything—why would she call up herself and tell you so? You would be the last person she'd want to have find out."

He was aware, suddenly, that they were talking quite conversationally, as though of something unrelated to themselves. Mary finished one sock and started on another. She said:

"If she meant to go on with you secretly, that would be true, but I'm sure she doesn't. She wants to marry you. Of course she can't let you know—you wouldn't admire a woman who would deliberately break up your home—but if she lets me know, then I'll take the children and leave you and go to Reno, and the way will be clear." She smiled again. "It would be a big combine, wouldn't it? Your store and hers and Jim Harkness handling the advertising. Maybe that's what she wants to see you about tonight —to tell you she thinks I know, to force the issue."

"Mary—" he began, and stopped. She had dug down under the socks in the sewing basket and brought out a tiny lace handkerchief and a lipstick in a gold case. Both were initialed.

"These didn't get into your pocket by accident, one last week, or a month or so ago. If you'd been carrying them for her for any reason, you'd have remembered to return them. I know you."

He moved across the room, stood leaning against the mantel with his face in the shadows. All he could feel was a dull heaviness. But then something else stirred in him. Helena had hurt Mary, poor, defenseless Mary. She was as ruthless in love as she was in business—as ruthless and as clever.

"Are you going to leave me, Mary?" he asked quietly.

She looked up at him, the wisp of hair still falling across her forehead. "And have Peggy and Ann grow up in a broken home, without a father? Try to make my own life all over again, after seven years, without a husband? No, Dan, there wouldn't be any sense to it."

"You mean you aren't going to do—anything?"

"I don't have to, Dan," she said. "I'm your wife. I don't have to do anything but wait."

He stood without speaking. All at once, above everything else that he was feeling, he wanted to laugh. By golly, he thought, she was a match for me—she was a match for all of them—but she was no match for my little Mary!

He went and pushed the stray hair gently back from her forehead, with tenderness, but not with pity.

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HE MAKES THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS GO ROUND

Continued from page 24

to take a whirl on his revolving chargers every time he completed a new carrousel. "Oh, I *love* merry-go-rounds!" he remarks with glee.

Wendler's working life has been marred by one sad circumstance. Though he has a passion for carrousels, it is only with the greatest degree of self-control that he can bring himself to ride on one. The marvelous ups and downs, the defiance of the laws of gravity, the swift, exquisite circular glides through space which delight so many make Wendler dizzy.

Despite this unfortunate weakness, Wendler is unable to envision himself in any other kind of business. "I guess I was just born to make them and I've been doing just that for 61 years. Maybe the idea came from Up There," he says, jerking his thumb up toward the sky. Whatever the origins of Wendler's passion for carrousels, he and the Allan Herschell Company probably owe a considerable debt to Louise de la Vallière, mistress of King Louis XIV of France.

Knights Ride at Royal Party

The connection appears to be somewhat as follows:

To entertain his lady friend, King Louis decided in 1662 to hold a gigantic celebration in a Paris square, with mounted knights jousting and riding in various precise formations. The common herd of Parisians, of course, were excluded from this high party, at which a good deal of feasting and love-making went on.

At the end of the day, the knights galloped around one another in an ancient cavalry tournament called the *carosello,* and pelted the opposite teams with thin clay balls. They tossed other balls filled with perfume and confetti to the lady spectators. Finally, all this got to the ears of a Parisian toymaker, who decided to duplicate this colorful display for neighboring children. He modeled horses, cats and dogs from wood, nailed them in a circle around a crude axle, and set the display in motion. That may well have been the first toy carrousel.

From this toy, larger models were made, with horses big enough for children to sit on. In Italy, itinerant fair showmen added the music of the hand organ. Germans added the band organ, cranked by hand, and soon carrousels were popping up all over western Europe, particularly England, where they are still called "roundabouts."

It was through two German immigrants, Carl Landow and John Newman, that John Wendler made the acquaintance of what was probably the first merry-go-round. Wendler was ten, and Landow and Newman began to build the strange contraption one day in 1879 on a neighboring farm in Wolcottsburg, New York.

This first merry-go-round was a crude affair—no band organ, no motor, no gallops, no gaudy canopy. Four men stood on a raised platform and pushed by hand the crossbars from which eight pairs of horses were suspended. (Anyone who pushed for three rides could get one free.) Music was provided by two men, one beating a drum, the other tooting a pipe. Wendler's first ride made him thoroughly sick. Despite that, he was entranced. On the spot, he resolved to become a merry-go-round man.

A few years later, a passing house painter happened to hear Wendler discussing the new possibilities in merry-go-rounds, and informed him that a North Tonawanda firm called Armitage-Herschell had just started making carrousels. Wendler shot into town, described his passion for merry-go-rounds, and was hired as a painter. He painted merry-go-round horses, goats, hens, tigers, leopards with such enthusiasm that he was soon assigned the exalted post of merry-go-round salesman.

At about this time the U.S. carnival business was getting under way as a major industry, and a craze for the new-fangled merry-go-round devices had just hit in a big way. A British firm had even crashed in with a double-decker merry-go-round. It was installed at Coney Island but proved unsatisfactory, having violated one of the basic tenets of the roustabouts' litany: Never make a customer climb stairs to get on a ride. Wendler, though racked by fever caught in the then malaria-ridden swamps of North Tonawanda, tore around spreading the gospel of the merry-go-round so effectively that the factory was soon turning out nearly one a day. Most of them were steam-driven and elaborately carved, with figures of Greek swordsmen in dramatic poses.

"We aim to carry in stock horses in galloping, trotting, jumping and charging styles . . . all handsomely decorated . . . with jewels," proclaimed an early company catalogue.

In the midst of these glorious beginnings, the North Tonawanda merry-go-round factory broke down. The company got caught in the land-boom bubble of 1900 and its band organs stopped with a groan. In 1903, it was reorganized as the Herschell-Spillman Company. In 1915, Wendler broke away, with Allan Herschell and Fred Fritsche, and organized the Allan Herschell Company, which eventually bought out the original company.

Today, the Allan Herschell Company is wholly owned by the Wendler family. John's son, William, is vice-president, and his daughter, Mary, is bookkeeper. Merry-go-rounds are not their entire stock in trade. The company totals up a $1,500,000 annual turnover by producing other carnival rides known by such modest names as Moon Rockets, Sky Dives, Silver Streaks, Flying Turns, Ridee-O-Rides, Caterpillars, Hurricanes and Loopers. John, being a merry-go-round man first, last and foremost, delegates charge of these fearsome modern engines to William, in order to devote most of his own time to carrousels.

"The merry-go-round," says the old man, "will still be going when Hurricanes, Caterpillars and Moon Rockets are forgotten."

Carrousels Now Streamlined

This does not mean that John Wendler is immune to change. Indeed, in 61 years of toil, thought and creation he has revolutionized the merry-go-round. Today, Wendler's carrousels are streamlined.

The streamlined model contains no Lovers' Tubs, chariots, giraffes or pigs. Lighting is fluorescent and indirect. The band organ has disappeared, and has been replaced with what the Allan Herschell catalogue describes as a "Merri-org," which is neither more nor less than a record changer, amplifier and loudspeaker. However, the Merri-org does play recordings of such fine band organ favorites as The Royal Trumpeteers, Blaze Away, Columbia the Gem of the Ocean, Poet and Peasant Overture, and Just Before the Battle, Mother.

As Wendler remarks, the merry-go-round business has to keep up with the times. It must be modern—of necessity. "We can't afford to make merry-go-rounds like we used to, with all that wood carving," he explains. "And even if we could, most of our craftsmen have died off. In the old days, we used to sell merry-go-rounds for anywhere from $4,000 to $15,000. Today our prices run from $10,000 for a 36-foot, two-horses-abreast carrousel, to $21,000 for a 45-foot, four-abreast ride. The average price is about $12,000. If we had the kind of hand carving that we used to put into our merry-go-rounds, the average price would shoot up to about $30,000."

Rising costs have prohibited the manufacture of band organs, which once went with every merry-go-round. This is somewhat of a blow to Wendler. However, the company still has an old, elaborately carved band organ from which the original Wurlitzer music rolls are recorded on disks for replaying on the Merri-org. Wendler loves to listen to these old tunes.

Oom-Pah Tunes for Oldsters

When the brilliantly colored horses are sent jumping and spinning on test runs, loaded down with sandbags as weights, Wendler feels much happier with an accompaniment of band organ tunes like Through the Line, Fidelity, and Electric Current (March). These splendid, oom-pah tunes also hearten the old craftsmen, with whom Wendler likes to play euchre, though some of the young blades in the factory substitute some very hep, hot records for these marches when the old man is away in the horse department, inspecting a new line of fierce wooden steeds.

The merry-go-round horses, too, have changed with the times. Today instead of being carved wholly by hand the heads, limbs, hoofs and tails are cast in aluminum. The bodies, still made from basswood (one of the few woods which can be carved across the grain), are rough-shaped, six at a time, on a machine which reproduces their outlines from a master carving.

The bodies are smoothed by sanding machines, fitted with heads, tails and legs, then painted.

"Oh, the merry-go-round business is changing all right," remarked John Wendler recently as he led a visitor through a dingy series of connecting doors, steps and alleys into the bright, riotous color of the horse-painting shop, which was filled with hundreds of fantastic figures. "But it'll never die out," he added.

Wendler took a quick tour of inspection along a straight row of newly painted merry-go-round horses. From their wild, frozen prancing postures they leered up at him with dripping tongues and glaring eyes. Wendler trotted by with the dignity of the King of England looking over his Tenth Hussars at the Horse Guards' Parade on Shrove Tuesday. "We get letters from private people nearly every week asking for horses," he remarked, touching a horse's mane with his finger to see if it were dry. "They want them for their kids. But we're too busy supplying the merry-go-round business to supply private folks with horses." Wendler paused to say a few words to Pete Flach, one of his few remaining wood carvers, who was dexterously cutting out an elaborate ornamentation on a dismembered horse's body, an operation which he has been performing on kangaroos, tigers, pigs and frogs for 39 years.

"We're about 25 per cent behind on our carrousel orders," Wendler said on leaving the wood carver and setting off toward the "roundhouse" where the merry-go-rounds are assembled. "There's a big demand. I've seen operators make as much as $1,000 a day in rides—of course, the nickel ride has gone up to twenty cents these days. But even in the old days there was plenty of money in merry-go-rounds."

To prove this point Wendler told of

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the experience of his friend, J. D. Gwin, of Rolling Prairie, Indiana, who took two steam-driven merry-go-rounds to Tahiti. Gwin found himself in a terrible fix, because he couldn't get coal or wood to fuel the rides. Finally, he fired the merry-go-rounds on coconut hulls.

"He made so much money," Wendler said, "he had to cart his take on board with wheelbarrows. Before he left, he sold one of his merry-go-rounds to a local man. The fellow who bought it made a fortune out of it, and put up a four-story hotel."

Wendler opened the door of the merry-go-round house. Inside, a Merri-org was grinding out, with the crashing sound of trumpets, drums, cymbals and bells, the tune of The American Patrol. Workmen were busy assembling drive shafts, poles, gears, flashy wooden panels, sweeps and crossrails. Glittering wooden horses stood glowering out of their wooden crates.

"This is our most popular merry-go-round," said Wendler, indicating the machine the men were assembling. "Thirty horses, all jumping, three abreast. Room for two chariots, and sells for about $11,000. In the old days, the three-abreast model came with 25 horses, two zebras, two dogs, two roosters, two pigs, one Lovers' Tub, one rocking chariot, one stationary chariot and a 41-piece military band organ with two barrels playing eight tunes each."

Lovers' Tubs, it appears, were placed on the inside of the ride, revolving in the opposite direction to the horses, and were very popular with young couples. Allan Herschell once built a merry-go-round entirely equipped with Lovers' Tubs. The result, as Wendler puts it, was a "dramatic failure" equaled only by the ill-fated double-decker merry-go-round.

Putting Up and Taking Down

"There's a lot of engineering in there," said Wendler, pointing to a great pile of parts. "We have to build our merry-go-rounds so that they can be put together and taken down in a few hours. Carnival operators seldom keep them on one site more than a week. They take them down during the night, and often have them up again a hundred miles away the next morning. We design them with scarcely any nuts and bolts, so that they can be taken apart, or put together with very little more than a hammer. But with all that portability, we feel we must maintain a safety factor of eight to one—every part is eight and sometimes 15, times stronger than it has to be."

As Wendler was talking, the merry-go-round started slowly to circle counterclockwise on a test run. It occurred to me that I'd never seen a merry-go-round running clockwise, and I asked Wendler about it.

"I once saw a German merry-go-round that went clockwise," he said, "but that's the only one. I don't know why it is, but just about every carnival ride I know runs counterclockwise."

Another odd thing about the merry-go-round business, says Wendler, is that 60 to 70 per cent of riders are not children but adults.

"They are probably trying to recapture some of their childhood moments," he said.

For himself, for the Allan Herschell Company and for people everywhere, Wendler can think of nothing better than the promotion of the merry-go-round as a pleasure, a philosophy, a way of life. Practically every child in North Tonawanda and every carnival man in the country knows him.

He Prefers Simple Living

Wendler has never cared for the so-called better things in life. In many ways a shy man, he lives simply. He likes to play cards with the old wood carvers at his factory, talk about merry-go-rounds and take his daily nip of gin with a beer chaser, a drink for which he is famous throughout the carnival business.

When he arrives at his office shortly before eight every morning after cooking his own breakfast, he invariably takes out a rag and a bottle of wax from a drawer of his desk. He polishes the desk until it shines like a mirror, then sits down to his mail, and with the genial noise of band organ music echoing through the factory, he gets to work.

Soon he is completely engrossed, his white hair over his eyes, his mind fairly whirling—counterclockwise, no doubt—with the pressing problems of his world: medium-sized horses for small-sized merry-go-rounds, small-sized horses for medium-sized merry-go-rounds, big-sized horses for big merry-go-rounds and other vastly agreeable combinations. If the civilized world owes John Wendler and the Allan Herschell Company a certain debt, he doesn't seem particularly aware of it. He just loves merry-go-rounds. As to the future, he looks to it with the serenity of the true carrousel man.

"There'll be merry-go-rounds," he says gently, "as long as there are children."

COLLIER'S "Who taught him to bring me the dish towel?" DAN KOERNER

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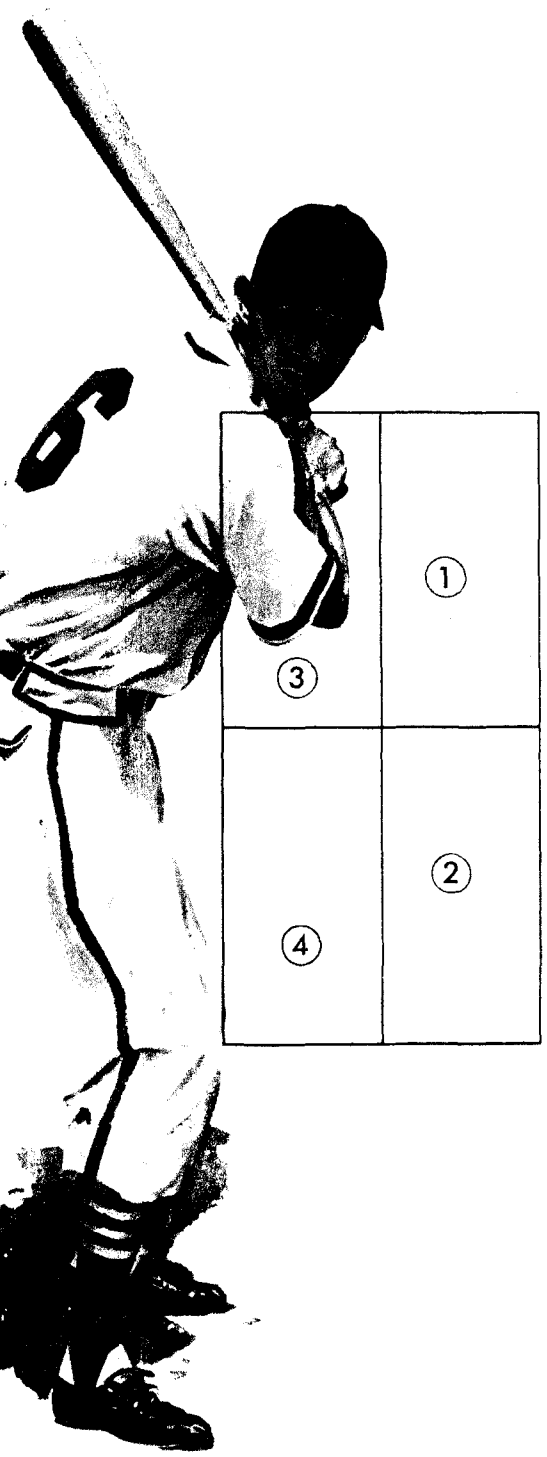
Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

Manager Eddie Dyer claims Stan Musial hits anything, anywhere, any time—and has Stan's .376 major-topping average to prove it



At the plate, Musial sets up a mental image of the strike zone to gauge the pitches he is able to hit. A high outside pitch (1) is a long fly ball to left center field. He pulls a high insider (3) to the right—getting maximum power for a possible home run. Low pitches are usually line drives or grounders to left field (2) or to right center (4)

WHEN the St. Louis Cardinals loaded the bases in the ninth inning of a tie game with the Braves in Boston last summer, Manager Billy Southworth decided it was time to change pitchers. Percentage-minded Billy jerked right-handed Bill Voiselle and rushed in left-handed Clyde Shoun to face Stan Musial—the National League's leading hitter and a left-handed slugger.

Southworth's strategy—dictated by Billy's uncompromising belief that left-handed sluggers can't hit left-handed pitchers consistently—convulsed the bench jockeys in the St. Louis dugout. "Sorry, boy," Manager Eddie Dyer shouted to Musial, "I'll have to send up a right-hander to swing for you."

"Yeah, Skip," Musial grinned, "I just can't seem to buy a base hit any more."

Then Musial (who had four straight hits) slashed number five over second, driving in the winning run and climaxing another perfect day at the plate. Stan went five for five (as the ballplayers put it) four times last year, equaling the major league record set by Ty Cobb.

After Musial spoiled Southworth's strategy, Dyer commented: "Most left-handed batters have trouble with left-handed pitchers, just as right-handed batters have trouble with right-handed pitchers—and for the same reason. When the pitcher's arm and the hitter's bat are on the same side of the plate, curve balls break away from the hitter. When the arm and bat are on opposite sides of the plate, curves break into the batter—and they're easier to hit. But Musial doesn't care which way those curves break. Stan just hits—period."

The record book supports Dyer's opinion that Musial hits anywhere, any time, against right-handers or left-handers, day or night, at home or on the road. Here's the breakdown on Stan's amazingly consistent .376 average, which topped the majors last season.

Against left-handed pitchers, Musial batted .385; against right-handers .370; with men on base .378; with bases empty .375; and, oddly enough, although Stan dislikes night ball as much as the average hitter, he batted .396 after dark—20 points above his season average.

What does baseball's leading hitter think about when he's at the plate?

Stan explains: "I have a mental image of the strike zone—a vertical square just in front of the plate. When the pitch hits that square, I decide how to swing. If it's an outside pitch, I'll slice toward left. If it's inside, I'll come around and pull toward right.

"Of course I start watching the ball the instant it leaves the pitcher's hand. I know as soon as he throws whether it's his hard one, his fast ball or his curve. Naturally the curve is slower and I slow my swing—I'm always set for the fast pitch."

DENTAL DIVOTS

Cary Middlecoff, the golfing dentist from Memphis, learned a lot on his first swing around the pro tournament circuit. "On West Coast courses," Cary says, "the grass was thin and kind of slick, not thick and spongy like our Southern layouts.

"Then I discovered you have to take it easy on Rocky Mountain courses. I started out walking fast—and almost wore out in a couple of holes.

"And some tournaments you just can't win. Tacoma, for instance. Five of us tied for first. In the play-off, Porky Oliver and I tied, so we decided to make the second play-off round sudden death.

"On the first hole, I got a birdie—but Porky won. He got an eagle."

STABLE COMMODITIES

No doubt about it, the people who name race horses have more imagination than the people who name Pullman cars. Among Louis B. Mayer's juveniles are: Whoa, a filly out of Stop Sign; Complacency, a filly out of Smirk; Forever After, a colt out of Happy Ending; and In Our Time, a filly out of Appeasement.

VARSITY VERSATILITY

Dike Eddleman of Illinois and George Stanich of UCLA are the busiest young men in college athletics. Eddleman was varsity halfback on the football team last fall, played first-string forward on the basketball squad during the winter and may win the national collegiate high-jump title for the track team before graduating in June—if Stanich doesn't.

Stanich has just completed a successful basketball campaign (he was an All-West nominee for Collier's All-America). This spring, George pitched for the UCLA baseball team, to keep limber for high-jump engagements with the track squad. George also works in the school cafeteria. He's a pot scrubber.

Dike and George had a chance to settle their private scrap for the Most Versatile title at the Olympics, but they merely complicated the argument by tying for third place in the high jump at 6′ 4¾″. Stanich cleared 6′ 9″ in practice at London—probably the highest leap since the day Les Steers raised the record to 6′ 11″ in 1941.

Elvin (Ducky) Drake, UCLA's track coach, insists George could top Steers's mark if Art Reichle, UCLA baseball coach, would stop bothering him. Reichle insists George could develop into a big-league pitcher if Drake would stop bothering him. (Last spring, Stanich beat Southern California 2 to 0; Southern Cal subsequently won the national collegiate championship.)

Stanich plans to concentrate on baseball for sound financial reasons. Specialization pays off in sports, as it does in business and industry. Take the case of the versatile Eddleman, who hasn't been overwhelmed with offers of pro contracts.

Football scouts watching Dike reported: *Good punter, fair defense but too slow as ball carrier.* Basketball scouts said: *Okay, if you can use a set shot, but not outstanding otherwise.*

Since pro track has never been a lucrative field, it appears that Eddleman will have to go to work for a living (which probably is the best thing that can happen to a college athlete in the long run). Meanwhile, one-sport specialists like Frank Tripuca, Notre Dame quarterback; Ed Macauley, St. Louis center, etc., are signing fat professional contracts. Moral: It doesn't pay an athlete to be a jack-of-all-sports.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

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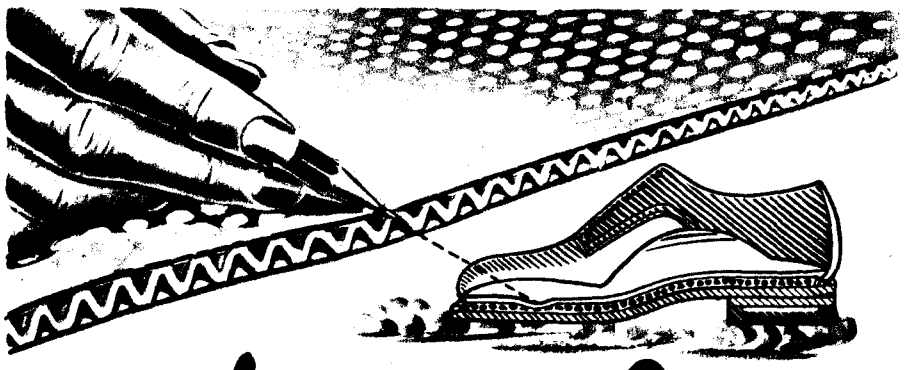

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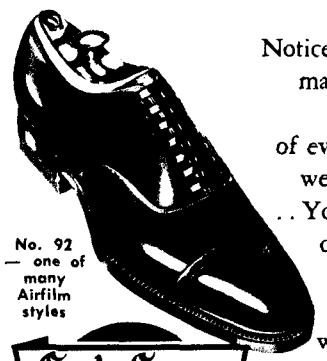

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LONELY BOY

Continued from page 31

"Don't be so shy, Tommy!" he said. "I brought Sandra especially for you! She won't want to come again if you act like a bump on a log."

Sandra had slipped her arm through Tommy's and laughed a silvery laugh. "Don't pay any attention to him, Tommy. He wants to talk to Dr. Dakin anyway. You show me around the school."

It was his dream world come true. Tommy managed so that as many of the boys as possible saw him with the wondrous Sandra. He stammered out a burning wish just before they rejoined Ellis. "Would you let me—may I—may I write to you, Sandra?"

"But of course, Tommy! I'd love it," she told him.

And so he began pouring out his heart to her in a stream of letters.

ELLIS brought her back again, quite often. Tommy's prestige rose. Even Wilfred Hadley, the head boy, asked him about Sandra, and Tommy said: "We're—we're sort of engaged."

It wasn't too improbable, Tommy told himself. She couldn't be more than five years older than he was. In three years he would be eighteen, and lots of people get married at eighteen.

"Lucky you!" Hadley had said.

Then came that day in the spring when Ellis brought Sandra to the school and Tommy got up his courage to ask her to the prom.

"But, Tommy, I'd love it!" she said.

His cup was filled to overflowing. He put her name down on his list for the formal invitations that were sent out by Dr. Dakin and Miss Sophia, and waited for the day when the dance programs would be made out. It was a great day. He didn't have to go pleading for dances. He just sat in his room and they came to him—and Wilfred Hadley was one of the first. His problem really was to save some dances for himself. The boys kidded him, and laughed and joked with him, and for the first time in his whole life he felt he belonged. . . .

It was the morning after that one of the new boys stuck his head in the door of Tommy's classroom. "Dr. Dakin wants you, Blount."

Tommy felt no premonition of disaster. Dr. Dakin often talked to him about his studies, and how things were going.

As he walked across the campus toward the headmaster's office, boys who had never noticed him before waved and shouted, "Hi-ya, kid!" It was easy, and natural and wonderful. Sandra had done this for him; wonderful, unbelievable Sandra.

Dr. Dakin was sitting in the swivel chair behind his desk. He looked tired, and a little gray. Tommy wondered if he wasn't feeling well.

"You sent for me, sir?"

"Yes, Blount," Dr. Dakin said. "Sit down if you like."

Tommy sat down in a straight chair beside the desk.

Dr. Dakin turned his own chair so that he was looking out the window. "I've been going over the invitations to the Senior Prom, Blount," he said.

"Yes, sir." Tommy guessed what was coming. Some one girl was always made queen for the prom week end. It was almost always the head boy's girl. But Tommy sensed that an exception was to be made. It wasn't unnatural that they simply couldn't by-pass Sandra.

"Blount, I'm extremely sorry," Dr. Dakin said, "but I cannot send out your invitation to Miss Graves."

Tommy sat frozen in his chair. He couldn't have heard correctly. "I—I beg your pardon, sir. I—I don't think I—"

"I know what a disappointment it is to you, Blount," Dr. Dakin said. "I'm more sorry than I can say."

Tommy's mouth was dry as dust. "But, sir—*why?* I don't understand!"

A nerve twitched in Dr. Dakin's cheek. "As you know, Blount, these invitations go through mine and my sister's hands to make certain there are no—no mistakes. Unfortunately it is quite impossible that Miss Graves should come to the dance with you."

"Why?" Tommy's voice shook. His eyes felt scorched, and his throat ached intolerably.

Dr. Dakin swung around to face Tommy, and his deep-set eyes were filled with pain. "Blount, I'm afraid I can't offer you an explanation."

"But you can't do this, sir!" Tommy cried. "You—you *have* to explain!" You didn't talk to Dr. Dakin that way, but what did it matter? The whole world was spinning off into space.

"I'm afraid I can't explain, Blount," Dr. Dakin said.

"You can't drop it there, sir!" Tommy's voice rose to something like a shriek. "You're attacking Miss Graves. I'll go to Ellis—I'll tell him—we'll get the finest lawyer in the world—we'll sue you—we'll—we'll—"

Dr. Dakin was silent for a moment listening to Tommy's sobs. "Yes, you should go to see your father, Blount. You can catch the twelve-forty from Peekskill. I'll have the station wagon drive you over. And you have my permission to stay home until after the prom. You needn't tell the other boys, Blount. We'll simply say you're ill."

"You can't do this," Tommy said. "I want the whole world to know what a—what a *heel* you are, sir!" The room was suddenly a tomb. Tommy waited for the lightning to strike; for the thunderbolt to rip through the ceiling and kill him dead.

The nerve twitched again in Dr. Dakin's cheek. "I think you'd better get ready for your trip to New York, Blount."

Tommy turned and ran out of the office. Outside, in the corridor, he ran head on into Miss Sophia Dakin. He tried to jam his way past her.

"Tommy! Tommy, my dear!" she said, gently.

"Go away!" Tommy screamed at her. "Go away! Go away!"

TOMMY reached his room in East Hall, and locked the door behind him. The clock on his desk told him it would be nearly two hours to train time. He felt as though he were going to vomit, and he lay down on the bed and prayed it wouldn't happen. He didn't want to have to go down the hall to the bathroom. Someone might see him and ask him what the trouble was.

He was horribly confused. Dr. Dakin was a stern man; he was severe if you broke the rules; but he was also a just man. Tommy had always clung to that idea in his four miserable years in the school. He might not be happy, he might not have friends, but you could count on a square deal at Dakin. Now this!

He rolled over on his face and beat his fists into the pillow. He can't do this! *He can't do this!* Tommy began to think about retaliation. He had learned never to count on Ellis too much, but Ellis had brought Sandra to the school. He'd just *have* to take a hand in this. They'd get a famous lawyer. They'd make Dr. Dakin pay every cent he had in the world for this outrage. Even that didn't seem enough. For a wild moment Tommy had a fantasy of Ellis giving Dr. Dakin a physical beating.

When he arrived at Grand Central, Tommy went to a phone booth and

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called Ellis' apartment. There was no answer. For a moment he felt lost and frightened.

Even if Ellis wasn't at home, Yakima, his Philippine valet and dresser, always answered. Then Tommy realized that this was a matinee day and that both Ellis and Yakima would be at the theater. It was five minutes of two and Tommy figured he'd get to the theater about quarter past and there'd be fifteen minutes in which to talk to Ellis before he had to go on.

The doorman at the theater remembered him. "You know where your father's dressing room is, son?"

"Yes, sir," Tommy said.

He walked backstage, to the dressing-room door with the star on it. He knocked and after a moment Yakima stuck his head out. Yakima was all teeth and beady eyes and to the best of Tommy's knowledge he never did anything but hiss. He would hiss in different inflections.

"Ssss!" Yakima said, expressing surprise and pleasure.

"Who is it, Yakima?" Ellis' deep rich voice came from inside.

Yakima turned and said, "Sssss!" and opened the door wide enough for Ellis to see. Ellis was seated at his dressing table, his broad shoulders draped with a bright orange silk dressing gown, looking very handsome.

"Tommy!" Ellis said, scowling. "What the devil are you doing here? Why aren't you at school?"

"I had to see you, Father," Tommy said, walking into the room. He moistened his lips. "Something's happened—something terrible—"

"What the hell have you been up to now?" Ellis said.

"I haven't done anything, Father," Tommy said. "But—"

"I can't talk to you now, Tommy," Ellis said. "You know that."

"But, Father, I—"

"I'll talk to you after the matinee," Ellis said. He turned away, leaned toward the mirror with its frame of colored light bulbs, and put two little red dots at the inner corners of his eyes.

"But, Father!"

Ellis faced him again. "Now, look, Tommy, I can't talk now. Go out front and see the show—or go to a movie—or sit there in the corner and *keep still.* After the performance I'll have time."

"I'll wait here," Tommy said. He sat on a straight chair in the corner, rigid, unmoving. Someone pounded on the door and said, "Five minutes, Mr. Blount." Then Ellis was gone.

At the end of the third act there was a long scene between Ellis and Miss Granville, the leading lady. Just about the time this scene had begun someone started to walk past the open dressing-room door, then stopped and looked in.

IT WAS Michael Lorrimer, who played Ellis' rival in the play. "Hello, Tommy," Lorrimer said. He had taken a cigarette from a silver case and he dragged the smoke deep into his lungs. Lorrimer was blond and very good-looking.

"Hello, sir," Tommy said.

Lorrimer frowned. "What's the matter? You sick, kid?"

"I'm quite all right, sir."

"The hell you say! Have you seen Ellis yet?"

"Yes, sir. I've been here all afternoon."

"Why aren't you in school?" Lorrimer asked.

Why doesn't he go away? Tommy thought. He tried to be as polite as possible. "I had to see Ellis, sir."

Lorrimer's eyes narrowed, and the blue make-up shadowing gave them an odd look. "Look here, Tommy, is this something about Sandra?"

Tommy could only stare at him.

Lorrimer took the half-smoked cigarette from his mouth, threw it to the floor and stamped on it.

"Tommy, allow me to commiserate with you," he said. "Your old man is the biggest stinker this side of purgatory. Any guy who would play a practical joke on his own son with his own mistress—" Lorrimer didn't finish. What he had said had come out in violent rage and he looked sorry it had happened. "Forget it, kid," he said, "only so help me—"

Tommy hadn't heard the applause. He hadn't heard the sound of Ellis coming along the hall. He hadn't heard anything but one word: mistress!

"What the blazes are you doing here, Lorrimer?" Ellis demanded.

Lorrimer's voice was unsteady. "Delivering a monologue on what a heel you are, Ellis—what a low-down, low-grade heel you are!"

"Get out!" Ellis said.

"I wouldn't think," Lorrimer said, "you could stand the stench of your own rotting insides!"

"Get out!" Ellis shouted at him. Then

COLLIER'S "I hate to see all that going out and nothing coming in" KOVARSKY

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he turned to look at Tommy. Even he must have seen the horror on the small young face. "It can't be as bad as all that, Tommy," Ellis said, producing his number one smile.

The words came out of Tommy, disjointed, unconnected. "Dr. Dakin—Sandra can't come to the dance—and Mr. Lorrimer said—"

"What did Mr. Lorrimer say?" Ellis asked.

"That—that you and Sandra—Father! *Father!*"

Ellis scowled at himself in the dressing-table mirror.

"If—if that's true," Tommy said, in a cracked voice, "then that explains—Dr. Dakin—" The voice broke as a sob welled up into the aching throat.

Ellis whirled around from the mirror, exasperated. "You have to grow up sometime!" he said.

Tommy turned and ran, stumbling, sobbing, out of the room.

THE little man in baggy pants threw a pie squarely into the face of the big man with the walrus mustache. The movie house rocked with laughter. Tommy stared, his face numb, unable to laugh. He couldn't follow the action of the film. As a matter of fact he couldn't even remember having come into the movie house. He remembered walking around the streets for a long time. There were pictures much more vivid to him than the little man in the baggy pants and the big man with the walrus mustache. There was a picture of Ellis, on his knees, begging for forgiveness, and Tommy coldly refusing. There was a picture of Michael Lorrimer, apologizing again and again.

There was a picture of Sandra, assuring him it was all untrue, welcoming him into her apartment, holding her in his arms. Then, when he stepped away, there was a bright red badge of honor on her bosom.

There was another picture, of his going to Sandra's apartment and standing in the foyer, wondering whether to ring the bell beside her name on the brass plate, or to go up, because the foyer door was open. And while he was waiting, Michael Lorrimer, a hat pulled down over his face, came running down the stairs and brushed past him onto the street. Then the picture of himself going upstairs to the door of Sandra's apartment, and it, like the foyer door, was open, and there was Sandra to welcome him, to tell him it was all untrue, and that she loved him forever and ever—but there was a horrible smell, like blood. . . .

The little man with the baggy pants dumped a bucket of whitewash over the head of the big man with the walrus mustache. The laughter frightened Tommy; it was so loud and he couldn't see anything funny. Then he noticed the clock, with a lighted face, to the right of the screen. It said a quarter to twelve! He had left Ellis right after the matinee, which must have been about five o'clock. He tried to disentangle his fantasies of revenge from reality. The trouble was he couldn't remember anything that was real. When he stood up and moved clumsily out of the row of seats and up the aisle to the rear of the theater he realized that his legs ached, as though he'd walked a long way.

Out on the street it was night—but very bright from the city lights. A quarter to twelve; a quarter to midnight. Where could he go? To Ellis' apartment, except that he could never see Ellis again as long as he lived. To Sandra's—but if he did he would have to tell her and maybe she would say it was all true and he couldn't stand that. He could get a late train—a milk train—back to school, but he had called Dr. Dakin a heel and they probably wouldn't let him back to his room. There was no choice, he'd have to risk it.

It was twenty minutes past twelve when he walked in the Vanderbilt Avenue entrance to Grand Central Station. He stood on the balcony there, looking down into the main part of the station. It was peculiarly deserted, he thought, and the people looked small, aimless and somehow threatening.

He walked slowly down the marble staircase, headed for the information booth. Just as he was approaching the booth to inquire about the next train to Peekskill, a strange man walked up to him—a big man with a kind of hard, unfriendly face.

"Are you Tommy Blount?" the man asked.

"Why, yes, sir," Tommy said, surprised.

The big man pushed his hat back on his head. "We thought you might show up here."

"I—I don't think I know who you are, sir," Tommy said.

"I'm a policeman, son. Name of Callahan," the big man said.

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COLLIER'S

"What'll I tell him to do now? He never lasted four rounds before"

LARRY REYNOLDS

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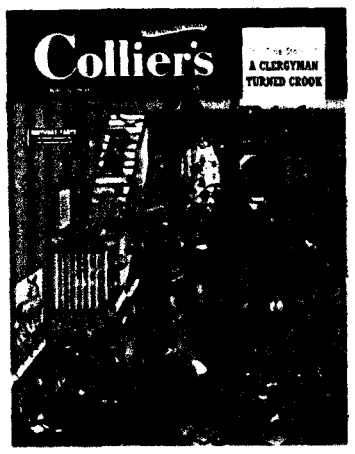

Next Week's Cover

The postage sample at the left gives you only a rough idea, but if you got a few chuckles or some real downright laughs, as millions of readers did, out of the Berenstains' SATURDAY MATINEE and AFTERNOON AT THE ZOO then you'll love their latest collection of little terrors at a typical

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Tommy felt a sudden wave of relief. They had missed him. They had been anxious about him. "I'm on my way back to school."

"Fine," Callahan said. "I've a car up on the street. I'll drive you. But first I've got to let them know I've found you. There's a phone booth over there."

When Callahan came out of the booth Tommy said, "Maybe I should phone my father, sir—if he's been worrying."

"Your father's at the school," Callahan said. "You'll see him when we get there."

Tommy felt very weary and satisfied. It was comforting to have someone take charge and tell him what to do. Callahan didn't say anything as they crossed town and drove onto the West Side Highway. The green sedan was humming along smoothly, steadily. Tommy was almost asleep when Callahan said, softly, "Was she dead when you got there, Tommy, or did you kill her?"

Tommy's eyes were suddenly wide open, and a nameless terror sent his heart pounding against his ribs.

"Sir?" he asked, in a whisper.

"We know you were there, son. We know you were in quite a state," Callahan said, not unkindly. "Was she dead when you got there, or did you stab her?"

Tommy felt a fresh horror. He realized he didn't have to ask Callahan whom he was talking about. He was talking about Sandra. *Was she dead when you got there, or did you stab her?* The red badge of honor on Sandra's bosom—and the smell of blood!

THERE was only one light in Dr. Dakin's study. It was a student lamp, and it cast a yellow circle of light down over the desk and a wider circle on the floor. It revealed Ellis Blount's custom-made cordovans crossed tensely under his chair; it revealed Michael Lorrimer's brown suèdes doing a little tap dance of nerves near the window; it revealed Dr. Dakin's square black brogans and Miss Sophia's neat high-heeled pumps; and it revealed the black and white sport shoes belonging to Lieutenant Mason of Homicide.

"They don't hang a small boy for a thing like this, do they?" Ellis Blount asked in a voice rough with fatigue and anxiety.

Lieutenant Mason was one of the department's bright young men; college degree, F.B.I. police school, good clothes. He looked more like a business executive than the common notion of a flat-footed detective. He was smoking a cigarette, and when Ellis spoke he inhaled on it deeply, and let the smoke out in a long sigh.

"Your concern for your son is touching, Mr. Blount," he said.

"Lord knows it's heartbreaking," Ellis said, "but who else can it have been?"

"You, Blount," Mason said. "It's possible that you discovered Miss Graves was going to leave you for a younger man—Mr. Lorrimer."

"That's not true," Lorrimer said from the corner.

"Or that you, Lorrimer, discovered that she was going to marry Ellis Blount, cutting you entirely out of the picture," Mason said.

"She *was* going to marry me," Ellis said. "She'd promised me."

"That's a lie, too," Lorrimer said. "She hadn't made up her mind. I was working on her, I don't deny that. A man who'd play a lousy practical joke on his own son, because he was so terrified of leaving a woman alone for five minutes that he had to invent a phony relationship so he could bring her here when he visited his son—I tried to tell her he was no kind of a man to marry."

"You haven't answered my question, Lieutenant," Ellis said. "They don't hang a small boy for a thing like this, do they?"

Dr. Dakin spoke for the first time, deep-voiced, angry. "Have you passed sentence on Tommy already, Mr. Blount? Can't we wait till we hear his story?"

"I'm not passing judgment, Dakin. I blame myself. Blame myself entirely. But he went away so quickly—in such a frenzy!"

"Frenzy is the proper word," Mason said, thoughtfully. "The apartment was turned upside down. The girl fought a hand-to-hand struggle with her assailant. It's my own opinion she was getting the better of it when the murderer picked up the paper cutter on the table and drove it into her heart. It wasn't a planned murder. It developed out of fury—the fury of a castoff lover, adult or adolescent."

"There's a car!" Miss Sophia Dakin said. The clock on Dr. Dakin's desk showed twenty minutes of two. . . .

Callahan brought Tommy into the office. The boy stood in the doorway, looking around at the shadowy figures. Miss Sophia went to him and put her arms around him.

"Tommy, my dear, dear Tommy," she said, gently.

Then the tears came, from deep down, wracking, tortured. Ellis Blount got up from his chair, but he hesitated until finally the crying subsided.

Before he could speak to his son Mason had stepped past him and was standing by Tommy, a hand on his shoulder.

"Tommy," he said, "I'm Lieutenant Mason. I guess Mr. Callahan has told you why we're all here?"

"Y-yes, sir," Tommy said.

"Don't worry, son," Ellis said. "We'll get you the very best lawyer. We'll see to it that—"

"Shut up!" Mason said, so sharply the words seemed to ricochet off the walls of the room. Then once more he was gentle. "We know a great deal about your

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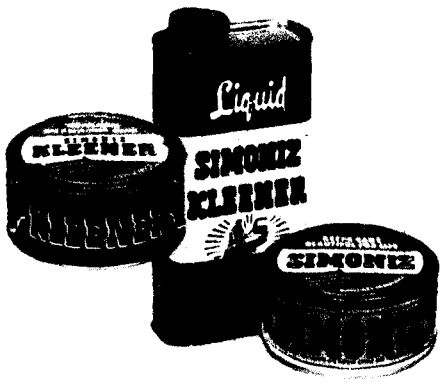

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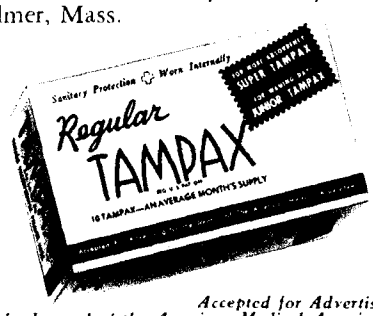

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part in this, Tommy. About the invitation Dr. Dakin couldn't send, and why he couldn't send it. We know about your trip to New York where you found out the truth, and we know that you've been missing ever since that time—about five o'clock."

"Y-yes, sir."

"Miss Graves is dead, Tommy, and we have to find out who killed her. You understand that?"

Tommy nodded.

"Now, Tommy, you tell us about your day—from the time you left school."

Tommy looked up at Mason and he saw a friendly reasonable man. He tried very hard to think back over his day! It seemed as though it had lasted all his life. "I took the twelve-forty train from Peekskill, sir. I went to the theater." He swallowed hard. "Ellis couldn't talk to me until after the play, so I waited in his dressing room. Then Mr. Lorrimer came in and he happened to—to let it slip."

"Let what slip, Tommy?"

"About—about Sandra and my father," Tommy said. His throat was aching again. He was afraid he was going to cry.

"Go on, Tommy," Mason said.

"Then Ellis came in and he—he—"

"Yes, Tommy?"

Ellis broke in. "What the devil! I told him it was true. What else could I do?"

Tommy's head was throbbing. This was the place where it went all haywire. This was the place where he couldn't remember what was true and what was dreams. He moistened his dry lips.

"I—I left the theater," he said.

SUDDENLY, the room was deathly still. Tommy couldn't go on. He felt the tears coming again and he turned to Miss Sophia and put his face against her shoulder, struggling to hold them back. Mason waited patiently.

"You went to Miss Graves's apartment then, Tommy?" Mason asked.

"Y-you won't b-believe me, sir, but I'm not sure. I—I just don't remember what I did, sir. I g-guess I was kind of crazy. I—seem to remember the building—with the door open—and Mr. Lorrimer running out of the house. I—I—"

"That must have been when I found her," Michael Lorrimer said, quietly. "I ran out of the place to phone the police."

"Was that the first time you'd been to the apartment, Tommy?" Mason asked. "Or had you been there before—and were you waiting around outside to see what happened?"

"I don't know, sir," Tommy said. His fingernails were biting into the palms of his hands. "I—I d-don't know whether it's real, or what—but I thought I remembered seeing Sandra—with a b-big red stain on her—on her front! And—and—"

"You were terribly angry," Mason said, gently. "You went to see Miss Graves. When she told you it was true, you exploded. In the struggle you picked up the paper knife. Isn't that the way it was?"

"I d-don't know, sir!" Tommy cried. "I—all I remember are kind of pictures and I was in a movie theater, and I—"

"You don't have to be afraid, Tommy," Ellis cut in. "Just tell the truth. We'll do everything we can for you. I don't think they can convict you for—"

Mason whirled around on him. "Will you keep your damned mouth shut!" he said in a cold fury. It took him a moment to compose his face before he turned back to Tommy. "Well, son?"

"I suppose maybe I—I could have," Tommy whispered. "I—I don't—I'm not—"

"Stop torturing the boy," Miss Sophia said, sharply. "You know he didn't do it, Lieutenant. The girl was killed about four o'clock and Tommy was in his father's dressing room at the theater. There are half a dozen witnesses to prove it."

Mason put his arm around Tommy's shoulder, and his grip felt warm and reassuring to the boy. He let out his breath in a long sigh, like a man who has found the key to a particularly complex puzzle after a long effort.

"How did you know the Graves girl was killed at four o'clock, Miss Dakin?" he asked.

Miss Sophia blinked at him. "Why—why, you mentioned it."

"No, Miss Dakin."

"But I—I'm certain you mentioned it. I—"

"I was very careful *not* to mention it, Miss Dakin," Mason said. "It hasn't been in any of the newspaper reports or on the radio."

Miss Sophia's face took on a peculiar glazed pallor. "But you said—"

"I said nothing about time, Miss Dakin. Nor did I mention the fact that we knew you went to New York today—drove down in your car."

"Certainly, I did," Miss Sophia said. "I went shopping."

"Fine. That's easily checked, Miss Dakin. We'll go over your route with you. We'll check with the various salespeople with whom you dealt. We should be able to account for every moment of your time." He looked at her steadily. "Or will we have trouble doing that, Miss Dakin?"

Tommy wanted to cry out—to protest. Why was Mason attacking Miss Sophia, the one person who had ever shown him any affection or understanding?

"I had to keep hammering at the boy," Mason said, "in the hope that you'd break, Miss Dakin. I didn't think you'd let him be arrested because—because I think you love him very much. Am I right?" And when she didn't speak: "You can save us all a great deal of trouble and pain, Miss Dakin. In the end we'll have the proof we need."

Miss Sophia was staring down at the handkerchief she was twisting between her fingers. When she spoke, her voice was so low at first Tommy could barely hear her.

"Yes—yes, I love him; I wanted to protect him, Lieutenant. I went to see the girl to try to persuade her to keep him from learning the truth. I tried to show her that if she would give up the boy's father she might save the boy an unbearable anguish. She laughed at me. *She laughed at me!*"

Then a strange thing happened to Miss Sophia. Her voice rose and changed quality. She twisted her face into what was a horrible mockery of Sandra. She was suddenly mimicking the murdered woman.

"You wizened up old maid!" she said. "You don't care about the boy! You hate me because I have what you've never had—a man! You hate me because the boy loves me! You hate me because I'm going to marry his father and because I'll be what you can never be as long as you live! *I'm going to be the boy's mother!*"

There was no sound in the room except Miss Sophia's breathing. A whirlwind of violence had passed over the rest of them and left them dumb.

"That's what she said to me," Miss Sophia said, in a normal voice. "I killed her for it!"

THE clock ticking, his heart beating, the room spinning round and round Tommy. He clutched at Mason. It was too much! It was too much for him to understand.

"I didn't go there to kill her," Miss Sophia said. "I had no thought except to reason with her; to get her to save the boy some unnecessary anxiety. I didn't believe *he* would admit the truth!" Her eyes moved to Ellis Blount. "But when she laughed at me; when she said—what she said—something broke loose inside me."

Then Tommy heard Ellis' voice. "Come on, Tommy," he said. "We're getting out of this—away from these monstrous people!" Even his choice of words was theatrical.

"Robert!" It was something like a cry of pain from Miss Sophia.

Dr. Robert Dakin responded to that cry. He was somehow standing between Tommy and his father. "I think not, Mr. Blount," he said, his voice bleak. "I think not. Unless you want me to go into court to publicize your fitness as a parent. The boy stays here, if he *will* stay." The deep voice trembled slightly. "Beyond the law of the courts, Mr. Blount, there is a moral law, and if I read it correctly—*you* are the real murderer, with your fancy women and your practical jokes!"

"Thank you for that, Robert," Miss Sophia whispered. "Thank you, my dear."

Then Tommy was aware of the dark, sad eyes of the headmaster looking down at him, and felt the gentle hand on his shoulder.

"I'd like you to stay here, Tommy," Dr. Dakin said. "I'd like it very much. We're both going to have a pretty bad time and I think we need each other. I know I need you, Tommy."

Tommy stared at the tall, stooped man, and a great surge of happiness swept over him. *I need you, Tommy!* No one had ever said that to him before—no one in the whole world!

"Will you stay, Tommy—so that we can help each other?" Dr. Dakin asked.

"Please, sir," Tommy said, reaching out to him. "Oh, please!"

COLLIER'S "I tell you it's not just psychological!" WILLIAM STEIG

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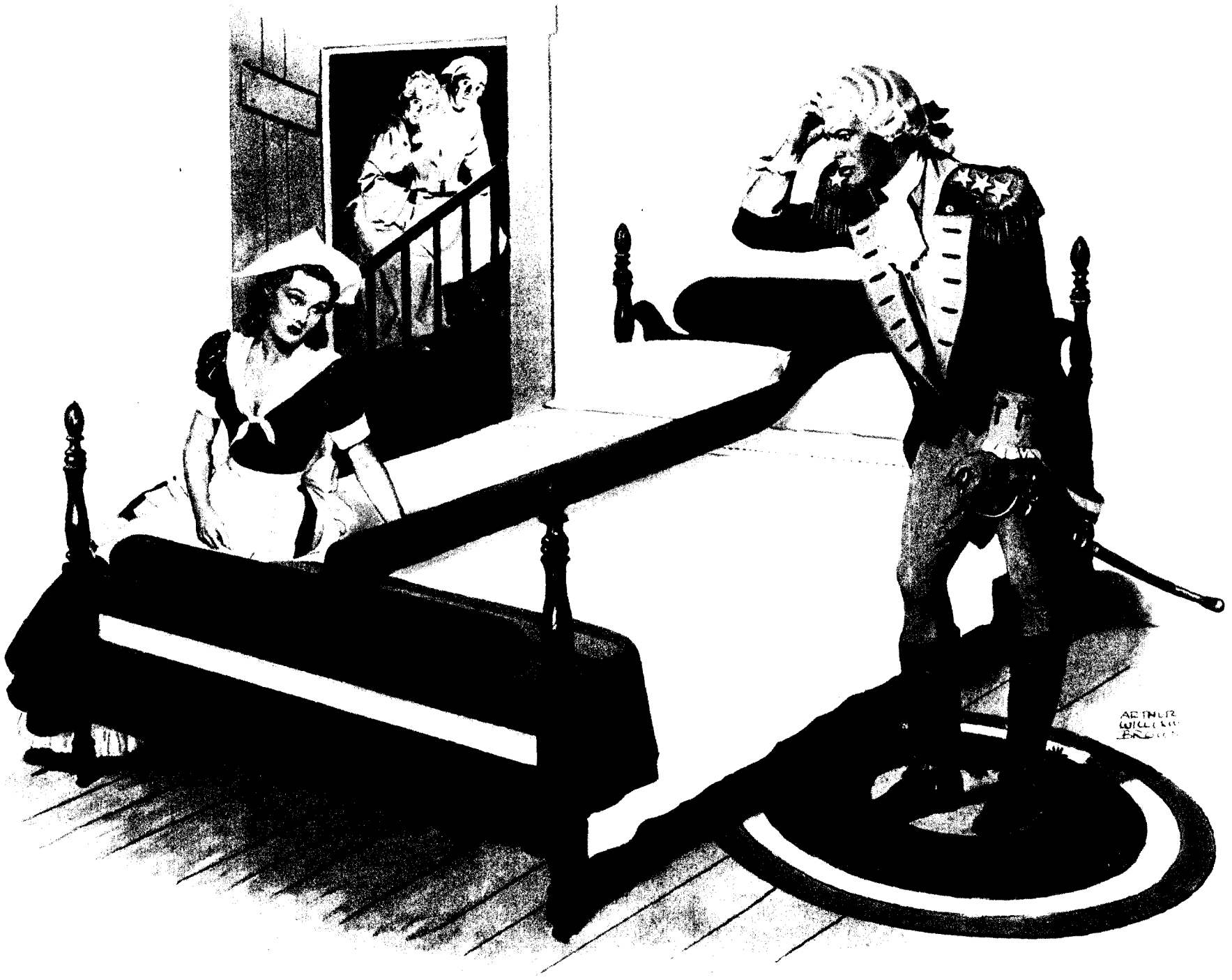

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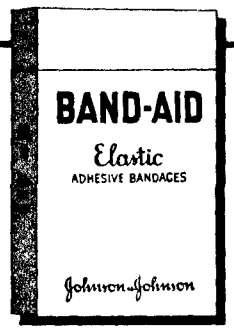

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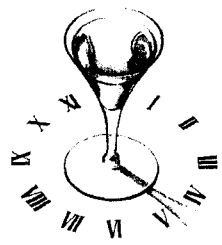

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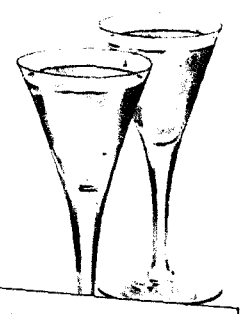

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EASY AS SHE GOES

Continued from page 23

crew, or the captured blockade runner. After a quick inspection above and below he came aft to the quarter-deck and ordered up his farewell signals, called for topsails, put the bark on a north-easterly course, and sent the off watch below. He then gave Captain Wilson his company and attention. "You have a fine vessel, Captain."

"I had, Lieutenant."

The new master laughed. "Fortunes of war, sir. I want you to know you have the full freedom of her, Captain. I am happy to have you on the quarter. And anything you need for your comfort—speak up, sir! It may be cruel to say it, but I hope you enjoy the passage. I really do!"

Josh Stone smiled a chin-bowed smile. His gracious humor was buoyed by his fatness and the comfortable constitution of tissue which makes fat men spiritually buoyant.

"You are very gallant, Lieutenant," said Captain Wilson. "I am very contented. I think we'll have fair weather for the run. If there is anything I can do—"

"Thank you, Captain! Thank you! I may need your help to find a fid maybe" —Josh Stone laughed merrily—"but we want you to be just a lollygagging passenger. Enjoy yourself! Rest! Sleep your watches for a change."

"An odd courtesy, isn't it, Lieutenant, to leave a master aboard his ship after capture, even if the end of it is prison? Your commanding officer must be a very chivalrous gentleman."

"Aye, indeed! Captain Goldsborough is as fine as they come, Captain. A good sailor and a generous victor. And why not? I think, Captain, that his chivalry has not been misplaced."

The captain bowed graciously. "It is doubly chivalrous of him and of you not to have asked for my parole."

"Parole, Captain?" Josh Stone laughed again. "It would be small courtesy to you, sir, and a small compliment to us if, with a prize crew of sixteen, we had also to ask you for parole! That would be as unchivalrous as tying the feet of a mouse when he is already in the trap. If you will forgive the speech, sir."

"Does Captain Goldsborough accord this courtesy to all his captures?" asked Captain Wilson.

"Not at all! Out of six captures in the past fortnight this bark was the only one flying the Confederate flag. The rest were flying British."

"That is a legal device, Lieutenant."

"Aye, it is indeed, but Captain Goldsborough despises it. I have heard him say again and again, 'Let a vessel fly her own flag just as a man wears his own uniform.' When we were bearing down on you he said, 'Now, there's a shipmaster! He holds his course and holds his flag!' When we took you he gave the orders for your comfort and your privileges. I am happy to carry them out."

FOR a time, they stood at the quarter rail together. Then Captain Wilson went down on deck and walked forward to where the crew were working. They were surprisingly friendly, for they had been watching the captive's relationship with Lieutenant Stone. And the cheerful calmness in his face diffused the meaning of his status. Four of the deck crew were Irishmen and two were English—"bounty men" who had been paid to ship in the place of New York merchants to offset their conscription. The captain's soft-voiced matter-of-fact talk intrigued their interest, disarmed them, and in minutes they *liked* him. He was forward with them for an hour or more and when he was leaving, he gave each of them a gold eagle out of his pocket.

"I'll have no need for money in Fort Jay." . . .

It was six o'clock in the evening before he realized that, in the excitement of capture, he had not eaten since breakfast. He walked, however, with a spirited step, and an old whimsey curled in his brain. Like a capricious crow flying home with a useless button, Captain Wilson believed that he had made a discovery. The allegiance of the four Irishmen and the two English lads was soft! (The gold eagles would do no harm.) And there were only five men and a mate in the night watches, which was a small stook to defend the vessel! He had heard Josh Stone speak for the daylight watches, which meant the mates would be on duty at night.

He entered his cabin for the first time since the capture. The keys to the arms chest, and the log and cargo sheets were gone. His pistol, of course, had been removed from his desk. But there were his steward and cook, and their presence made him momentarily forget that he was a prisoner. They were not harassed or frightened, but that was a complacency they had borrowed from his own airy face. They felt sure, he could see, that he would retake the bark and that, presently, they would be back on the course to Savannah!

When the steward poured his coffee, he whispered merrily, "Whenevah yo's ready, Cap'n!"

"Ready?" said the captain without looking up.

"Dey's on'y sixteen, Cap'n."

"Three against sixteen is a stiff wind, Steward."

"Yassuh. Yo' jes' lay it out, Cap'n."

NEXT day the bark ran fair under stunsails before the southwesterly wind. The new crew had taken hold. They were a smart and willing lot, and looked taut in their uniforms. Discipline was good. It was cheerful and noiseless except when Mr. Groll, the first mate, took over. He had a sharp tongue and was forever threatening the men with the articles. He was an out-and-out abolitionist, and he disapproved of the courtesies extended to the captive master. It angered him, made him gruff and severe. Where gentleness was demanded, he spoiled it by a snide smile.

But the sailing was pleasant. The weather held fair and there were clear, sunshiny days of blue water. Captain Wilson got to know the crew by being near them and talking with them. He spun them his favored yarns and they welcomed his soft voice and his pleasant face, his knowledge and his tales. They had a feeling of sympathy toward him, a resentment that they were taking such an amiable, gentle person into captivity. An English lad admired Captain Wilson's pocket watch, and the captain gave it to him. He did it so gracefully and with such compassionate humor that the seaman didn't want to accept it.

AT THE end of the second day when he went to his cabin for supper, the bark was coming off St. Simons Island. He faced the cook and steward with better feeling. He reckoned that there might —*might*—be a change of odds! Instead of sixteen against three, the Irish and English lads could make it ten against nine.

"We'll see, Steward," he said. "We'll see! Easy as she goes!"

The tiny ambition for miracle making began to stir abaft the wall of his tranquil face. Hour after hour he sifted his extraordinary resourcefulness for workable possibilities. There were always small snags. For instance, Mr. Groll had stood the watches from eight until midnight on each of the two nights, but —distrustful of the youth of the midshipman—he spent the rest of the night on a pallet right on the quarter-deck. He was roused at four and stood the watch until Mr. Stone relieved him about eight. . . .

Shortly after eight on the third morning Captain Wilson joined the acting master on the quarter. Mr. Groll was forward nagging the men about lines which had not been faked down to his taste. He then came up the port ladder and there was a vinegary look in his face.

"Mr. Stone, there has been an attempt at bribery in the crew."

"Bribery?" Josh Stone did not comprehend.

COLLIER'S "I would have left a note if I'd known I'd be this late. Poor darling, you must have been frantic!" HANK KETCHAM

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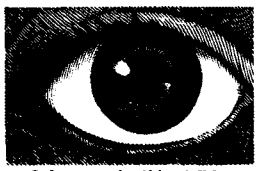

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TOWN.....Zone No.....

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"Our prisoner, Captain Wilson, has been busy with gold, trying to influence the crew."

Both Mr. Stone and the captain were nonplused, but the captain's face showed nothing but his usual quiet, pleasant innocence.

"What nonsense is this, Mr. Groll?" asked Mr. Stone.

The straight-laced ensign stood his ground. "It is my duty to report it, sir. Perhaps it is the privilege of a captured rebel."

"Report what?"

"That Captain Wilson has been making friends of the crew, passing out money in an obvious attempt to win them over to an attempt to recapture his vessel. He gave one man his pocket watch!"

Josh Stone was taken aback, and Sam Wilson was too, although his face conveyed nothing more than placid interest in Mr. Groll.

"Is this true, Captain?" asked Mr. Stone.

"Some of it, Lieutenant," said the captain carelessly. "Is it mutiny to give away a pocket watch when one is going to prison? What's the good of gold to me? I'd sooner your hands have it than my jailer." His fixed placidity showed nothing more than patience. "Let's have the men up here, Lieutenant."

At once, Josh Stone was penitent. Then he was angered by the bigotry and puerile stupidity of his mate. There was obviously no insistence on the part of the captain that the men be called aft but there seemed a delicate hint of persecution in his eyes. The acting master sent for the men more to discredit the badmannered Groll than to vindicate his prisoner.

The two Englishmen and the four Irishmen came aft and Josh Stone questioned them. The inquiry turned out as Stone had anticipated. The men were sincerely surprised at the bribery charge, and they were patently embarrassed that the captain was humiliated for his generosity. There was apology in their eyes when, at the orders of Mr. Stone, each returned his gift to his reluctant hands.

When the men went forward Mr. Groll had the last word.

"Note, Mr. Stone, that every one of these men is a foreigner. Isn't it odd that Captain Wilson didn't make a gift to any of the American seamen?"

THERE was a flurry of suspicion left. During the day and at supper that evening, the captain realized that his miracle had been spoiled. The night watches had appeared to be the favorable time for an attempt, with only six on topside and with darkness to cover the necessarily slow progress of attack. But now the captain forsook the idea entirely. If he dared move out of his cabin after nightfall, with Mr. Groll on deck, his uncalled-for wandering would immediately make him suspect.

Nothing, however, had been taken from the patient optimism of his steward and cook. Their faces had an aggravating trust. As he sat in his cabin during the long evening with a book in his lap, not turning a page, they felt the miracle was imminent. As he sat, the captain recalled, with a sudden eagerness in his heart, a small bottle in his sea chest. It contained laudanum, and it had been given to him years ago by a shipmaster who recommended it as better than pistols in suppressing an incipient mutiny. The shipmaster prescribed its use in a whisky ration and guaranteed that it would reduce mutineers to sleepy children.

The steward helped him search for it and when they found it, he explained its use and potency to the Negro. The steward was doubtful.

"Ef we on'y had de free-go lak yo' has, Cap'n, we mi' go in dey's galley, but dat white cook 'e won' 'low no black fo'ks eben smell 'is vittles! An' dey's no drinkin' whisky, Cap'n. No drinkin' no place 'cept Mistah Gro'. 'E tak' a nip 'foh he tu'n in."

That bright hope died. . . .

Next morning, the bark was coming off Cape Fear, when the forward lookout cried out a sail. She was dead ahead and making poor way. It took an hour to bring her up above the horizon and make out her United States flag. A brig. It took another hour to come up to her. She was a Boston vessel with a cargo of cotton conveniently purchased in Matamoros, the neutral Mexican port where the North and South continued to trade with each other in spite of the war.

The brig had lost her foremast in a Gulf storm. Under the heavy handicap she had been making the best of her way with one pole of canvas.

WHEN the vessels were alongside, both Mr. Stone and the brig master were busy with their megaphones.

"I've neither stays nor running gear," said the master through his horn. "I've got spare masts and yards but not more than twenty fathoms of line. You got any you can spare? I'm getting tired of three knots!"

Mr. Stone looked to Captain Wilson who, listening to the conversation, appeared interested and sympathetic. Like the flash of a light, his searching resourcefulness produced a hopeful scheme behind his politeness. There had been so little prowling about the prize that no one had discovered his spare cordage in the boatswain's locker. Now he thought of the store of spares under the cargo in number one hold.

"We have ample, Mr. Stone." The complacent generosity was admirable. "It will be difficult to break it out, of course, but there is ample. The extra cordage is at the bottom of number one hold, starboard. It is under the gunny cloth cargo."

Mr. Stone made the offer and the brig master was overjoyed. Fenders were put over and the two vessels were lashed alongside. The crew of the brig came over and the hatch cover was raised and held open in a slanting position with two short spars. Both crews fell to and the tightly baled cloth was piled out on deck. The men first removed the top level. Then they worked down in one corner but they had to take out the second level to give them room to work. More and more was piled on deck and, finally, at the very bottom, they came to the coiled rope—a dozen spools of new hempen cable.

As the spools were hoisted Captain Wilson fitted his plan together. Good weather was essential to work the bark shorthanded. He scrutinized the sky. It was blue without a cloud—a gloomy cobalt—and off on the horizon, where sky and sea met, there was a healthy gray casting. Nowhere were there tints of red or yellow or green.

It was after one o'clock before the lines were let go and the two vessels parted. Up went topsails and jib canvas and the Emily stood away, leaving the grateful captain of the Bedelia in the midst of his preparations to step the new mast. Ensign Groll, without sleep since midnight, went below. Lieutenant Stone came forward and gave his emphasis to the restowing of the cargo.

"Every bale in place! Set them square and snug or the cover won't secure. Captain Wilson had them packed so that there wasn't room for a rat."

The five in the night watch were sent below and six hands turned to. The captain walked aft with Lieutenant Stone and idled at the main shrouds until he saw the acting master send Mr. Trebble below. The captain then went into his cabin for dinner.

There was the same sly, eager look in the steward's eyes, and he saw the cook peering anxiously from abaft the

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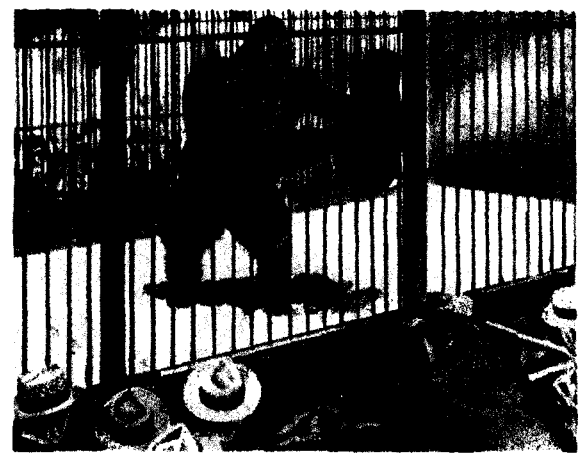
1936 **This comical little lady,** first giant panda to reach our shores, clowned her way into overnight fame, as the name Corby's entered its 78th year of popularity in Canada. Cuddly panda dolls, inspired by her, replaced the Teddy Bear in many American nurseries.



1938 **This gorilla,** once a docile house pet, grew up to be one of showdom's most famous villains. Joining the big top in the 80th year of fame for the name Corby's in Canada, he even refused to act sweet to his poor unkissed bride. Despite gentle care, his disposition hasn't improved.

1949 **FRANK BUCK,** daring talent scout of the jungles, makes a career of tracking animal stars and bringing 'em back alive. Some jungle cat like this may be tomorrow's headliner! Mr. Buck and his fellow explorers discover new stars every year—just as thousands of other Americans discover daily the fine quality of Corby's, *the light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name.* Even the price steals the show.

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pantry curtain. Captain Sam sat down to the table and ate his dinner. The Negroes saw that he was eating in an uncommon hurry. . . .

Josh Stone was alone on the quarter-deck with the helmsman when he heard a scurry and saw an excited Negro coming up the starboard ladder in near hysteria. The steward was wild-looking and agitated.

"Mistah Stone! Cap'n Wils'n, 'e don' fah down! W'at ah do? 'E fah down daid!"

Josh Stone had walked quickly to the ladder head. He shook the gasping, white-eyed boy. "What are you talking about? What's the matter?"

"De cap'n, 'e tak' pizin' powdah! He daid!"

Thoroughly aroused and with only half a glance at the helmsman and a "Hold your course!" Josh Stone slid his fat body lithely down the ladder. Through the open door he saw the gray head of Captain Wilson toward him, his body prostrate, right arm thrown out, his face turned toward the deck. In a trice he was down beside him slipping his big arm under the captain's head.

"Captain Wilson!"

SOMETHING struck Stone's face and he was blinded. The captain came alive under him and, with the aid of the Negro, gagged and pinioned him. They rolled him on the deck and he felt the hurry of cords being tightened about his elbows, wrists, knees and ankles.

"Easy as she goes, Lieutenant! Don't struggle, Mr. Stone. I am sorry for this. Easy now!"

The mouth gag was eased and Josh Stone was dragged and heaved to the pantry. When he was properly stowed, the door was locked.

Captain Wilson remained as serene as a farm wife. He looked out of the cabin door toward the number one hold. Only one of the crew showed, and he was kneeling at the edge of the hold, looking down at his watchmates below him stowing the disordered bales.

Next to be taken was the helmsman. At a nod from the captain the steward, with a quick assembly of grimacing, hurried out of the cabin. As he started up the ladder his eager and pitiful eyes were on the helmsman. Mesmerized by his own curiosity, the stolid Maine sailorman watched his coming.

"Mistah Stone, 'e say"—the Negro was at the head of the ladder and out of breath—"Mistah Stone, 'e say, 'e say—"

"He say what, boy?"

"'E say yo' lash de wheel an' come wid me."

The helmsman was momentarily puzzled. He looked down at the steering post, and the Negro was on him. A ponderous paw forestalled the seaman's cry. Then, almost instantly, the cook was there.

At the sound of the first thud the captain started walking forward with concealed haste. Once he looked back. He saw a hushed twisting of bodies abaft the wheel. The soles of the steward's feet were thrust against the spokes of the helm. . . .

The man at the number one hold was an Irishman, the big one named Malley. He looked up at the captain, smiling a welcome. He looked down again into the hold as if to entice the captain's interest in the work below. As the captain came close the man casually glanced aft. There was no one at the wheel, no one in the quarter-deck! Malley jumped to his feet and turned to the captain, excitedly pointing. As he stared aft again, Captain Wilson toppled him into the hold. He knocked the spars out and the hatch cover fell heavily into place. He bent a line about the cleats.

Crossing the deck he hurried to the forward companion. Listening, he heard no conversation below. He softly closed the hatchway and secured it. He realized that if any of the five men below were aroused, they could still escape through a below-deck passageway, yet to be secured. He walked aft and the two Negroes were waiting at the break of the deck. The wheel had been lashed and the helmsman stowed in the charthouse.

All of the cabins of the Emily were under the quarter-deck. They were outboard and arranged about a central messroom which opened forward to the weather deck. To batten the escape passageway from the forecastle it was necessary to pass through the messroom by the cabins of the sleeping mates, go down through a scuttle into a lazaret, thence forward into the galley and first take the white cook. With the cook taken and the forecastle passageway secured, there remained only Groll and Trebble.

The captain entered the messroom

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH

first, and the two Negroes came in softly and stood ready behind him. There was a sound of snoring coming from one of the mates' cabins. The captain nodded to the steward.

Barefoot, the steward started down the scuttle and was followed by the cook. The captain saw them pass forward out of the lazaret and into the glowing light of the galley. They were at the galley opening when the white cook discovered them.

"Out of here, black boy! Out of here!" He reached for a meat knife.

The steward started to mumble his lucky password. "Mistah Stone, 'e say—"

"What do you want?"

"Mistah Stone, 'e say—"

The surprise failed. The attack was somehow faulty. There was a violent yell followed by a banging clatter of falling dishes. The sound of the wreckage welled up into the messroom, and the snoring abruptly stopped. The captain heard someone jump out of his bunk, and he stepped quickly out on the weather deck.

He paused there and entered again, his face a pond of calm inquiry. No noise now came from below but Mr. Trebble, half awake and startled, stood outside his door.

"I heard a commotion, sir."

"I heard it too," said Captain Wilson. "What was it? Sounded like galley pots. Mr. Stone asked me to take a look around."

They walked together to the scuttle and looked down. The captain could have taken Mr. Trebble then but he feared arousing Mr. Groll and having the two mates on him. They turned away from the scuttle; the disturbance had already left the midshipman's sleepy head.

"What time is it, Captain?"

"A little after four bells. You have hours to sleep. Is your cook a drinking man, Mr. Trebble?"

"He may be. I dare say, Captain."

"You had better turn in. We'll be coming off Hatteras in your morning watch and you'll have to be alive."

The facial serenity of the captain gave his suggestion a tincture of command, and the young midshipman turned around toward the cabin door, faintly smiling like a sleepy child. The captain went out on the weather deck, inwardly hoping that Mr. Trebble would hurry into his cabin before either the steward or cook would blunder up the messroom scuttle.

The captain waited on deck. He tried to time the steward's passage forward to secure the forecastle passageway. Shouts, thumps and hammerings came to him from the number one hold but the sounds were too muffled and indistinct to rouse the mates. He thought of the arms chest; it would have taken too much time to find the keys. As matters stood, the odds had improved—if the forecastle was secured—to two against three.

He stepped back into the messroom again and Mr. Trebble's door was closed. It seemed a very long time before he heard the rustling of the steward on the scuttle ladder. Below, the cook was still at the trussing of the white cook. The steward's face was radiant with success.

WITHOUT further waiting, the captain opened Mr. Trebble's door. He was fast asleep and, with hardly more than a rush of mumbling sound, he was gagged and trussed. While they were tying him in his bunk they both heard a quick slapping of bare feet running through the messroom.

"Cook lookin' fo' us'n, Cap'n," whispered the steward. "'E ought be slap fo' dat rattlin'."

They came out of Midshipman Trebble's cabin. The captain took the key from the inside and locked the door. When he turned about the steward's eyes were a'goggle. Mr. Groll's cabin door was open, and the cabin was empty!

"It wasn't the cook then."

They ran out on the weather deck. The ensign was running forward on the starboard side. Barefoot and half-dressed, he looked disheveled in the sunshine. He ran as if he were wounded, staggering and stumbling toward the sounds coming out of number one hold. The cook appeared behind them, and the captain and the two Negroes ran forward.

Hands holding his head, Groll reached the hatch cover and stood uncertainly, as if listening to the clamor of the imprisoned men. He reached down for the cleat holding and pulled away at the slipknot. Even the faster Negroes were not fast enough to prevent him. Then, as if changing his mind, Groll's arm suddenly stopped. His head dropped a little, and his body weaved. He slumped over on the hatch cover and, as the

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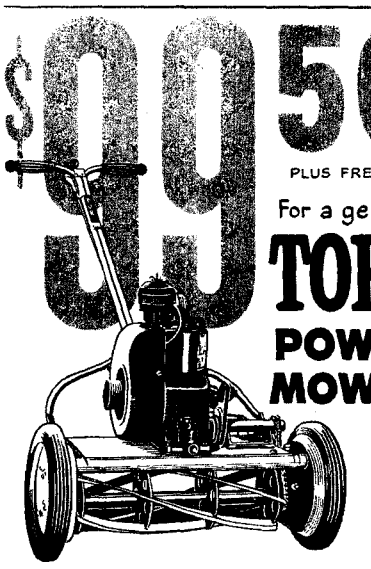

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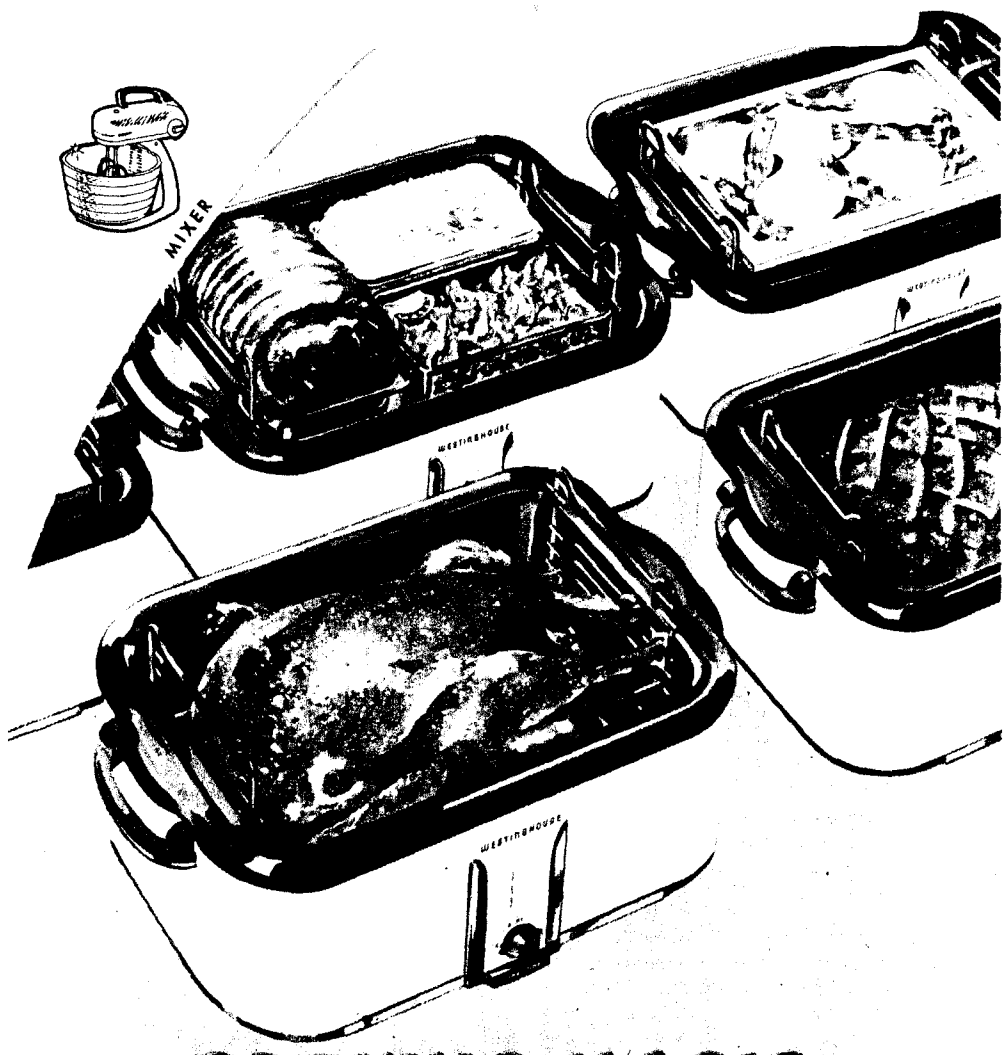

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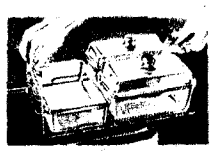

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steward and cook ran up, his body rolled limply to the deck.

The cook started to chuckle. "Ah knowed 'e cain't go fah, Cap'n."

"Did you hurt this man, Cook?"

"No, Cap'n! No, sah! I jes' knowed 'e kep' 'is bottle in de spa'e cabin an' ah put in de powdah, Cap'n. Lak yo' showed stewa'd."

IRONED in a chair on the quarter-deck, Josh Stone was uncomfortable, dour and downcast.

"I am sorry you refuse me your parole, Lieutenant," the captain said. "We could both be more comfortable. Easy as she goes, Mr. Stone."

"I mistook you, Captain Wilson," said Mr. Stone sadly.

"I dare say. Mr. Groll also refused me parole, but I am glad; I don't trust Mr. Groll. I am sorry he influenced Mr. Trebble and some of the crew."

"What are you going to do, Captain?"

"At first I was going to beach her, being shorthanded, but—people expect so much, Mr. Stone. The owners are expecting the safe return of the Emily. To be sure, thirty per cent of the bark is mine. And a quarter of the gunny cloth. It would be a poor go to put her on the beach. The four Irishmen and the two Englishmen came over when I promised to set them ashore in Liverpool. That is much better. I think we'll make it, Mr. Stone."

"If the weather holds, Captain, I think you'll make it."

"We'll let the sea roll under us, Mr. Stone."

EATING—IN OR OUT

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Baked Indian Pudding from the Publick House, Sturbridge, Mass.

DEEP in the tree-shaded village of Sturbridge, Massachusetts (just 20 miles from Worcester), stands the Publick House. Established in early Revolutionary days, this old tavern still possesses much of its historic charm despite the addition of such modern comforts as air conditioning.

Here you will find six spacious dining rooms, pleasant outdoor eating facilities, and 22 bedrooms for overnight guests. Your hosts, the young Richard Treadways, delight in indulging their guests' every whim. Don't be surprised if you find two juicy apples and a paring knife on your bedside table. It is this type of friendly hospitality that brings people back again and again.

Along with the good, solid New Englandish stand-bys the Publick House features, I particularly recommend such dishes as calves liver and bacon en brochette, baked individual lobster pie, salads with a wide variety of dressings, including Roquefort. Dinners are from $2.75 to $4.75 (steak), luncheons begin at $1.75. Their cocktails are excellent and wine cellar varied. Mrs. Treadway gave me permission to give you this typical New England dessert recipe. Try it at home; it's good enough to become a national favorite.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING

4 cups milk
½ cup sugar
3 eggs, slightly beaten
1 teaspoon grated orange peel
½ cup yellow corn meal
½ teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup very dark molasses

Scald milk with half the sugar. Add corn meal and stir constantly until smooth and well blended and slightly thickened. Remove from stove and add eggs, orange peel, the rest of sugar, cinnamon, ginger, salt and molasses. Mix well together and put into a baking dish about 2 inches deep. Bake 1 hour at 375 degrees. Serve hot with vanilla ice cream on top. Serves 4.

If you wish to receive this Baked Indian Pudding recipe printed on a file card, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Collier's Food Editor, Box 16, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York. Start your collection of Collier's Food Recipes now.

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COLLIER'S CONGRESSIONAL AWARDS

Continued from page 17

of 64 to 4; and this resolution gave headway to thinking and planning for regional pacts, such as the one recently announced by the North Atlantic nations.

At this moment in history Senator Vandenberg's dynamic resolution was offered to support the United Nations, and strengthen the security of democratic countries.

Though described as the successor to the Monroe Doctrine and as a possible turning point in the affairs of America and the world, the resolution was not extensively commented on when before the Senate. Only a few newspapers appeared to get its full significance. One of these, the New York Times, described it as undertaking "to accomplish in the military field what the European Recovery Program is designed to accomplish on the economic plane . . ."

Though escaping wide popular attention at the time of its passage, it did not escape the notice of the 25 men and women who make up Collier's Congressional Awards Committee. Senator Vandenberg's support of the European Recovery Program strengthened the committee's judgment concerning him. So the 65-year-old Michigan Republican, a former isolationist, became the first man to win two Collier's Congressional Awards—both times by his work in the field of international affairs.

Runners-up for the award in the Senate were Eugene D. Millikin, Republican of Colorado; Wayne Morse, Republican of Oregon; Joseph C. O'Mahoney, Democrat of Wyoming; Robert A. Taft, Republican of Ohio. The listing is alphabetical.

Representative Rayburn (he became speaker again in 1949) was selected winner in the House mainly because of his high performance as minority leader in 1948 and for his party loyalty, a fundamental quality if our two-party system is to survive.

In 1946, when the Republicans had swept into power in Congress, Mr. Rayburn, who had enjoyed a long and distinguished career as Speaker in a Democratic House, was asked by his party colleagues to serve as minority leader.

He didn't want to. But his party called, and Sam Rayburn answered: "Our representative government is based on the two-party system; and that system is based on party organizations. It takes a mighty big man to be bigger than his party. I know I am not that big. So I serve my party, as the best way open to me to serve my country."

It was this attitude that made him work as conscientiously at being minority leader as if he were a man on his way up, instead of a man who already had been to the top.

A less distinguished legislator in Representative Rayburn's position might have become merely a perfunctory critic of the Republican majority, making a hot speech now and then.

In the course of 1948 Mr. Rayburn was a real leader, and never hesitated to risk his own political neck when faithfulness to party policy called on him to do so. He took a stand on every issue. The party line in domestic affairs, the national line in foreign affairs—that was his record in 1948, and it was consistent with his record of the 36 years he has served in the house.

Eight other members of the house—given below in alphabetical order—received one or more votes for the award: Robert Crosser, Democrat of Ohio; Helen Gahagan Douglas, Democrat of California; Charles A. Eaton, Republican of New Jersey; Herman P. Eberharter, Democrat of Pennsylvania; Christian A. Herter, Republican of Massachusetts (received the House award last year); Estes Kefauver, Democrat of Tennessee (now a Senator); John M. Vorys, Republican of Ohio; James W. Wadsworth, Republican of New York.

Before casting their ballots for both House and Senate winners, members of the Awards committee made extensive studies of the candidates' voting records, their legislative proposals and speeches. They got behind the news stories, behind the popular conceptions, to learn who really did the big jobs in Congress in 1948.

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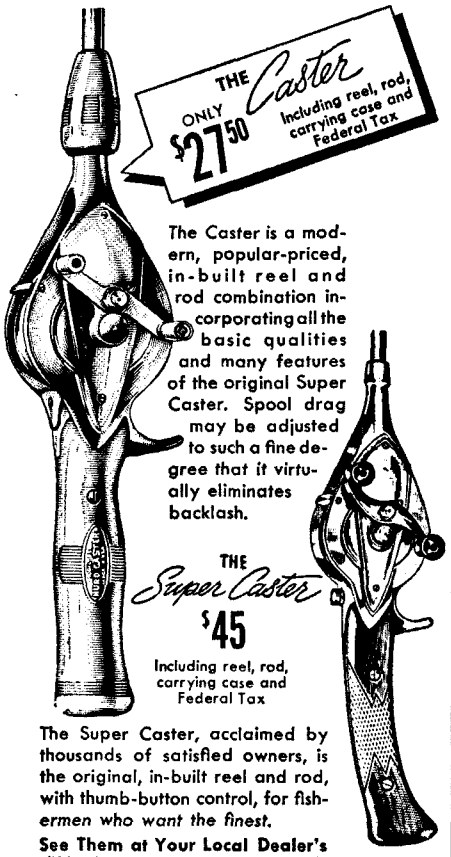
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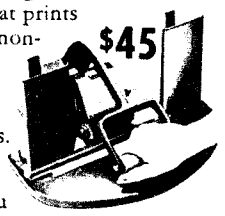

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THE LATE LOU REARDON

Continued from page 62

At meals, when she went on like this to the point where the rest of us were exhausted, he never so much as shared an expression or exasperation with anyone else. He would not allow himself husbandly amusement at her expense. No matter what the degree of her fatuity, he was polite to her. She was the kind of person who almost begs for attack, and there was something impressively decent in his never taking advantage of her.

ONE night at dinner, she told how Lou proposed to her at a dance in Philadelphia, where they had always lived. It wasn't a funny story; it was not meant to be. It was an account of the duration of their courtship, the decorations at the club, the number of waltzes played and the fact that during one of these Lou had looked down at her and said, "I want you to marry me." Every detail was believable, and there was something almost touching in the matter-of-fact way she added, "I was pretty then." Lou made no comment. He listened courteously, watching her out of his faintly bloodshot eyes, nodding now and then.

I had an idea that Lou must often have said to himself, "Well, I asked her to marry me," and decided it was up to him to take her the way she was. As a result of his attitude, none of the rest of us talked much about her. It wasn't just that we liked Lou; it was also, I suppose, our thinking that if he could tolerate her, day in and day out for forty years, and do it so well, then we should be able to do it for a few weeks.

Even so, it was hard, especially when she was riding Lou. Almost every day, for example, she'd say, "Now, Louis, just this once, why don't you read or something instead of playing around out there with that fish pole? I just can't feature it—fishing, fishing, fishing—and then throwing them *back*, for Heaven's sake! There was *some* excuse for it when you kept them, but now . . ."

On and on. He'd listen and sit around for ten minutes or so and then go out on the beach with his gear. It was a real pleasure to watch him surf casting. I had never seen so easy a technique. I've watched them doing it up on Fire Island, hundreds of them along the water's edge, most of them clutching the pole and taking off like discus throwers, even the best of them looking effortful about it and snagging their lines pretty often. Lou baited his hook, let the pole back a little and then flicked it, all with forearm and wrist, and it sailed out nearly a hundred yards or more every time.

He could do it sitting down. He had a canvas chair he took out with him, and sometimes he'd cast for hours without leaving it. After casting, he'd slip the butt of his pole into one of those metal sockets you put in the sand. Then he'd pour himself a drink and light a cigarette, or just lean back and rest a while before reeling in.

Often, after lunch, he'd leave the line out for a long time and doze off. Once he lost a pole that way, when something big struck and yanked it out of the socket before he woke up. After that he rigged up a stout leather thong that went around the butt of the pole and was attached at the other end to his wrist.

He didn't want to lose another pole, but he certainly didn't mind losing the fish, and Mrs. Reardon's comment on that was one of the few sensible ones I ever heard her make. Other people said that until this season Lou had always kept his catches, when they were good-sized. Now, for some reason, he was throwing them back. Asked about it once or twice, Lou said, "Well, hell, the fun is hauling them in. How many fish can you eat, anyway?" Oh, now and then he'd keep a big one and give it to Cap for our dinner, but mostly he tossed them back.

It became something of a joke, even to him. He'd land something the rest of us would have been proud of and then turn around to anyone who might be watching and say, "Undersize," and let it go. Once, when I was there, he must have felt the need for a fuller explanation. "I guess I'm getting old," he said. "I feel kind of sorry for them. The life of a fish is probably nice—down there where it's all blue and quiet."

I didn't pay much attention to all this until one afternoon when I noticed that Lou was casting shorter than usual. I went over to where he stood and saw that he was using some huge hooks and an extra-heavy line. I asked him what he was trying for.

"I hooked something mighty big yesterday," he said. "Took my line. I'm just curious. I've heard of shark coming in here, even sail."

Cutup

His stories and antics
Bring parties to life:
He's the toast of the guests
And a crumb to his wife.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

"Think you could land anything like that from the beach, with that gear?"

"I doubt it," he said. He cast out and sat down in his chair. "It would be something if I did, wouldn't it?"

We talked for a minute and then I walked away to stay clear of his line. Suddenly the reel sang out and Lou was on his feet, running in short steps toward the water. He went in up to his waist before he started back, digging his heels into the sand, reeling in and moving his pole from side to side. I saw the fish jump, twisting and flashing, fifty yards out. It was a big one, all right, three or four feet. It looked as though Lou had him, but then he sat down on the sand hard, and his line went slack.

"Damn!" he said.

"That's tough, Lou. It looked like what you were after."

"Oh, no," he said. "He wasn't much, but he might have been fun." He was reeling in. "I'd like to know how the beggar got that line. It ought to hold a whale." He examined the frayed end, wagged his head and took another length of line out of his kit. He began casting again, but got only a couple of small ones, or smaller ones. He threw them back and asked me in for some drinks.

When I went over to his room, he was on the porch outside it with Mrs. Reardon and three or four of the others. I asked Lou if he'd told them about the big one he'd lost. He shook his head, and Mrs. Reardon started talking. "I just don't see," she said, "how any man in his right mind can go out there and fish *every single day*. *Twice* a day, mind you. I simply don't under*stand*. You're fishing practically every minute down here and yet when we're home, it never occurs to you. You go to the office just like other men and never say a word about fishing for months on end, and then when we come down here, it's as though you couldn't possibly live through a day without it."

Lou filled our glasses. "Well," he said, "up home I can't fish. There's no fishing. Here there is, so I fish."

"I know, Louis, but that's not *all* there is. Heavens! You never swim or do any of the other things. You could swim or sail or go down into the Everglades—all sorts of things. But you just fish and drink those awful Martinis."

"These aren't awful Martinis," he said good-naturedly. "I make possibly the best Martinis in the world." He filled his own glass and took most of it down in one swallow. He looked at the glass fondly and said, "Easily the best."

"Goodness," Mrs. Reardon said, turning toward me. "He must have a constitution of iron." I agreed.

After that, I kept up with Reardon until dinnertime. I was pretty drunk when we went in to eat, but I noticed something interesting about it. Mrs. Reardon had gone on talking, but I hadn't heard more than a quarter of what she had said.

LOU was out again the next afternoon, casting his heavy line. I watched him, admiring him a good deal for various reasons, among them his fitness after an evening that had given me a terrible head. We were the only ones on the beach. Lou sat in his chair, the pole standing at a high angle, the leather thong between it and his wrist swinging a little in the light breeze. I was just lying there, getting the sun, and Lou was looking out over the water. All of a sudden the pole shot up, and Lou seemed to leap out of his chair. He fell and skidded down to the water, then got his footing again, just as I jumped up.

He ran into the water, reaching out for the pole that shot ahead of him. It dropped and he got a grip on it. I thought he turned toward me, just then, and grinned broadly, but before that meant anything to me, he was falling forward again and skimming across the water. I saw the pole snapping upward a couple of times as it dragged Lou into some waves. By this time, I was hollering—and feeling, somehow, that it didn't matter. This was crazy, but it was happening. Lou was being taken out by some large fish and he couldn't get free of that pole.

I stood there and watched him, flying along the surface, then under it, with a real wake behind him. Then the fish sounded. I saw Reardon's feet for a moment, wide apart, going down, and the water was quiet. I think I saw him breaking the surface once more, much farther out, as I stood there hollering and the others began running onto the beach.

But that was all. We got a boat from down the beach and rowed out there. We never even found the pole. The Coast Guard flew a plane around for three days, but they didn't find anything. No one found anything, ever. Old Reardon had just been taken along, by something big, down to where it was all blue and quiet. As I said before, I couldn't feel too bad about it. I didn't tell them about that quick laugh, or smile, he threw me just before going out, but I know that's what it was.

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ONCE I WAS A TOOMLER

Continued from page 30

out for wallflowers. They might be fat, or dangerous but they had paid their money for two weeks of entertainment and we had to see they got it. We lugged them around the floor till we were dizzy and during dance intermissions we did porch shows! Wherever we found a little group we started in on a routine. Nobody was going to get away from good old White Roe Lake without being entertained. Oh, happy, happy days in the country!

But the real tragedy was rain. The little stenographers from New York would save up all year for their two weeks in the country. They had a new outfit, a snazzy bathing suit and a great ambition to land a man. They'd arrive late Friday or Saturday morning—and then the rain would arrive. It would rain all Saturday, all day Sunday and all day Monday. We would be knocking ourselves out toomling and acting.

Inducing the Stenos to Stay

Tuesday morning would be D-Day. They'd rout us out at the crack of dawn with the horrifying cry, "They're starting to check out!" Into the fray we'd plunge. No time for orange juice or coffee—right into the fray we'd go. Fun, frolic, gags, funny hats, japes—anything and everything. I have a headache right now thinking about it.

But it was great training for an actor. The shows were slapped on so hurriedly then an actor had to be as good at adlibbing as at reading lines.

If there was a stage wait to fill in, as once happened to Dore Schary and Moss Hart, they had to invent an act on the spot. They did an English number in which Schary, in a waiter's uniform, acted as a sounding board for Moss. When Moss came in and started talking with what he considered an English accent, Dore didn't understand him and the audience didn't understand him but it used up three minutes and got the show back on the rails.

And, baby, you had to be *good* or those guests told you about it. If we were doing a dramatic show, the chances were they had all seen it on Broadway and were quite capable of spoiling your dancing fun by pointing out slight inadequacies in your performance.

My last two years on the summer circuit were spent at Tamiment in the Poconos of Pennsylvania. That wasn't really the Borsht Circuit because the work was confined to acting and we weren't required to toomle. It was there that I met my wife, Sylvia Fine, and began working on the material we are still using.

Sylvia was getting a hundred dollars a season to do original material and play the piano for the shows. Every week she did an opening and closing number, a big production number, a love song and a comic number. We rehearsed from ten till six every day and never saw a guest. We saw the sunshine by appointment only but we learned a lot about the theater. It was there that Sylvia did the numbers that were later to become famous as Anatole, Stanislavsky and Pavlowa. I performed the latter in red flannel drawers.

It was a great life, the Borsht Circuit. Jan Peerce, now the famous Metropolitan tenor, was playing the fiddle in the orchestra, and Michael Kanin, now a director in Hollywood, did a toomle in which he imitated the cry of a child and ended by dumping a bowl of oatmeal over his head. Max Liebman, the boss at Tamiment, was an understudy for everything and one night almost brought the police by losing his pants when he lifted his arms in declamation in a rousing number from The Desert Song.

I firmly believe that the Borsht Circuit saved the art of stage comedy in America. The circuit flourished during the depression, when vaudeville was dead, stage shows were almost nonexistent and there was nowhere else for young talent to show its stuff. They threw you in up to your eyes and you either survived or perished. I did Minnie the Moocher for the first time at an orchard session. I learned the art of timing, ad-libbing and self-defense. Those vacationists might love you as an individual but they could make your life miserable if the show wasn't good.

And they could check out. Those awful words! I still tremble whenever I hear them.

Viewpoint

By DAVE GERARD

"The plot was sort of silly and the music wasn't too good. But I thought it was a swell show"

"Did you ever see so many naked women in one show before?"

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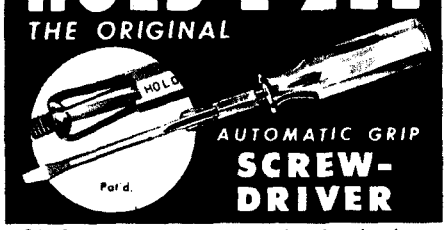

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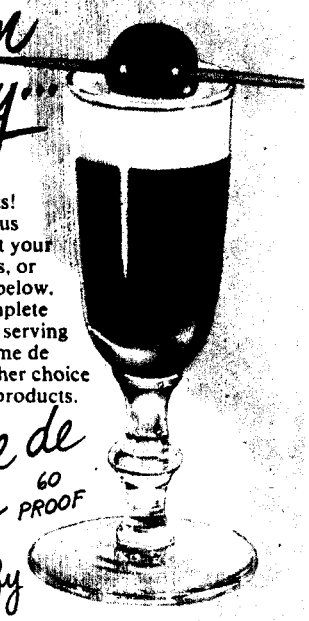
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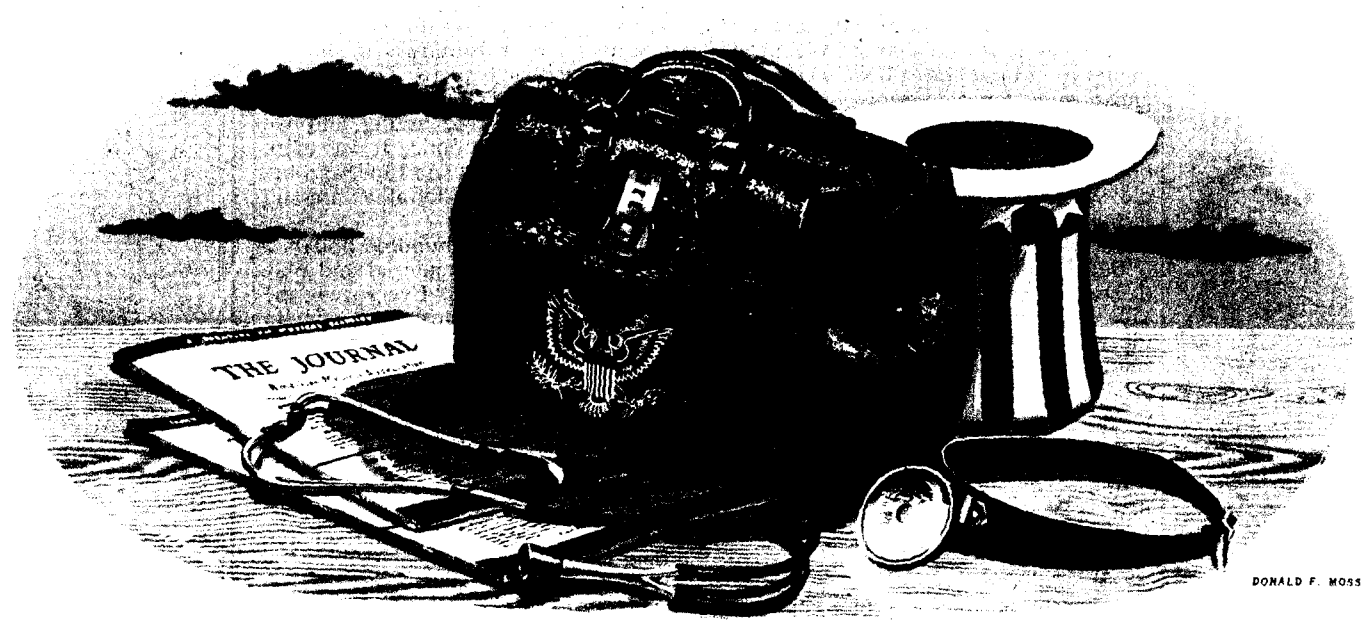

DONALD F. MOSS

Medicine and Politics Don't Mix

THE big health question over which we are now wrangling is how to provide proper medical care for those millions of Americans who are now unable to get it.

Collier's thinks it would be a tragic blunder both on the part of the advocates of governmentally hired doctors and on the part of organized medicine to allow this issue to degenerate into a political quarrel.

People feel very intensely on the subject now. When recently we published Lester Velie's careful report of British experience with socialized medicine, we received an impressive load of mail.

People wrote, telegraphed and telephoned. All had something they wanted to say. It was not all on one side.

Some young doctors, especially those connected with excellent medical schools, said that they favored some kind of publicly provided medical care. They also said that they feared to speak out publicly lest they offend older and better-established doctors.

The American Medical Association, concerning which Howard Whitman has written two articles for Collier's, represents 140,000 out of 165,000 practicing physicians in the United States. The A.M.A. is in bitter conflict with the advocates of government medicine as recommended by President Truman and as advocated by Oscar Ewing, Federal Security Administrator. The first of the two Whitman articles, entitled Doctors in an Uproar, runs in this issue.

The conflict between the Administration and the A.M.A. resembles the quarrel between the government and the public utility corporations a generation ago. That issue was messed up horribly by hate, stubbornness and misunderstanding. Billions of dollars were lost that might have been saved if good will, imagination and a willingness on both sides to compromise had prevailed.

We think both the doctors and the politicians and the social workers who animate the politicians should try not to re-enact this costly blunder. Health, even life itself, rather than dollars, is the ultimate stake of the medical controversy.

Certainly the problem is not insoluble intrinsically. It is not even very difficult. Let's look at it.

How must we provide proper medical care for those millions of Americans now unable for one reason or another to get it?

A great many people do get excellent medical care now. They will not be benefited by governmentally employed doctors. Perhaps they are a minority and possibly not. There is dispute over the numbers.

But there are other great sections of the population which do not now get proper medical care. Some live in the rural areas too sparsely settled to attract enough doctors. Some are too poor to pay for medical care. Yet they need it.

If the politicians and the doctors will reason calmly about the actual problems, for they are many and not just one, and not wander into confusing accusations and prejudices and social theories, they can work out friendly and satisfactory solutions.

The doctors think the reformers and politicians want to socialize medicine. That fear is not so fantastic.

The British Labor government is Socialist. The British socialized medicine because a voting majority of the British people wanted to try out socialized medicine.

That is not true in the United States. Americans want good medical care for more people, not an experiment in Socialism.

The doctors and their A.M.A. have a perfect right to object to being socialized. The doctors might ask: Why not start socializing the lawyers first? Do not they need socializing quite as much as the doctors? Or why not start with journalists? Are reporters and editors so generous and kind that they would not be improved by a little socializing?

We think we shall get along faster and better if the advocates of better medical care for more people get this lurking desire for Socialist experimentation out of their heads. Some of it is there now to confuse the issue.

We think also that individual initiative is as good for medicine as it is for industrial production. We think the American standard of living is the highest in the world because every ambitious child is free to develop all his capacities and to get paid for his services. We see no reason to exclude doctors from the benefits of a free enterprise system.

We also think that the question of how to provide proper medical treatment for those millions of Americans now unable to get it must be answered—and it must be answered in a manner satisfying to majority public opinion.

We think it would be very wise for Congress to create a truly competent and unpolitical commission with which the doctors could in dignity co-operate. Out of such a group, comparable to the British Royal Commission, a truly statesmanlike plan might evolve. . . .

W. L. C.

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